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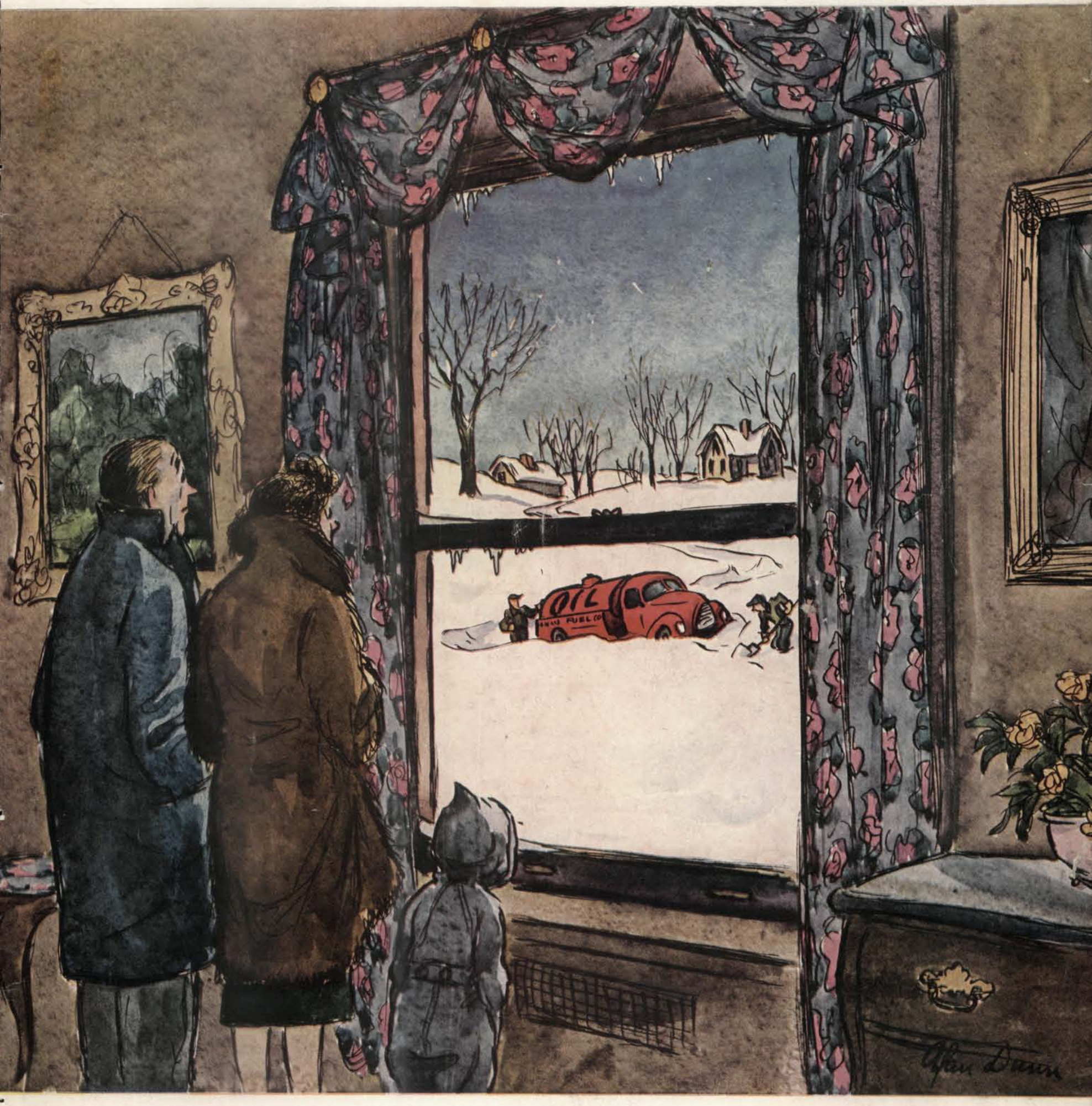
Collier's

February 2, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

New Adventures
In the Land of QUEEN of SHEBA



THIS I SAW IN KOREA

By Anna Rosenberg, Asst. Defense Secretary

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MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32
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C EY
8/25

New 5-passenger Starliner "hard-top" convertible—Paul Hesse photo. Commander V-8 is shown—Champion model also available. Chrome wheel discs optional at extra cost—decorative and other specifications subject to change without notice.

Announcing
the newest of the new for '52

NEW 1952 STUDEBAKER

A NEW 120-HORSEPOWER COMMANDER V-8

A NEW CHAMPION IN THE LOW PRICE FIELD

NOW READY for you in refreshingly distinctive new beauty—the brilliant-performing Studebaker Commander V-8—the sprightly Studebaker Champion—"newest of the new" for '52!

Vigorously sleek in every line—and impressively proportioned—these sparkling '52 creations conform faithfully to Studebaker's unchanging standards of designing for easy handling, easy maneuvering, easy parking, exceptional gasoline economy.

Stop in and see them right away—these far-advanced Studebakers that are so excitingly new—now on view for you at Studebaker showrooms.

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Look Out... for Colds and Sore Throat!

GARGLE Listerine Antiseptic as soon as you can. Prompt germ-killing action can often head off trouble or lessen its severity.

When you're overheated and go out into the cold night air, you may be letting yourself in for a troublesome cold, a nasty sore throat due to a cold ... or worse.

Germs Invade Tissue

You see, fatigue and sudden changes of temperature may often lower body resistance. Then potentially troublesome germs called the "secondary invaders" can stage a mass invasion of the tissue. They can set up an infection, or aggravate one that is already started.

Then, if ever, Nature can use a helping hand to go after such threatening germs . . . to help guard against such a mass invasion . . . to help head off a cold before it gets entrenched. That is why, when you get home, it is wise to gargle with full-strength Listerine Antiseptic repeatedly.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" that many doctors hold responsible for so much of a cold's misery.

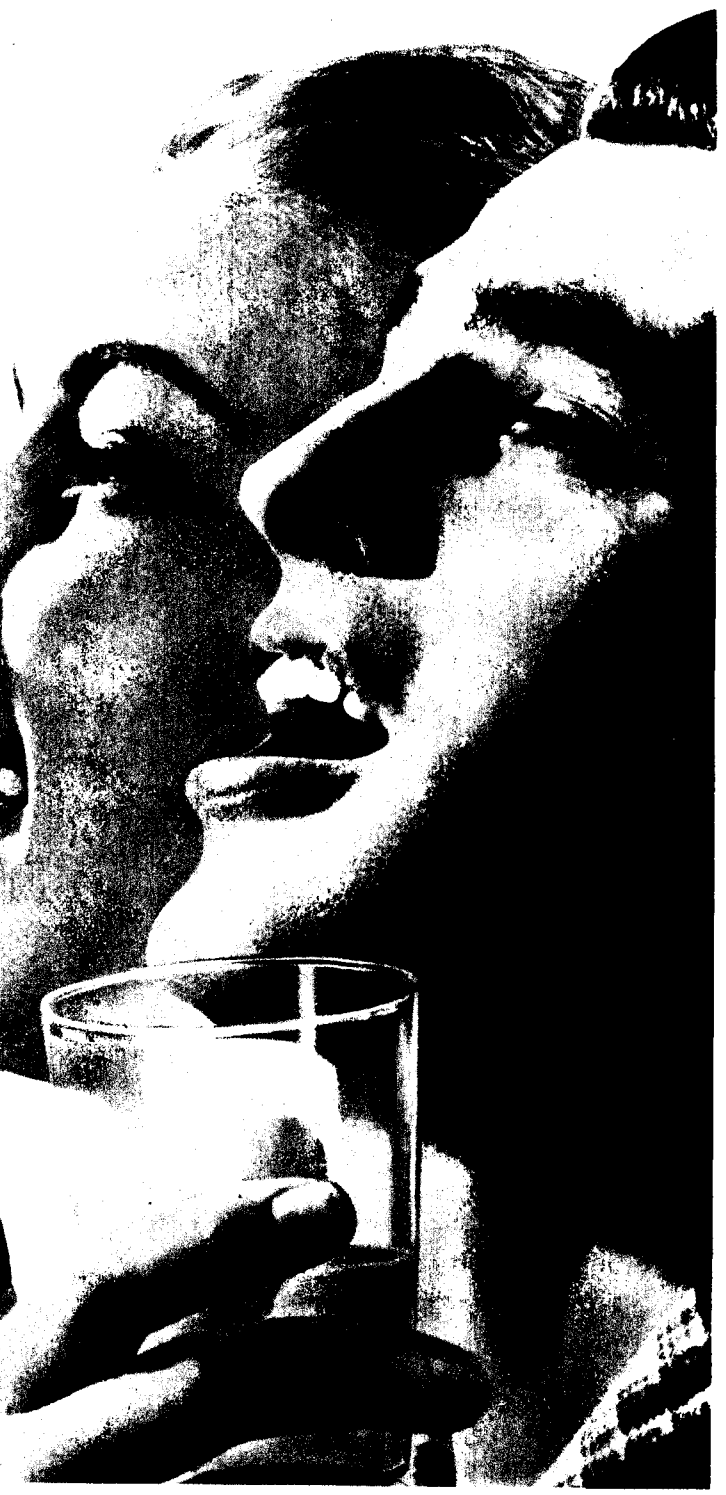
Actual tests have shown that the Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling, and up to 80% one hour after.

Always at the First Sniffle

Whenever you have sniffles, your throat is raw because of an oncoming cold, or you feel chilly or under par, start the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may thus spare yourself a nasty siege of trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis 6, Mo.*

GARGLE
Listerine Antiseptic
QUICK!
to kill germs like these



SOME OF THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

(1) Pneumococcus Type III (2) Bacillus influenzae (3) Streptococcus hemolyticus (4) Pneumococcus Type IV (5) Streptococcus viridans

Tests showed that even fifteen minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; an hour afterward as much as 80%. Among bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces can be many of the "secondary invaders", some of which are shown above. These are the very germs that can cause so much of a cold's misery when they invade the body through throat tissue.

See and hear The SAMMY KAYE SHOW • "So you want to lead a Band" • CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

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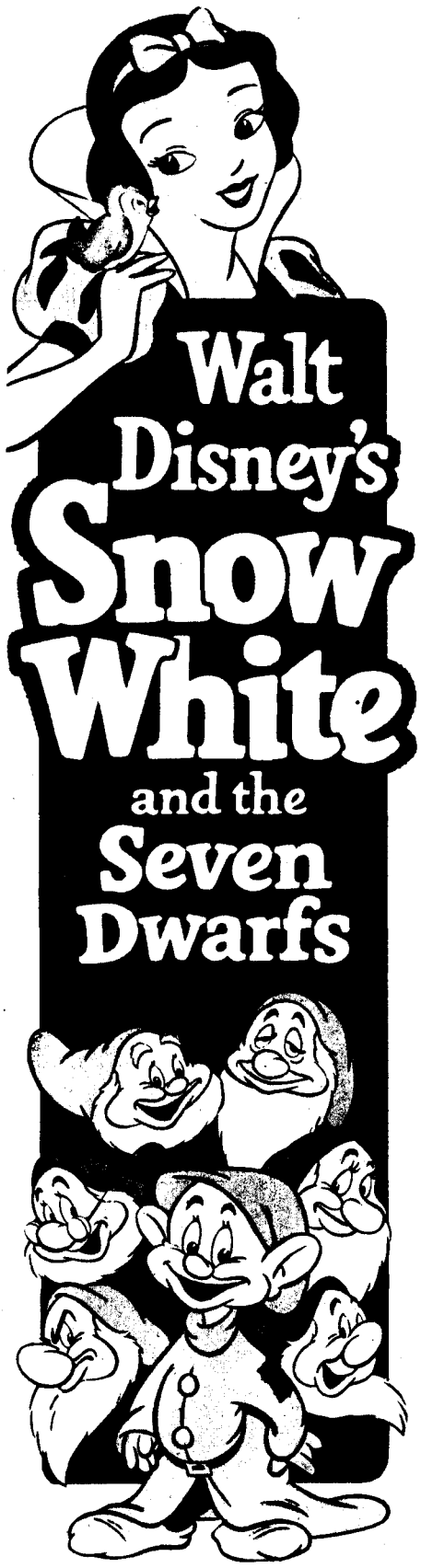

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"Whistle While You Work"

"Heigh-Ho"

"Someday My Prince Will Come"

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February 2, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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JOYCE—Men *will* make passes a girls who wear glasses. Just buy Sigh Savers at any drug or tobacco counter only 10c. Bruce.

32—BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Shooting Gallery for sale. Too many customers using Sight Savers. My business is shot.

SIGHT SAVERS ARE A DOW CORNING SILICONE PRODUCT

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Time for Courtesy

It's nice to pick up the telephone and hear an alert, friendly voice come over the wires.

It may be the familiar "Voice with a Smile" of the telephone operator. Or a friend or business customer. Or a stranger you're meeting — and judging — for the first time by telephone.

Any time is a good time for telephone courtesy. But right now, when the rush is on and minutes are scarce, it is doubly appreciated.

All 'round the clock it saves time and tempers and helps everybody get more things done, more quickly.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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First bite, chocolate . . .
pure Mars milk chocolate,
poured on thick as it'll stay!
Almonds
Then crispy, whole almonds, the expensive kind, toasted till they're gold. Plenty of them!
Rich, creamy nougat that comes from fresh egg whites and pure sugar, whipped till it's fluffy!
Got a little dime on your hands?
Just take an imaginary bite down through that double-thick pure milk chocolate—down into that creamy whipped nougat. Taste those golden almonds. There . . . now isn't it time for you to really enjoy a Mars Bar? How about it? Got a little dime on your hands?
MARS BAR 10¢
Toasted Almond

The Cover

One of the situations cartoonists beat to death is the gag about the apartment dweller who pounds on the radiator for heat, or bribes the janitor to give with same. The homeowner substitutes a thermostat for a superintendent, which is fine so long as the oil holds out. What can you do, though, if the supply runs low just as a blizzard cuts you off from friend and fuel? Obviously, you stand there and wait, like the bundled trio on our cover. Well, at least the chilled head of the house has the consolation that his driveway is being shoveled clear of those drifts for free.

Week's Mail

Proud Parents

EDITOR: It was indeed a marvelous tribute to our son Bill to have you feature him on the cover of Collier's (Dec. 15th).

May that stimulating, competitive and beautiful cover inspire him to such great heights that you may feel it will return to you emolument, sometime in some measure, in small part at least.

W. F. MCCOLL, M.D., San Diego, Cal.

. . . Please may I add my song of praise for your Christmas issue? Each year you bring to us beloved old treasures that we have forgotten. This year, opening as you do with Luke 2:1-20 verses, it adds inspiration to all who once again read the beautiful story as it was written so long ago, one which has helped mankind to solve many problems.

That my son John Pike does your Christmas covers pleases me, of course. That he chose for his cover this year the green at Woodstock on Christmas Eve was a happy thought, for Woodstock on Christmas is a lovely place to be.

GRACE CALLARD PIKE,
Rutherfordton, N.C.

Mr. W.'s Forgotten Specs

EDITOR: Thank you for that wonderful article by Gurney Williams, The Day I Left My Glasses Home (Dec. 22d).

As one interested in the conservation and betterment of human vision, anything you have to say about eyesight will pique my interest.

Each day 60 American men, women and children become blind . . . more than half needlessly so.

It is indeed regrettable so many people neglect to take care of their only pair of eyes until visual discomfort and deficiency become almost unbearable before they consult their specialists.

SHEW K. LEE, O.D., Washington, D.C.

Peacetime Civilians

EDITOR: Re your article Helicopters Cop the Collier Trophy (Dec. 22d), we think that we should remind Mr. Crosby and Mr. Wright, for their future reference, that the United States Coast Guard is a branch of the armed services. It is also a known fact that in comparison to size the Coast Guard lost more men in combat in World War II than any other branch of the armed services.

According to this article we are not classified as a military service, therefore we could appreciate to be informed just what our status is.

BRUCE L. DUNEKACK, En. 3,
DAVID H. ALSTON, FN, United States
Coast Guard Cutter Manitou

Gentlemen, it may come as a surprise to you, but you're working for the U.S. Treasury Department. The Coast Guard is a part of the military services only in time of war.

French Dissent

Leaky squad tents . . . rain and mud

EDITOR: I wish to remark on your November 24th editorial, Comfort Isn't the Main Point.

Clean? Our showers are consistently dark and cold, and there is one waterspout per 100 men.

Warm? Coal for our potbellied stoves is delivered into the company area twice a week. A delivery seldom holds out more than two days.

Dry? Save for our leaky squad tents, we have nothing to shelter us from the persistent rain and mud.

Three square meals a day? Often our rations are not delivered on schedule. Many weeks we have gone without eggs and butter and fresh milk. Last Sunday we each had one bologna sandwich for dinner.

And that's not all. Special Service functions are practically nil, and it is nearly impossible for us to leave the camp except on an occasional week end, because of the lack of adequate transportation, Army or civilian.

We feel that officials, in improving these sore spots, would not in any way be hindering the troops or the effort in Korea. We furthermore feel that the Korean situation is no excuse for the obvious negligence of those in a position to bring about such improvements.

PVT. WALLACE J. HULING,
U.S., Landes De Bussac, France

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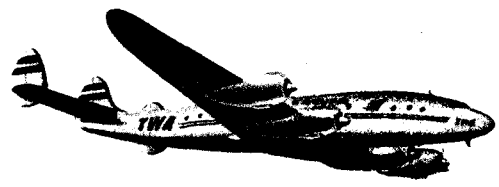
Young man on the way UP

That air of success about so many young businessmen traveling TWA—
there's a good reason for it. They've learned early that success is *in* the air . . .
that the way to go places in business is to go places *for* business—
fast and often! TWA is made-to-order for that. Key cities coast-to-coast
and overseas are linked with the speed and frequency and
luxury service that make for successful trips. Mighty comfortable ones, too!



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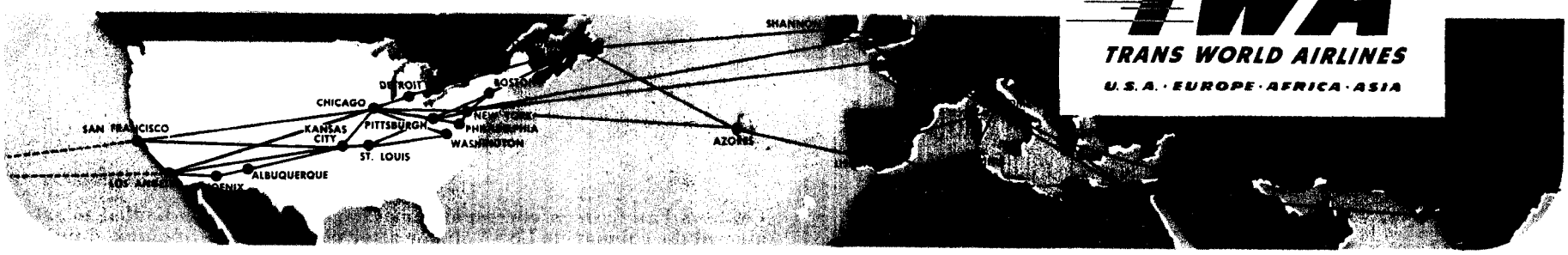

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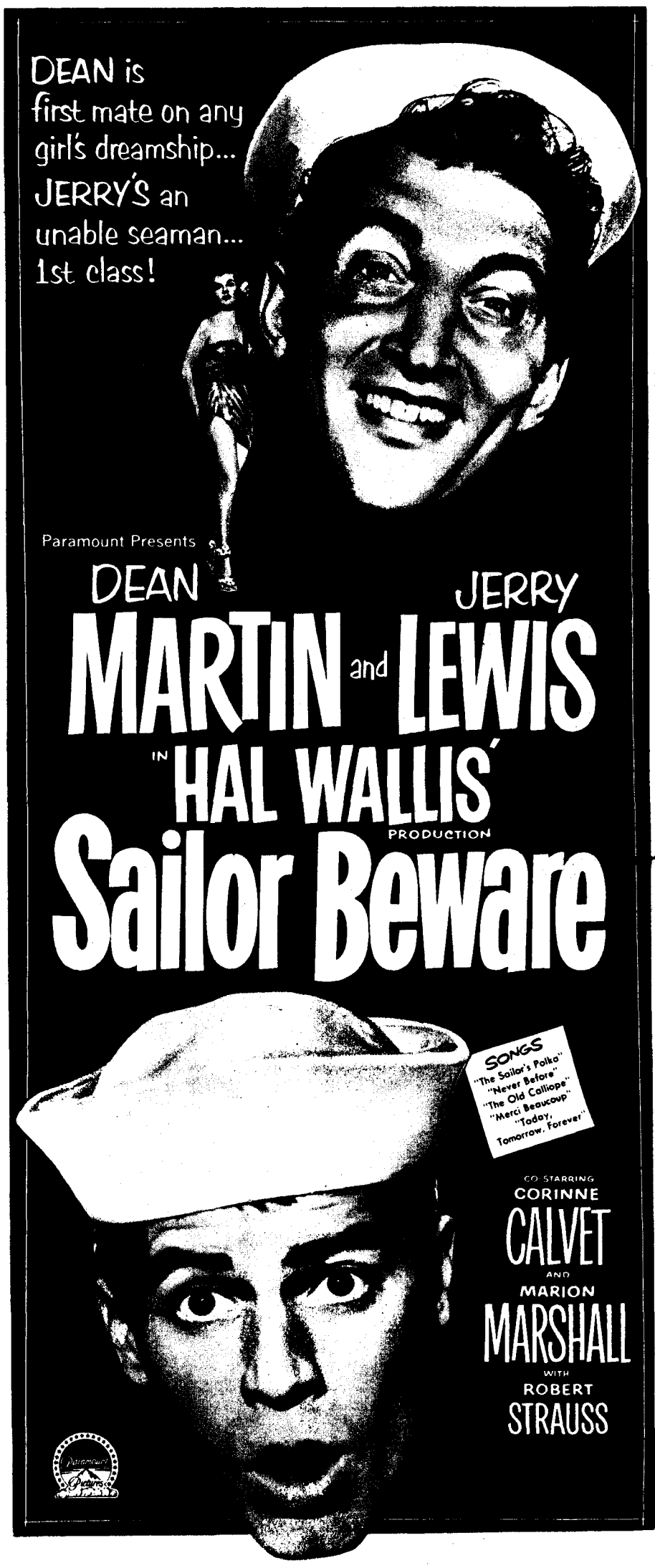


Directed by HAL WALKER • Screenplay by JAMES ALLARDICE and MARTIN RACKIN
Additional dialogue by JOHN GRANT • Adaptation by ELWOOD ULLMAN
From a play by KENYON NICHOLSON and CHARLES ROBINSON

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We were merely rambling around the winter political knife-and-fork circuit flushing up opinions on the coming campaign rodeo. Already under way, actually. Oratory booming. Candidates laying down their lives—in a manner of speaking. Rascals being thrown out—in a warmup sense. American way of life being saved. Socialism and Communism being thwarted in the nick of time. Taxes reduced. Future generations gladdened. Peace restored to her rightful throne. Unbounded prosperity guaranteed. It all left you wondering what there'll be left to say when the Presidential candidates get to gnawing on each other next fall. Or if the candidate who doesn't say anything won't be elected by acclamation by a grateful, ear-weary populace.

★ ★ ★

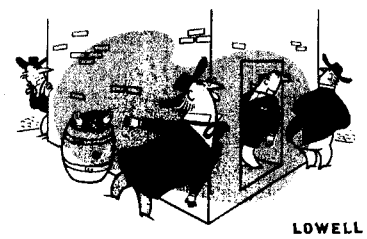
Got on a bus determined to ride out this preliminary survey of the vulcanized-broiler-and-roller-bearing-green-pea circuit. Sat next to a gentleman named Everett. Said he was from Steubenville, Ohio. Apologized for taking up so much of the seat. Mr. Everett is pretty huge. We got to talking about brigandage in high political places. "Well," said Mr. Everett, "it seems to be kinda contagious. The way I see it, some of those guys probably started out to give the public a fair shake. You know. Sorta figured that honesty is the best policy—if you can get away with it."

★ ★ ★

And then there was Mr. Howard M. Deming, of Winsted, Connecticut, pouring boiling scorn on those who say that America is no longer the land of opportunity, that big business runs the show and the little guy hasn't the snowball's proverbial chance. We asked Mr. Deming to keep talking, to give us a for instance. He needed no urging. "Catnip!" he shouted. We asked what about catnip. He said that with a capital of, say $25 and certainly not more than $50, a young man today could start raising catnip. It might take a few years of reasonably hard work (ah, there's the rub) and proper cultivation to get the business rolling, but meantime the young fellow could be organizing Catnip Clubs. Mr. Deming demanded that we quit our silly smiling. Said he was serious. A yearly subscription (membership) to these clubs might sell for maybe $5. Cat lovers would flock in, Mr. Deming believes. The catnip planter would guarantee each subscriber a monthly package of fresh catnip. Mr. Deming's enthusiasm soared. He foresaw the day when the young planter would have to build greenhouses for ample winter production. And then there's catnip tea to think of—a potent and fairly palatable beverage used to combat colic and the like. Mr. Deming invited us in to have a nice hot cup of catnip tea. We told him we'd think it over.

★ ★ ★

We solicited a few words from a gentleman from Wheeling, West Virginia. Knobalch is the name. Pressed for any uncommon ideas he might have, Mr. Knobalch



LOWELL HESS

pursed his lips, pressed his fingertips together and said he was thoroughly enjoying all this investigating going on in Washington and was waiting eagerly for the day when Congress would begin investigating congressmen. Wasn't optimistic, though.

★ ★ ★

You'll doubtless be glad to know that a USN submarine happened along just in time to save our Tokyo correspondent, Charlotte Knight, from drowning. "GREATLY APPRECIATE," radios Miss Knight from Tokyo, "YOUR SENDING CABLE TO SUBMARINE RESCUING ME WHEN PLANE CRASHED AT SEA STOP CAME CLOSE TO DROWNING STOP PLEASE CABLE THANKS TO OFFICERS AND MEN USS VOLADOR STOP WOULD MEAN GREAT DEAL

(Continued on page 59)

WIDE WORLD

Collier's Far Eastern correspondent Charlotte Knight is hauled to safety aboard the submarine USS Volador after plane she was in plunged into sea

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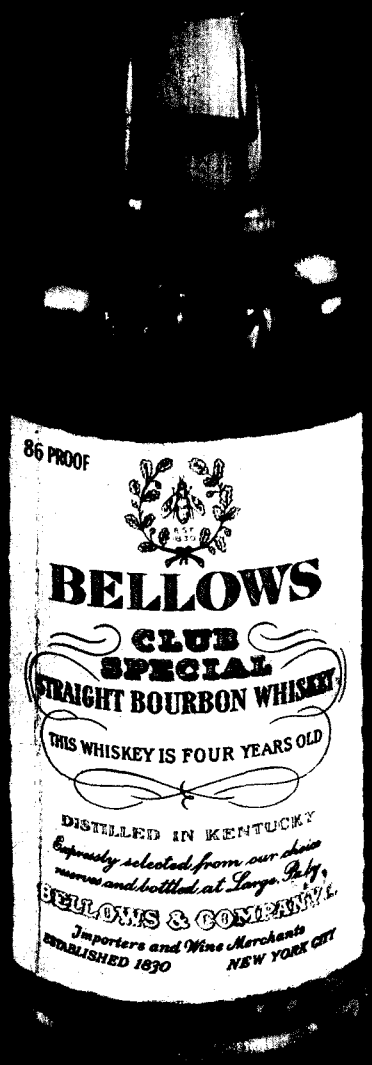

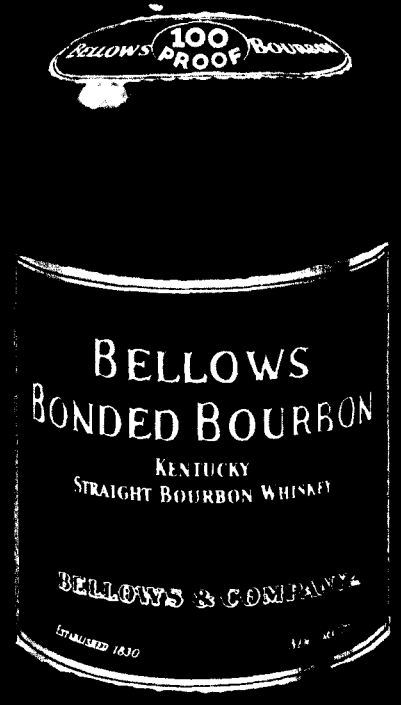

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Department Store Owner—Wilmington, Del.

●"None More Courteous"

". . . In my many years in the automobile business, I have never come in contact with an insurance adjuster as courteous, conscientious and helpful as Mr. H. . . . ., a total stranger to us. It will be a pleasure to recommend your company to anyone seeking insurance."

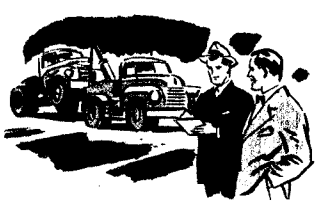
Automobile Dealer—Chicago, Ill.

●"$2,523.22 In Three Days"

". . . I have before me a check for $2,523.22, which was handed to me this morning, three working days after the date on which we reported the burglary to you. I must acknowledge that it had never occurred to me that such promptness was possible . . . "

Office Supply House—San Bernardino, Cal.

●"A Most Satisfactory Relationship"



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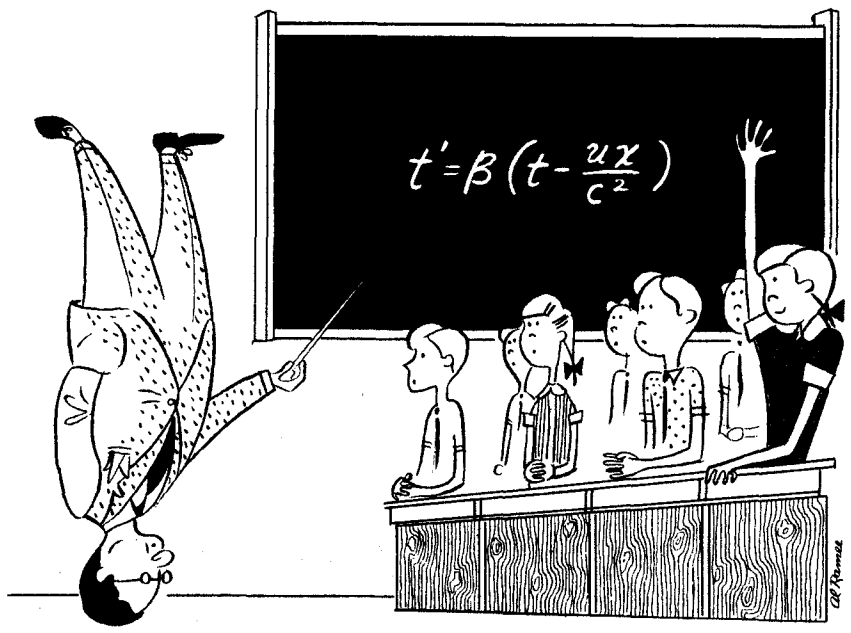

AL RAMEE

Reverse Quiz

By CARL H. WINSTON

Below are the answers to some reasonable questions. If they stump you, just turn this page upside down

Answers

1. "It's later than you think."
2. (A) 100 yards. (B) 100 feet. (C) 100 meters.
3. Quarter deck.
4. (A) No. (B) Yes.
5. The Einstein theory.
6. 5,280 feet.
7. Pearl, diamond, ruby.
8. (A) Strike. (B) Spare.
9. Belmont steaks, Kentucky derby, night mares.
10. Snow, rain, heat, gloom of night.
11. Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 2.
12. Nitronium monoperchlorate, mandelonitrile glucoside, diphenylaminechlorasine.
13. Bears, Giants, Redskins.
14. Asia Minor.
15. Game, point, ace, love.
16. Bell, the telephone. Edison, the electric light.
17. Wrong number.
18. The Windy City.

Questions

1. What time is it?
2. (A) How many back yards have 100 homes? (B) How many feet has a centipede? (C) How many meters in 100 taxicabs?
3. Thirteen playing cards are what part of a deck?
4. (A) Parlez-vous français? (B) Do you speak English?
5. Now, just what is it about the Einstein theory you don't understand?
6. What would 2,640 pairs of shoes cover?
7. Name a variety of onion, a baseball field and the color of a lipstick.
8. Define (A) a swing and a miss. (B) Two boys and a miss.
9. What does a race-horse player eat, wear and dream?
10. What kind of weather may a Chicagoan expect on an April day?
11. What follows Act 3, Scene 1, of Hamlet?
12. By what names are nitronium monoperchlorate, mandelonitrile glucoside and diphenylaminechlorasine usually known?
13. What chases through his dreams after a kid has eaten too much?
14. What would you call a twelve-year-old native of Bangkok?
15. What are the objectives of a hunter, a crap-shooter, a poker player and a woman?
16. What do you say to Joe Bell when he's wanted on the phone? To Herman Edison when he forgets to put out the light?
17. When you multiply 54,978 by 34,108 and divide the result by 3744, what do you get?
18. How would you describe Philadelphia during a convention?

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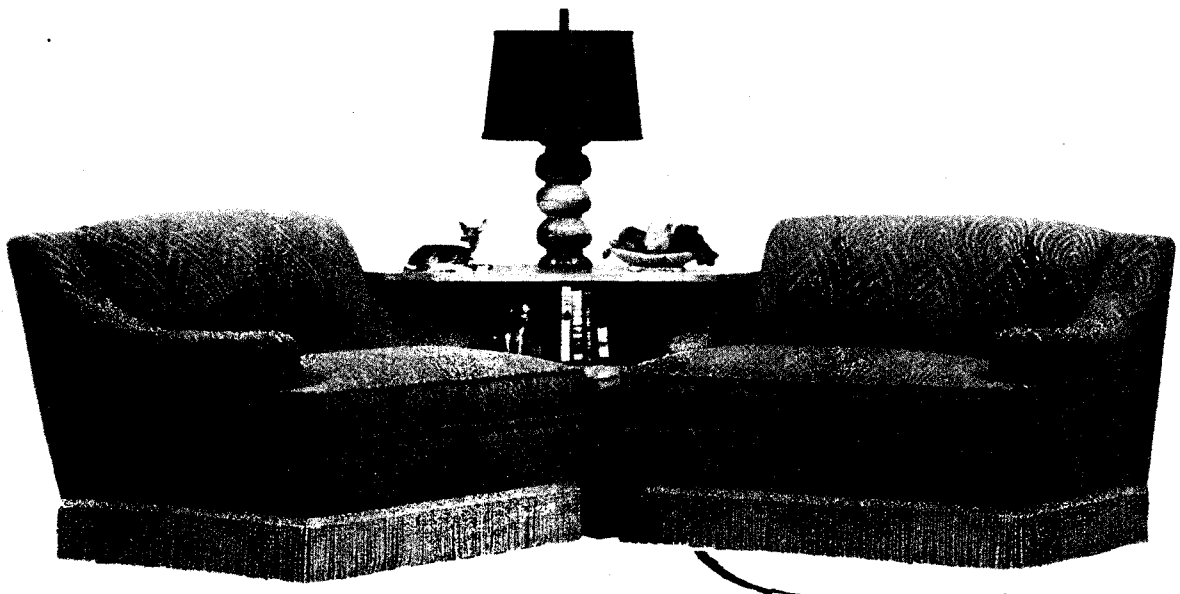

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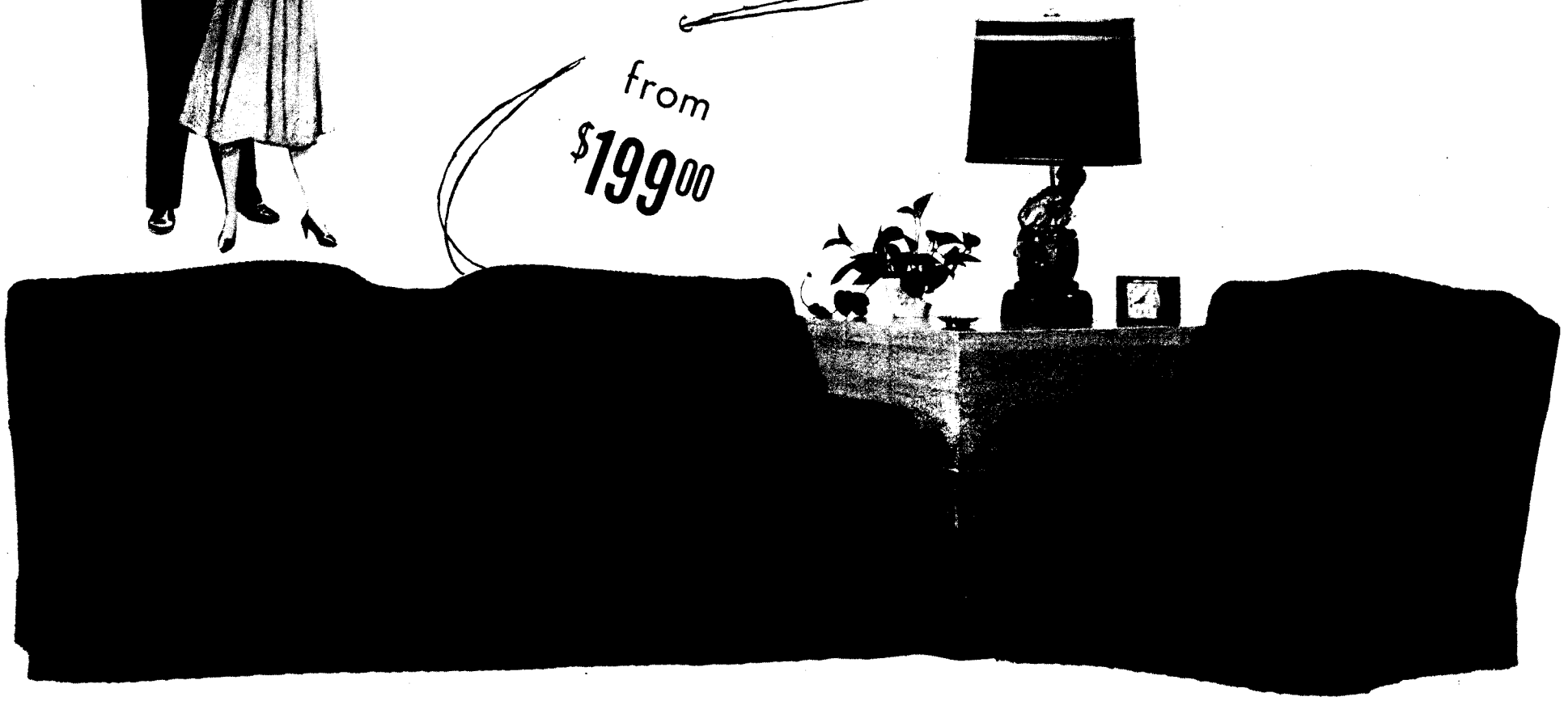

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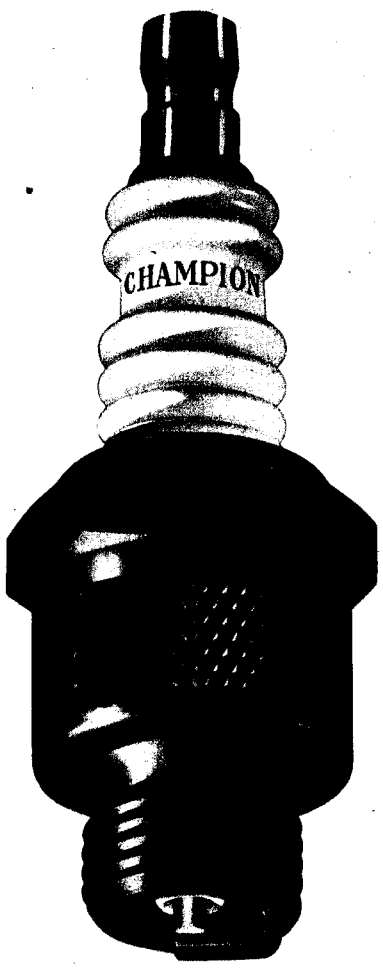
Belanger 99... 1951's "Winningest" Car Used Champions Exclusively!

Murrell Belanger with his Belanger Special and his pit crew of outstanding race car technicians.

Owner of 1951's "winningest" car, Mr. Murrell Belanger.

Lee Wallard, winner of the 1951 Indianapolis Race at the record breaking speed of 126.244 m.p.h. average.

Tony Bettenhausen, 1951 AAA Champion Race Driver, with eight wins and two seconds out of fifteen championship events.



Murrell Belanger, owner of the most sensational racing car in decades, the "Baby Belanger No. 99 Special" pays this glowing tribute to Champion Spark Plugs:

"*When Lee Wallard won the 1951 Indianapolis 500-mile race at the record breaking speed of 126.244 miles per hour average, it was the first time in the history of the race that it had ever been run under four hours. That's a terrific test of the car, engine, tires, brakes and spark plugs! After Wallard's unfortunate injury, alert Tony Bettenhausen took over. He drove this car in a sensational manner, winning eight of the remaining races and bringing the total for the Belanger Special to nine wins out of the fifteen AAA National Championship events. Never before has one car won so many events in a single season. Tony, my head mechanic and myself really know from experience the meaning of that word, dependability. It's a synonym for Champion Spark Plugs. I can tell you as the owner of 1951's 'winningest' car that the winning ways of Champion Spark Plugs are no mere happenstance—they're built to live up to their name, and they do. In my book there's only one spark plug and its name is Champion.*"

Murrell Belanger

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

DEMAND CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS FOR YOUR CAR

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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En route to Yemen's capital, group stopped to be entertained by dancing girl and native musician (at left). Expedition members are (left to right) Robert Carmean; native guide; Jama Ishmail; Dr. Valentin de Mignard (standing); Eileen Salama; Charles McCollum; Wendell Phillips

Back to Queen of Sheba Land

By WENDELL PHILLIPS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

A team of scientists finds adventure and danger in Arabia, seeking new light on the fabled Biblical beauty who visited Solomon 3,000 years ago and "communed with him of all that was in her heart . . ."

THE Queen of Sheba, as portrayed in the Bible, was a charmer of men who lived about 950 B.C. Today, nearly 3,000 years later, her charms apparently have not decreased, because men still risk death among the desert wastes and dangerous tribes of the Forbidden Kingdom of Yemen in south Arabia, trying to reach the ruins of Mareb, her ancient capital. Only a handful have succeeded.

In 1762, the German explorer, Carsten Niebuhr, led a Danish expedition into south Arabia. He traveled only as far as San'a, some 85 miles from Mareb, and every member of the expedition but Niebuhr himself perished. In 1943, a French pharmacist, Thomas Joseph Arnaud, succeeded in reaching Mareb, but his stay there was extremely brief; later in the nineteenth century, a Frenchman named Joseph Halévy and an Austrian named Eduard Glaser slipped in and out, in 1870 and 1889 respectively, disguised as Yemenit natives.

No Westerner had set foot into Mareb until we did in April of 1951. This undertaking proved to be the most exciting adventure of our two-year search for (among other things) the first archaeological traces of the fabled beauty who, according to I Kings 10:2 of the Bible, "came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold, and precious stones; and when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart."

My interest in Sheba's city began in 1948, while leading a 50-member expedition to Africa for the University of California, to make a comprehensive study of the Dark Continent. We were operating out of Nairobi, capital of Kenya Colony on Africa's east coast, when I received a kind invitation from the fabulous Aga Khan, spiritual leader of several million Ismaili Moslems (and who later became Rita Hayworth's father-in-law) to visit him, at his hunting safari headquarters, some 140 miles

Imam Ahmed, King of Yemen, shown with members of his court, granted long audience to Phillips and approved trip to Sheba's city

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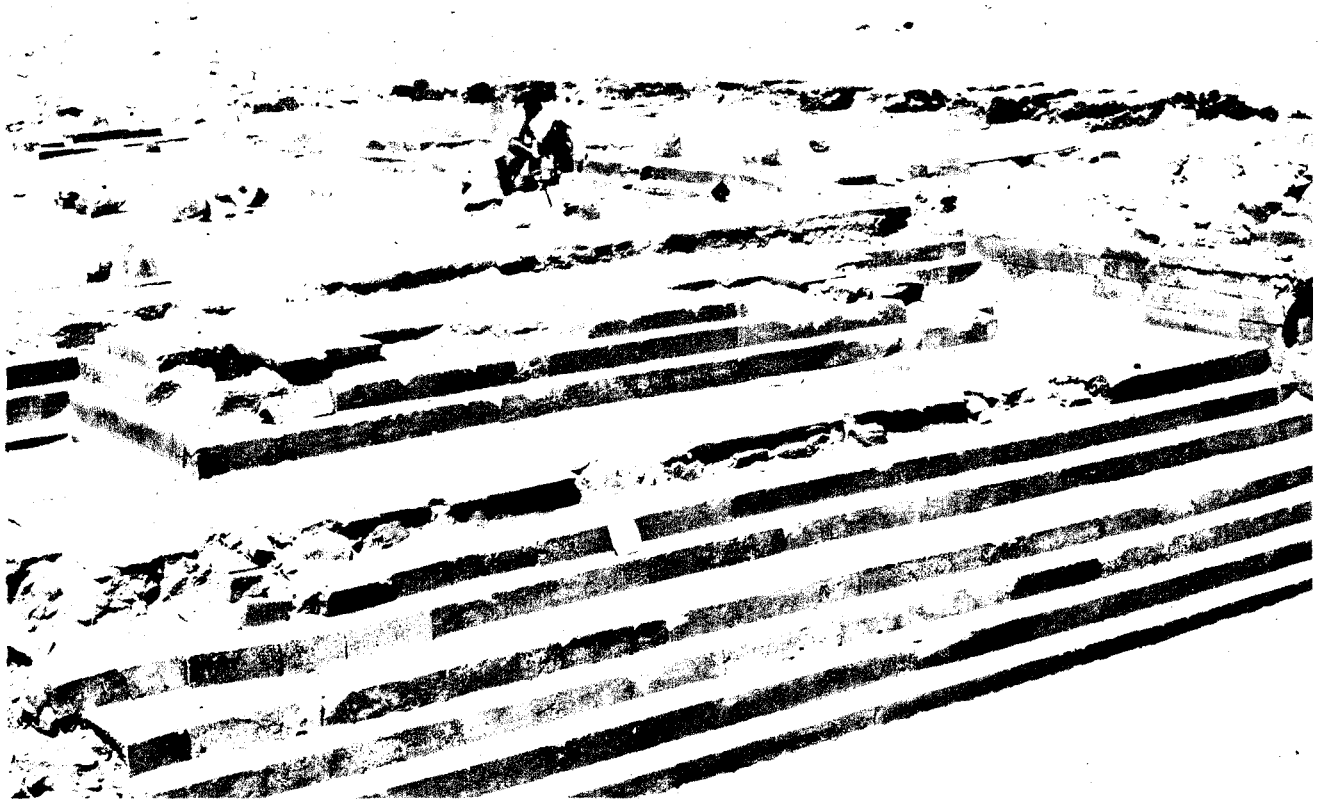

When members of American Foundation expedition first saw this scene near ruins of Timna, it was merely a sand dune. Excavated, it proved to be Temple of Venus, built around 8th century B.C.

Wendell Phillips, the thirty-year-old author *of this article, is cast from the same mold* which has produced many of our scientist-explorers. As head of the expedition sent to Arabia by the American Foundation for the Study of Man, this young University of California graduate has brilliantly fulfilled the assignment given to him by this organization's directors, one of whom I happen to be.

In 1950, he began excavating ancient Timna in south Arabia to pick up the long-*sought trail of the Queen of Sheba.* The story of his experiences at that time appeared in the April 7-14, 1951, issues of Collier's. In this article, the young Concord, California, explorer tracks the mystery to the capital of ancient Sheba itself.

A long trail filled with new excitement and adventure should lie ahead for Wendell Phillips, and I, for one, will be interested in every foot of it.

Lowell Thomas
CBS News Commentator

Two bashful young ladies from Hadhramaut region. Malayan characteristics of inhabitants have led some explorers to describe this part of south Arabia as "Land of the Javanese Princesses"

Paramount Sheikh Ali (left) became Phillips' tribal father when the explorer became a member of Bal Harith tribe as Sheikh Hussein Ali Al Harithi. Right, Ali's son, Sheikh Abdullah Bahri

away. The Aga Khan and I had a long, interesting talk about exploration. He urged me to explore south Arabia. "Who can tell?" he said. "Perhaps you may find the first proof of the existence of the Queen of Sheba." He kept talking about this fascinating subject, and from that day on I knew that south Arabia would have to be my next scientific objective.

The Aga Khan gave me letters of introduction to key Moslem leaders throughout the Arab world. Then, with the help of such distinguished associates as Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz; radio commentator Lowell Thomas; Samuel F. Pryor, vice-president of Pan-American Airways; Charles Nager, New York attorney; James K. Moffit, San Francisco banker and General T. A. McInerny, I formed the American Foundation for the Study of Man.

In 1950, Professor William F. Albright, of Johns Hopkins University, the world's foremost Biblical archaeologist, and I headed a group of archaeologists who initiated major excavations in south Arabia for the foundation at the site of the ancient city of Timna, capital of the old Kingdom of Qataban, which bordered on the Kingdom of Sheba in Biblical times. We had many interesting adventures here searching for the Children of the Moon, or "Walad Amm," who lived in Qataban 2,000 years ago. But that first season ended with the party still gazing hungrily toward Sheba itself, located in prohibited Yemen, only a few miles away.

To avoid the killing heat of the Arabian summer, the expedition scattered after that to the United States and Europe. I spent the following eight months raising more money and equipment, and on February 12, 1951, our group reassembled for the start of a second season of archaeological research. At Cairo, we had a chartered plane ready to carry us directly to the Wadi Beihan, location of the ancient ruins of Timna. As we flew over south Arabia, we could see Bedouins plodding across the desert with their camels, just as they had hundreds of years ago, in the days when the ancient world had been linked together by long camel trains bearing riches from otherwise inaccessible areas hundreds of miles away.

One of these remote lands was the Kingdom of Hadhramaut in south Arabia; from the window of my plane I could just make out its now-arid borders on the horizon. Once it had been forested with trees which oozed resins called frankincense and myrrh, the most famous spices of antiquity; and wealthy kingdoms sprang up along the camel route from Hadhramaut to the Mediterranean, waxing rich on the customs duties levied on the camel trains passing through their realms. Among these were the kingdoms of Ma'in and Qataban—and Sheba, most powerful of all.

These spice kingdoms were so similar that our excavations at Timna, Qataban's capital, told us much about how the Queen of Sheba's subjects lived. For a thousand years, their life must have been a rich one—and then came a strange calamity.

Shortly before the time of Christ, an ingenious Greek named Hippalus *(Continued on page 42)*

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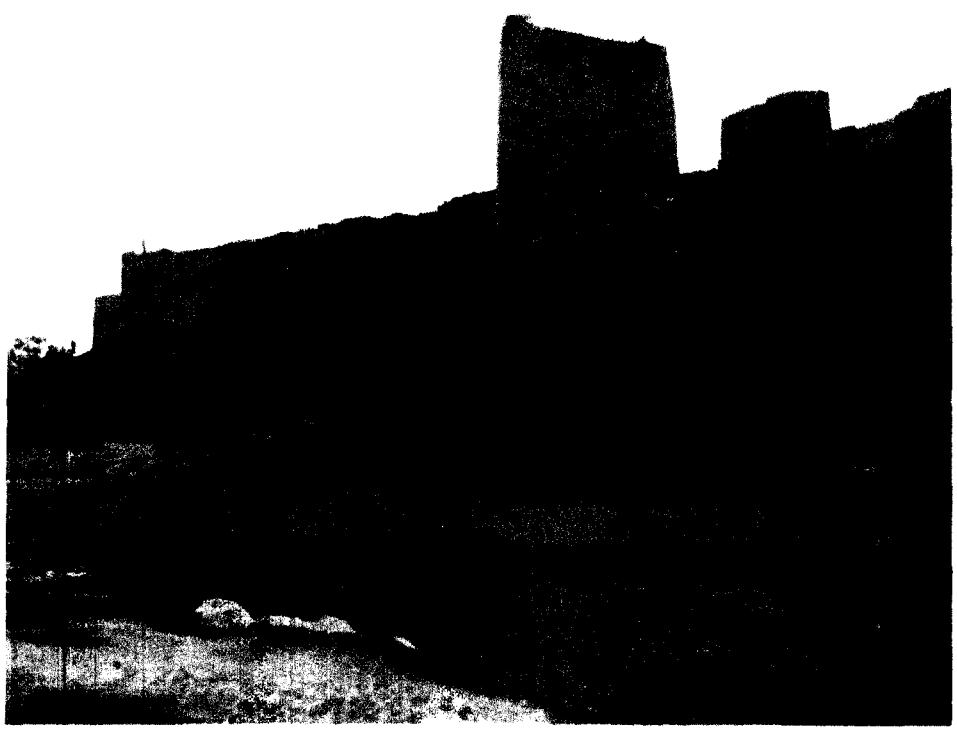
Right after snapping plane's-eye view of desert fort, author and Mr. and Mrs. A. Scaife, major contributors to expedition, were shot at from ground

Colorful throng greeted explorers, visiting San'a—ancient capital of Yemen and south Arabia's second largest city—as guests of the king



Fabled Mareb Dam, near Sheba's city, was engineering miracle of ancient world. Built massively 2,700 years ago, it burst in 6th century A.D.

Expedition threads way through valley that once was part of famous spice route to north and may have been traveled by Queen of Sheba

Prof. W. F. Albright (l.), studies bronze bull's head while Phillips holds statue of Lady Bar'at, one of expedition's most important finds at Timna

Prof. Albert Jamme (wearing glasses) displays stone marker found at Mareb, with alabaster head inset. Men around Jamme are local chiefs

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THE PICKERING PICKLE

Ever try to burgle a private detective agency? That's Dear George's latest job—and it takes a man with nerves of steel

By HANNIBAL COONS

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

January 9, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Benjamin Franklin
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear George:

George, does your world-renowned wardrobe include a pair of old tennis shoes? Some sort of footgear broken in to the point of utter quiet? If not, rush to the nearest salvage store and secure such an item at once. An embarrassing coincidence has arisen which requires a little high-quality gumshoe work. It is necessary for you to hasten to Detroit and outwit the FBI.

Well, not exactly the FBI. But the famous Pickering Detective Agency, which, unfortunately, is the next thing to it.

As you may know, we are on the verge of bringing out a picture based on the thrilling activities of the Pickering men in cracking the Denny Murtagh insurance fraud case in Detroit. And the trouble is that Eagle-Siegel is planning to bring out a similar picture simultaneously. And the real trouble is that theirs happens to be a good one, whereas ours, unhappily, stinks. I went to the preview of it last night, and anybody who would pay money to see it would pay to see the movies of the gas company picnic.

Which is, of course, of little real interest to this department. Regrettable, yes; important, no. Our job is to peddle this herring, not to net it. Actually, if there were any justice at all in this fool industry, our department would be given equal billing with the stars, the director, etc.—Written by So-and-So, Directed by So-and-So, Peddled by Richard L. Reed.

All of which is, of course, just boyish daydreaming. What we actually get for our labors being catcalls and curses and an occasional dry crust. A galling situation.

Particularly when, as in this case, all the trouble we find ourselves in has been caused, not by anonymous us, but by our billboard geniuses. It's all due to their old trouble of being unable to decide whether to go fast or slow. As no other industry on earth, Hollywood is sired by the hare and dammed by the tortoise. We are forever flying people out here from the ends of the earth, setting them to labor at hot desks, and then putting what they bring forth in the file.

Take this present crisis. We had the inside track on this Denny Murtagh idea a year ago. And for a couple of weeks there, we rushed back and forth to Detroit like a man looking for a cocker spaniel. By keeping two writers awake with cold cloths wrung out in Benzedrine, we got the script done in three weeks. But for some reason, it wasn't much good. So we fired the first two writers and hired three more. Brand-new ones. And gave them two weeks to give the script a fast "polish job."

But the polish job turned out even worse than the original. So we got a guy who did a polish job on the polish job in exactly one week—seven days—and then we put the whole thing in the file. Script trouble. Just wasn't coming off, somehow. I can remember the time when we used to hire writers out here and hardly speak to them for the first year. Now, if a new writer reports for work at nine, we want a pretty good start on the script by ten.

But to business. The Pickering boys naturally began to get a little tired of our stop-and-go horsing around. So when Eagle-Siegel came up with a decent script, and, what was more important, were ready to go on it, they understandably gave their co-operation to them. And when we finally decided to go ahead with ours, we discovered that all that was left was the crumbs. So, working with feverish haste, we made a nine-reel crumb.

Which is the package we have now been handed to sell. There's really nothing particularly wrong about it. It's a perfectly harmless little hour and a half at the movies. There's just nothing exciting enough about it to induce anybody to leave a warm television set to go to see it. Particularly when Eagle-Siegel has a good picture out at the same time about the same case.

So how am I going to sell it? By the simplest maneuver imaginable. I am merely going to convince the public that ours is the good one, and Eagle-Siegel's the dog.

And I shall do it in this way: Whereas the Pickering agency, being an outfit of great dignity and renown, *naturally* can't plug either picture, they have, naturally, made quite a few comments in the newspapers about the case. And I see no reason why we can't just use these in our ads. *"Denny Murtagh was one of America's most dangerous criminals!" says Hugo Pipwhistle, Detroit Pickering man. "This case* *(Continued on page 55)*

I rode till we came to a busy corner, then set the suitcase with its hideous contents down beside the motorman and, when he opened the door, just got off and left it there

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

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Posing for Da Vinci's magnificent portrait of Mona Lisa, Jean Simmons had perfect sad smile

Bearded for portrait, Jack Benny said he wasn't as old as Hals's 17th-century Laughing Cavalier

Pleased to stand in for Bohemian Girl by Hals, Denise Darcel exclaimed, "She is me—all woman!"

© N.Y. GRAPHIC SOC.

Gay as Major's popular Gay Philosopher, Jimmy Durante hoped he wouldn't "be no mantelpiece"

JOE COVELLO

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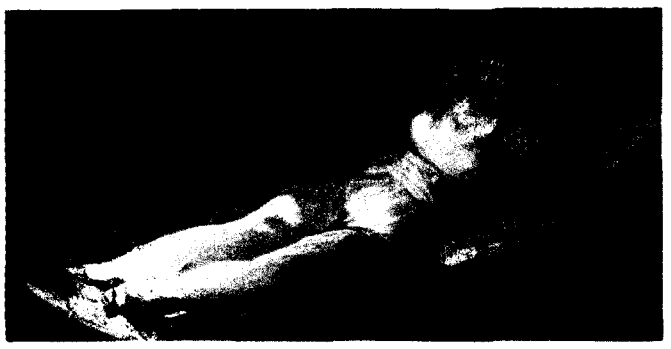
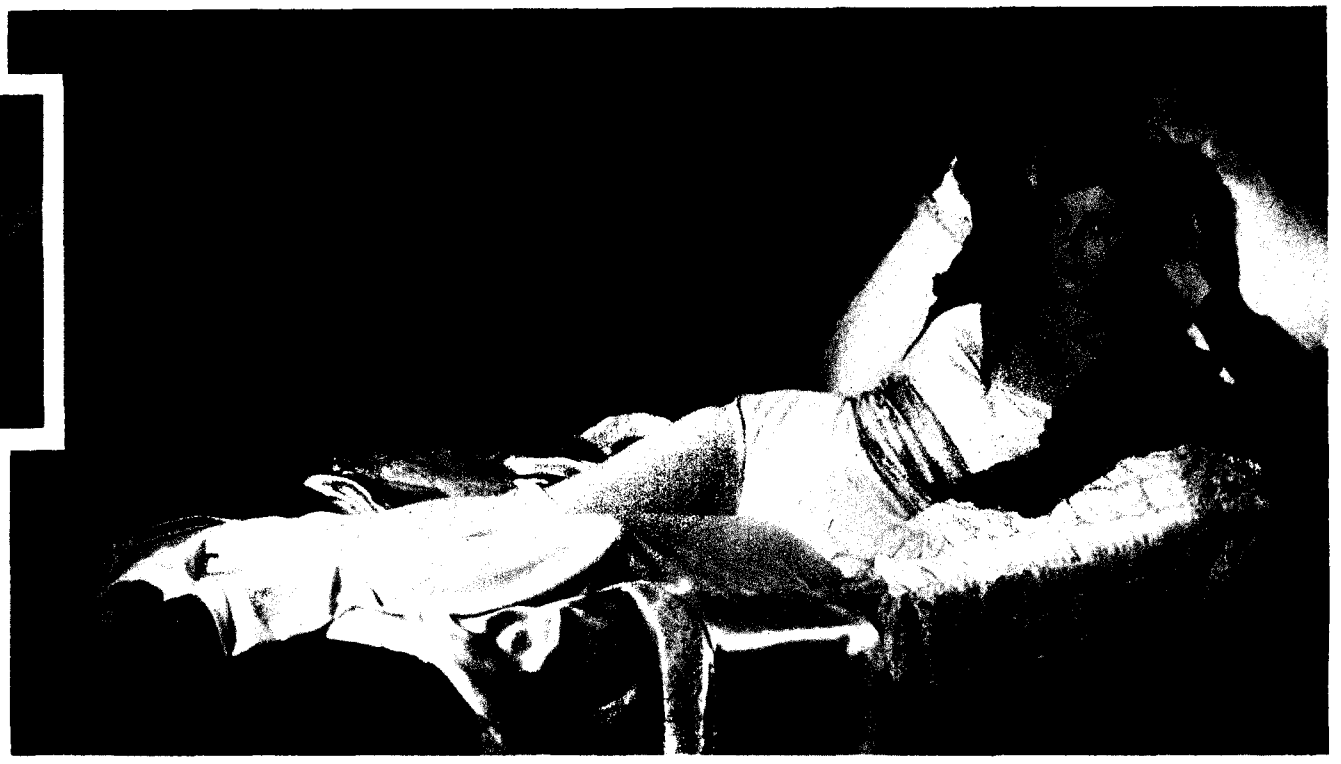
Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Modeling the Masterpieces





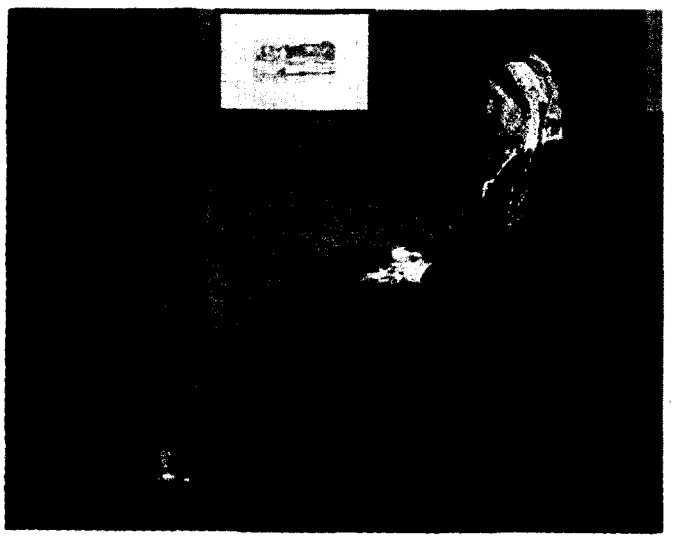
Completely at ease as Goya's famous portrayal of the Duchess of Alba, known as "The Woman Clothed," Arlene Dahl asked hesitantly if she'd have to pose as La Maja Desnuda (unclothed)

THE six paintings on these pages are among the world's most popular masterpieces. Ranging from Leonardo da Vinci's immortal sixteenth-century portrait of Mona Lisa to Henry Major's contemporary, comic Gay Philosopher, they represent here an object lesson in point of view. Looked at coldly, these works of art may mean little to those of us who know them only by name or brief acquaintance. But exercise the imagination a bit and they come alive. Collier's does it here by re-creating the paintings themselves as photographs of some of the most famous faces in the world.

While not nearly as complicated or time-consuming a process as applying paint to canvas, evolving the photographs out of sheer imagination did take some doing. It meant getting M-G-M, for instance, to ask Marjorie Main to cut her Palm Beach vacation short so she could pose as Whistler's Mother. It required sending two editorial diplomats to RKO to convince modest Jean Simmons that she certainly does have a Mona Lisa air about her. And it included the task of bridling Denise Darcel's enthusiasm for Franz Hals's lusty Bohemian Girl long enough to get her off the M-G-M lot and into the photographer's studio. At Paramount Arlene Dahl spent four hours getting into and draping her costume for Goya's 18th-century Duchess of Alba. And at CBS, Jack Benny had to pad his figure with pillows to bring it up to the proportions of Hals's portly Laughing Cavalier.

Finally, only Jimmy Durante remained to be photographed as Henry Major's Gay Philosopher. Trailed to New York and briefed on the project in an NBC television studio, he said: "I don't think I'm the man for this job, but what's my opinion against millions of others?" Jimmy has the right idea. Art appreciation is very often just like that.

ROBERT CAHN



Startlingly reminiscent of Whistler's portrait of his mother, Marjorie Main first objected to acting "outside my age group," finally agreed that the whole idea was "simply wonderful"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NOLAN PATTERSON

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WIDE WORLD

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

ACME

At the front Mrs. Rosenberg chats with troops. "I wanted to be certain," she says, "that everything that can be done for our men is being done . . . The men got a kick out of my going to places that had not been prepared for my inspection . . . There is nothing I found missing"

THIS I SAW IN KOREA

By ANNA ROSENBERG with JAMES C. DERIEUX

"There never was a generation like this one," Commanding General James Van Fleet told the Assistant Secretary of Defense during her front-line tour. And she very much agrees

I WENT to Korea to see man power, and I saw the power of man. I saw the power of man and the power of spirit as I never had before. There were men—they'd be boys over here—who for days and weeks and months had slugged it out with a mean enemy and beaten him back. I saw groups coming down the road from the fighting, weary and dirty and perhaps even wounded, and always there were some helping others along. A boy not able to make it alone would be leaning on the shoulder of a stronger or less seriously wounded buddy, and the stronger one would have his arm around the other one, like a brother taking a brother home. Maybe you read the story about two jet pilots who slipped their plane wings under those of another plane that was flying crazily because its pilot had blacked out, and how they brought him in safely.

No matter what happens, they bring one another through. No matter how tired. No matter how much they hurt.

The fighting was hard when I was there last fall, and all the time there was a lump in my throat. I prayed to God that my eyes would not cloud over and stop me from seeing what our boys were doing. General James Van Fleet, who is a great and tough soldier, has the same feeling about those boys that I do. As he showed me around—and I'll always thank him for not trying to spare me from the facts of war—he would point to a soldier and say, "Look at that boy! Did you ever see a finer youngster? I'd like to have him for a son."

After he pointed out I don't know how many boys, saying he would like to have each one for his son, I told him that from what he said, he would like at least a couple of thousand sons. And he didn't think that funny at all.

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"I *would* like them all for my sons," he said. "They're wonderful kids."

One night back in Seoul he and I were talking again about the quality of these American boys.

"There never was a generation like this one," he said. "I used to think my generation pretty good, but it wasn't the equal of these fellows out here. They're the finest youngsters I've ever seen."

You can't know what Korea is like and you can't know what our men are like and what they are doing unless you see for yourself. Korea is the most rugged place I have ever seen. Every ridge is a heartbreak. We used to think, during World War II, that the mountains in Italy were tough. Well, in Korea it's one mountain after the other, just bleak, sharp-edged cliffs.

It's hard to imagine that men can fight and live in those mountains, especially when you recall that these same men a few months ago were the people you met in your daily life in America. Some were lawyers, some were clerks, some were farmers. Many were boys in school, to whom exercise was something they engaged in for fun. Boys from the Bronx, who used to complain that the subway was four long blocks away; or from the level farms of the Midwest, or from an ice-cream-soda existence anywhere. But all of them took those hills like men who had been born, reared and trained in them.

Reporting to a Soldier's Mother

One day up at the front a boy asked me if I was from New York, and I said yes. He wondered if I got home often, and I knew what was on his mind.

"You want me to call up somebody at home?" I asked him.

"I wish you would call my mother and my sister, if it's not too much." (The boy's name is John R. Brienza, and his mother, Mrs. Angela Brienza, lives in Brooklyn.)

The day after I returned, I called his mother and sister. "What does my little boy look like now?" his mother asked.

"If I hadn't known he was from a city," I told her, "I would have thought he came from the Texas cow country. He looks that conditioned and tanned."

The men in Korea look fit. They look as if they can take anything. And what they take sometimes is pretty tough. I saw men who had gone through the hardest fighting and were just back from the front. They had that look you see only in the faces of men who have been there. It's a look I saw during the last war. Then, a few minutes after we spoke to them, the look was gone and they smiled.

There's something marvelous about American boys. I don't know what it is. But somehow or other we don't see it here at home as easily as in Korea. There is a selflessness about these men. There is to me —and this may sound corny—a nobility of spirit about them. The way they look after each other! The way they treat you when you get up there!

One of the things that always got me was the fact that they thanked me for visiting them. They would say, "We're grateful to you for coming up to see us." Grateful to someone who comes up and spends a day or two! If a boy of eighteen or nineteen, who hasn't lived even half a life, can go to such places to serve his country, certainly a woman of my age can take the chance.

Outside of the wisecracks, there is very little bitterness in Korea. Maybe some of the men were angry when they were first taken into the service. Some of the reservists felt, and many of them rightfully, that it wasn't fair to call them back again, that it should have been younger men who were called up. But now that they're out there, all that seems to have fallen by the wayside.

Every division you go to will tell you that you happen to be with the greatest division not just in Korea —that's too small—but in the world; that the outfit is made up of the swellest, greatest guys anywhere. They have pride, not only in themselves, but in one another; and there is a reason. It comes from every man knowing that he can rely on the man next to him. If he runs short of cigarettes and the guy next to him in the foxhole has only two, one is his. And if he has only one, he'll halve it. Whether fighting or sharing, these men don't let one another down.

One day I saw a group of about 80 men who had just been brought out of a Communist trap by a young first lieutenant, Stephen J. Patrick, from Bridgeport, Connecticut. He and his executive were the only officers in his outfit not killed or wounded. As he stood there talking to me, I could *(Continued on page 66)*

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

Awaiting evacuation, an injured soldier gets comforting word from Mrs. Rosenberg who found, "There aren't enough nurses, but wounded men never suffer from lack of care"

In her honor, men of the 955th Field Artillery Battalion (represented by Sfc John R. Brienza) fired this yellow shell at Reds. It carried Mrs. Rosenberg's "compliments"

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

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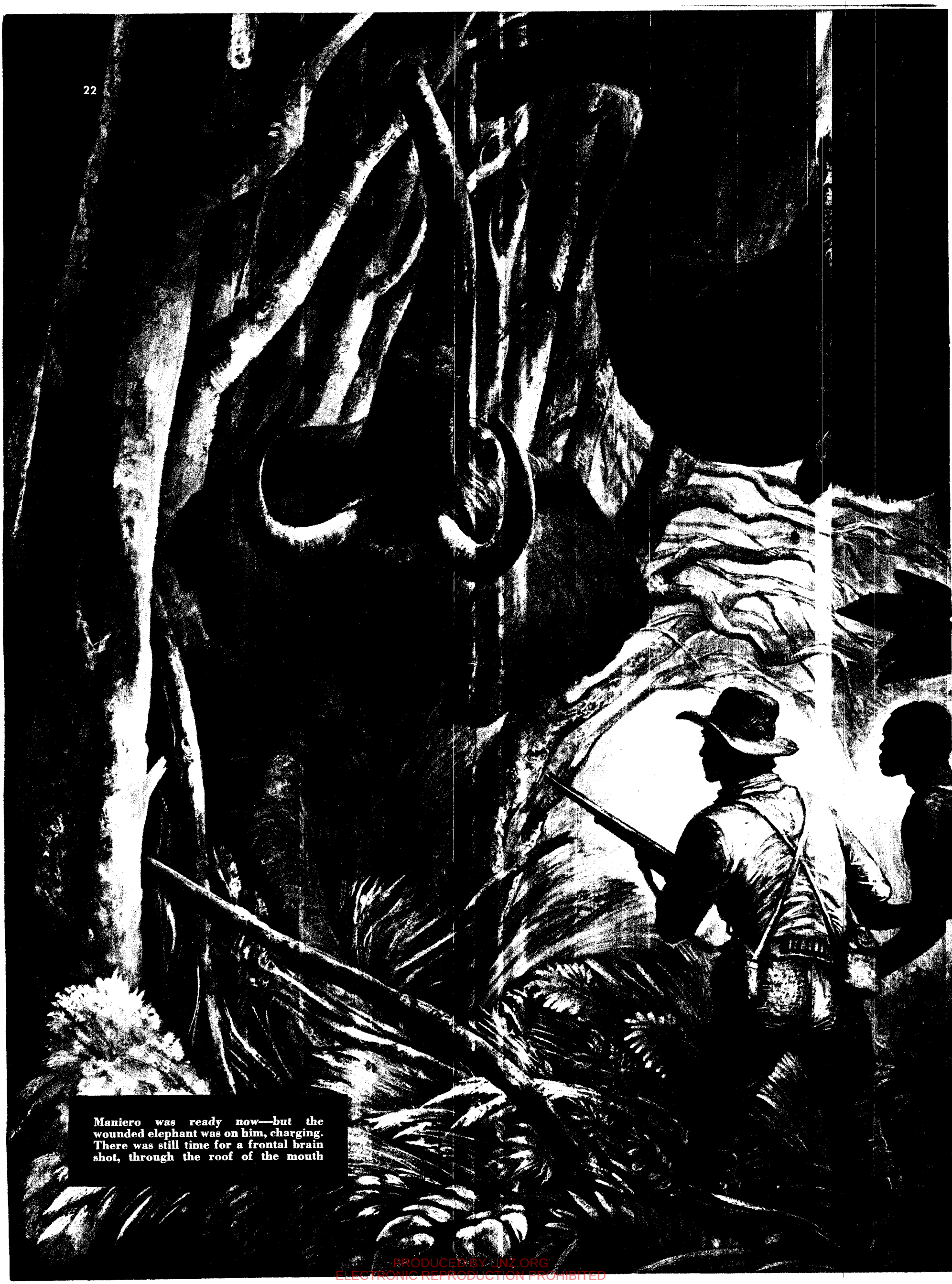

Maniero was ready now—but the wounded elephant was on him, charging. There was still time for a frontal brain shot, through the roof of the mouth

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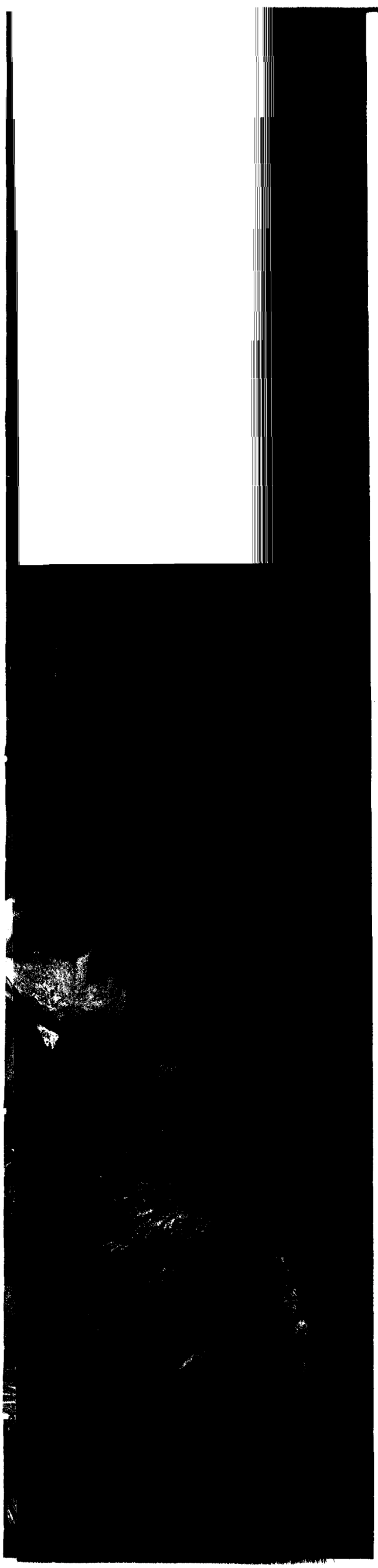
The Curve And the Tusk

By STUART CLOETE

This was no ordinary hunt, with pursuer and prey. The elephants, as well as the men, knew that it was time to end it—time to kill



The Story: The time was 1937; the place was Lourenço Marques, capital city of the Portuguese colony of Mozambique, on the east coast of Africa.

Two men sat on the stoep of a house, talking about the enormous, legendary elephant that for years had terrorized the province—the elephant the natives believed to be not one but two ghost elephants, inhabited by the spirits of ancient Zulu kings. The men, GUIDO MANIERO and CHARLES CAREW, were hunters, and Carew, now over eighty, had wounded the fabulous elephant many years before. It was the same elephant which had killed MANIE PRETORIUS, the Boer hunter, and had covered his trampled body with uprooted fever trees.

As they talked, both men had the same idea: to hunt the great beast themselves. For Carew, it would be a last hunt; he was waiting now to die so that he might rejoin his beloved wife, Esther, and he wanted to go into the forest once more and see the giant baobab tree, the tree that was thousands of years old, the tree on which they had carved their initials. For Maniero too, it would be a last hunt. He had had enough of killing. He wanted a farm and a garden and, perhaps, a wife. He had never had time for women before, but lately a strong attraction had been growing between him and MARIA THERESA FIERRA, the wife of his friend.

Four hundred miles away in the forest, two incredibly old bull elephants stood with trunks entwined. They were brothers; they were the ghost elephants the natives told of; and they were the "one" elephant the hunters knew of. The hunters thought there was only one because, when they traveled through the forest, the tusked elephant (the one Carew had wounded) put his huge feet precisely in his tuskless brother's footprints, so that only one spoor was left. These two had killed many men, and now an old urge came upon them. It was time to return to the grove of fever trees where they had killed their first white man, Pretorius, and to trample once again the trees surrounding his grave. They began to move south to the province of Querida.

The administrator of Querida, FERDINANDO DA SILVA, had been troubled for years by these elephants. Every time they appeared, they left devastation in their wake, but as yet no hunter wise enough to outwit them had offered to hunt them.

In a little clearing in the forest, a native and his wife and child were living in exile. They did not know they were near the grove of fever trees and that the elephants would inevitably find them. The man looked up one morning and saw, advancing slowly, silently, two mountainous elephants. He ran to his wife and child and, when the first elephant was upon them, flung his spear into its mouth. A moment later, all three natives were dead, trampled, dismembered.

As soon as he heard the news, Da Silva knew that now, at last, these elephants must be killed. There had to be a way to stop them. And the first thing he did was to send for Maniero, the great hunter. If anyone could kill them, Maniero was the man.

WHEN Maniero got his orders and went to see Carew, he found him ready. He had been ready for some time. Mackenzie, Carew's agent, had bought him a truck. He had collected his canned provisions. He had ammunition and rifles—a double-barreled .600 Jeffries, a lovely handmade thing, and a Jeffries .404 magazine rifle. And he was waiting, like a bird preparing to migrate, for the signal, the sign, for whatever it was that would suddenly, when the moment came, move him.

So when Maniero came to say he was going, came to say good-by or to see if the old man really wished to accompany him, the key of Carew's resolution fitted into the slot. Suddenly he was sick of waiting for death. Suddenly he felt he must go and meet it with outstretched hands. "When do we start, Maniero?" he said.

"In two days," Maniero said.

"Go first," Carew said, "and wait for me at Querida. I will come one day after you."

"Come with me," Maniero said. "I will wait a day."

"I could go tomorrow," Carew said. "I am ready, but I wish to go alone. My heart is hungry for the forest, and such hunger I must slake alone. You see, Maniero," he said, putting his hand on Maniero's arm, "I am very old; I have much to remember."

"I understand," Maniero said.

"You will wait for me?"

"I shall be there at Querida." . . .

Senhora Fierra, walking about restlessly, listened as Maniero told her husband about the orders he had received from Da Silva.

"And so," she broke in, "you are going. The hunter must become the executioner to avenge the deaths of these natives."

As she spoke, she moved near him to fill his glass with Madeira. His senses, alert from his life in the wilderness, felt the warmth of her soft body and the subtle odor of perfume and woman that emanated from it. He knew then what was in her mind. A man who has lived much with animals is well aware of the animal in man and woman. The part of Maniero which was not the ascetic hunter desired her. His body was aware of its own and her demands. But his mind laughed at his body for the simplicity of its reaction. He was not a sensual man and, besides, Fierra was his friend. But he was amused at the tension.

"These deaths and others," he said.

"When are you going?" *Senhora* Fierra asked.

"Tomorrow."

When he comes back, *Senhora* Fierra thought; by then it will have worked. She knew she had sown the seed of desire, that he was aware of her as perhaps he had never been aware of a woman before. She moved so *(Continued on page 46)*

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Gogi Is the Gimmick at Larue

By MURRAY ROBINSON

Meet the Man with the Delicate Air, autocrat, social arbiter and psychological bouncer of the newest sensation among Manhattan's elegant dine-and-dance joints

EARLY each evening except Mondays, Georgi Tchitchinadze puts on his work clothes in his smart fifteenth-floor apartment at Park Avenue and East Fifty-eighth Street in New York City. He is a graceful, well-built man in his middle forties, with a sad, sallow face, limpid dark eyes, and a bald pate. He is known as just plain "Gogi," a diminutive of Georgi, and is a native of Tiflis, Georgia. (That's not the American state, of course; Gogi's Georgia is closer to the Urals than the you alls.)

Gogi's work clothes consist of a dark suit, black shoes, a white silk shirt, a plain white four-in-hand tie (his own idea, and a frown for anyone else he catches wearing one), a white carnation and a heady splashing of Chanel No. 5 toilet water.

At 7:30 P.M., Tchitchinadze descends to the lobby and walks through a door into Gogi's Larue, the newest sensation among elegant New York dine-and-dance joints. And now Gogi, the Man with the Delicate Air, and the favorite host and intimate of the champagne-and-truffles set in New York, Hollywood, Paris and Mexico City, is ready for the night's work. It will keep him busy until 4:00 A.M.

Gogi is autocrat, greeter, social arbiter and psychological bouncer of Larue. He welcomes princes and merchants, dowagers and dizzy blondes, with the vast charm which is his stock in trade. He assigns tables according to a form chart he carries in his head. And he brushes off undesirables with an instant and almost imperceptible switch from warmth to deep freeze.

Until Gogi took over Larue in November, 1950, it was just another nice stop on the fashionable East Side café circuit. But when it became Gogi's Larue, a minor miracle was wrought. Overnight, the club became the rendezvous of the "names" of Park Avenue, Wall Street, Hollywood, Broadway, café society, international society and the business world. It has become the headquarters of movie stars visiting New York. (So far, there have been no jousts with left jabs at 30 paces between the celluloid heroes at Larue, although one night Zachary Scott danced there minus his shoes, which may be considered a step in the direction of zaniness.) Princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses rub shoulders at Larue with garment tycoons, models, moneyed out-of-towners and celebrity-hungry tourists.

One reason for the glittering clientele is the fact that many of the club's patrons are also its owners. For Gogi's Larue is a co-operative venture, the only café society co-op within the memory of the oldest Manhattan settler.

A couple of years ago, Gogi was manager of a fashionable spot on the East Side called the Barberry Room. It was a great success, but Gogi was dissatisfied; he yearned for a place of his own. Then he spotted Larue, which was for sale, and immediately sought out his good friend, Manhattan attorney A. Edward Masters, and announced that he wanted to buy the place.

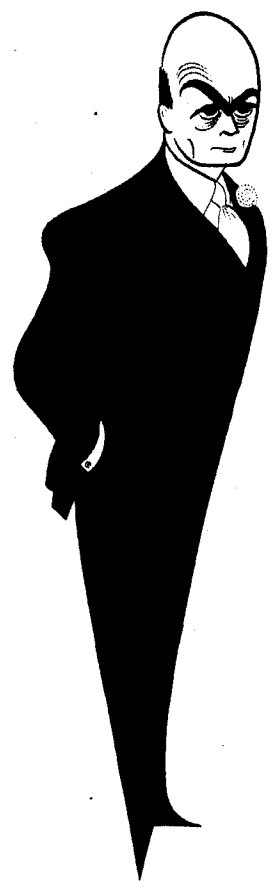
"Fine," Masters said. "How about the money?"

"I haven't got the money," Gogi said. "But I have the friends."

Gogi thereupon started canvassing his close acquaintances in New York, where he had spent two years, and in Hollywood, where he had spent almost 12.

As a result of his efforts, he soon had some of the prettiest partners a man could want (as well as some with the prettiest bank rolls) and he also had $130,000.

Among his backers, who have contributed sums ranging from $500 to $15,000, are Hedy Lamarr and Joan Crawford; Mrs. Emmy Burlingham and Mrs. Sophie Gimbel of New York society; Cornel Wilde, Tony Martin and Bing Crosby; hotel men Conrad Hilton, Joe Drown and Michael Gottlieb; merchants Nathan and Jerry Ohrbach; Hubie Bos-



Gogi in his work clothes. The white four-in-hand tie is an idea of his own

cowitz, Herbie Klotz, Horace Schmidlapp, and Baron Polan, all men about town, and Jack Barry, radio and television producer-performer.

When Gogi had raised the cash, Masters set up a deal which, from Gogi's standpoint, was a lulu.

It provides that the investors will get back the bulk of the cash they put up—plus interest—in 10 years. For the rest of their money, they get a half ownership in Larue. Gogi owns the rest. In addition, he receives a salary for managing the club, plus an apartment in the Park Avenue building in which Larue is located.

The club is incorporated as Gogi, Inc., with Gogi as president and Masters as secretary-treasurer. Larue is currently doing between $15,000 and $20,000 a week, and the investors are happy.

"I'm in Larue three times a week," says partner Barry: "twice because I love the place, and once to see how I'm doing."

As evidence of their interest in the establishment, when Gogi did the club over at the beginning of the current season, the shareholders pitched in and painted chairs, tables and woodwork and scoured pots and pans to get the place open on time.

The redecoration of the club was directed by Dick Kollmar, actor and husband of Dorothy Kilgallen, Broadway columnist for the New York Journal-American, with whom he forms a breakfast duo on radio. As a result of Kollmar's work, the club is considered one of the most beautiful in New York.

The main room, which has the dance floor, seats 200, and is done in pink and black. The other room is called the Plush Room, and it's Gogi's pride and joy: luxurious and soundproofed, seating 52, and done in Napoleonic *décor* with red velvet walls, gold and white trim, and crystal. Music in the Plush Room is supplied by George Fejer, pianist, who remembers some 1,800 songs. It is a room over whose clientele Gogi does his most careful thinking. He's a one-man board of admission.

When Margaret Truman entered the Plush Room for the first time, she murmured: "Isn't it a shame Daddy never gets to see such beautiful things as this?" This quote is revered by Gogi and, of course, by Kollmar.

Gogi's Larue opens each evening at six (closed on Mondays) and features a French cuisine at prices about equal to those at other high-priced scoffeterias on New York's Gold Coast. You can get a steak for two for $14, and Brussels sprouts *au beurre* (that's "with butter," Willie) for $1.50. Bread and butter is 50 cents and coffee the same. If you aren't eating steak, you can get a swell dinner for two for about 15 bucks. And where else can you goggle at princes and duchesses at that price?

A sampling of the crowd at Gogi's on a recent weekday night showed these present: Prince Dimitri Djordjadze, the noted horseman; actresses Sarah Churchill, Jennifer Jones and Ginger Rogers; Winthrop Rockefeller; actors Ricardo Cortez and Bert Lahr; singers Tony Martin and Johnny Johnston and movie producer David O. Selznick—besides such partners as Jack Barry and Nathan Ohrbach. The Duchess of Windsor is a frequent guest, as are numerous other folk with titles attached to their names.

Dress is informal at Larue, except at the brilliant dress galas Gogi throws on the last Thursday of each month. At these affairs, the ladies often are loaded down with as much as $2,000,000 in jewels, furs and gowns, by rough estimate. At one gala, Hope Hampton, widow of financier Jules Brulatour, alone wore $150,000 worth of sparklers, give or take a lavaliere.

As befits a man who operates in such awesome circles, Gogi talks in a soft, soothing voice. He speaks five languages—his native Georgian, Russian, French, Spanish and English. His English is piquant—cultured, yet faintly accented and prone to trouble with verb forms and other obstacles.

Thus, an old movie called Alias the Deacon comes out "Alias the Dickens," and in referring to June Havoc, star of the play Affairs of State, he says, "She's be in State of Affairs." Aware of his linguistic shortcomings, Gogi once was called on to read a commercial when he was guest on a television show. The text included the word "know-how." Later he reported proudly to his wife, the former Janet Thomas, *(Continued on page 59)*

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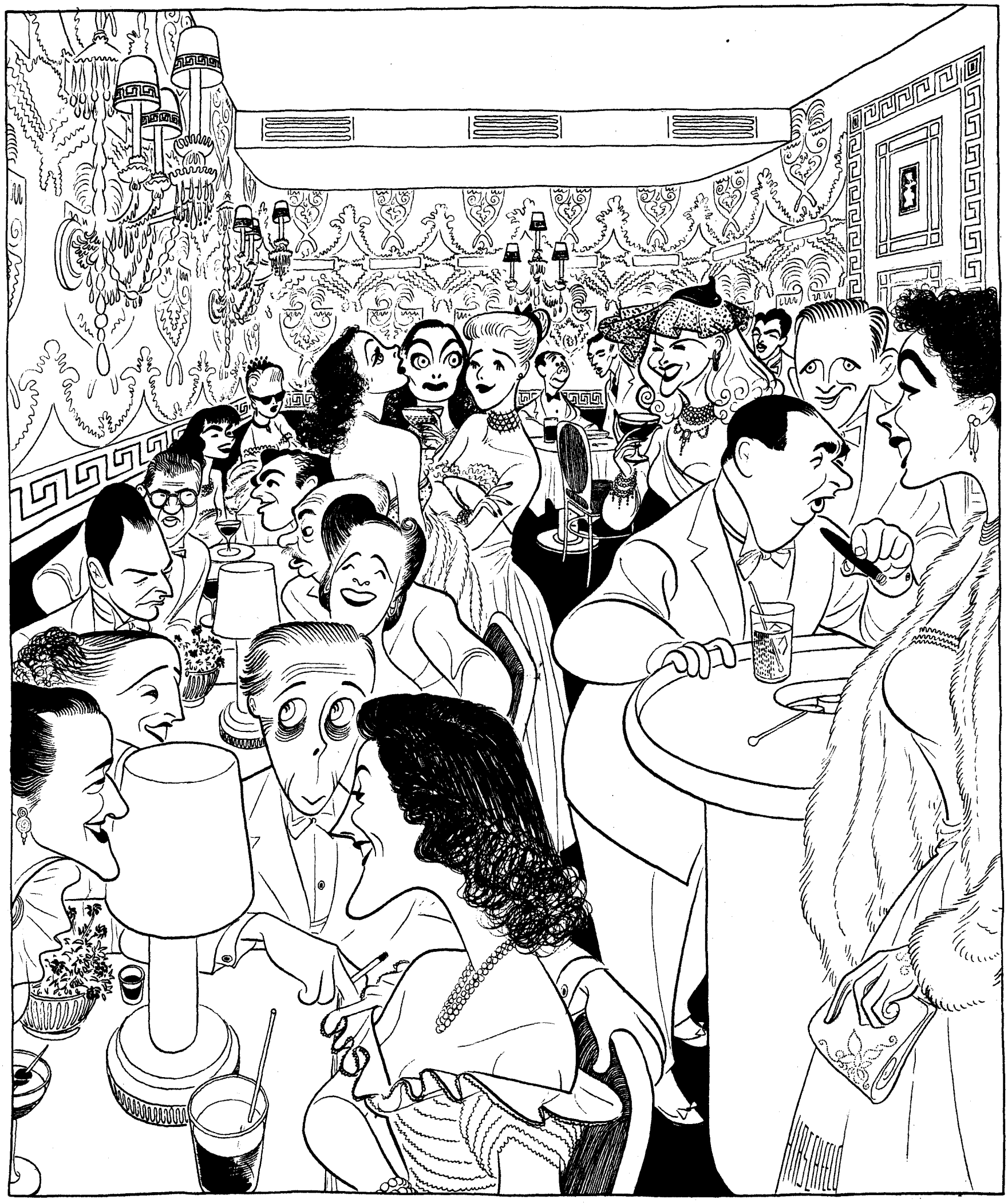

Patrons and partners in Larue's Plush Room, Gogi's pride and joy. Starting at extreme lower left and reading up: Duchess of Windsor, Margaret Truman, Winthrop Rockefeller, David O. Selznick, Jennifer Jones, Lana Turner. Upward from lower center: Sarah Churchill, Duke of Windsor, Sophie Gimbel, Conrad Hilton, Tony Martin. Trio next to Martin includes (l. to r.) Hedy Lamarr, Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers. Against back wall: Bert Lahr chats with columnist Frank Farrell. At their right, also by wall, Robert Taylor. Near the bar stand Hope Hampton (with cocktail), Bing Crosby and Leon Henderson (holding cigar). At right foreground, Elizabeth Taylor. Plush Room, one of New York's fanciest, is soundproofed and done in Napoleonic *décor*. It seats 52, all of whom must get Gogi's approval

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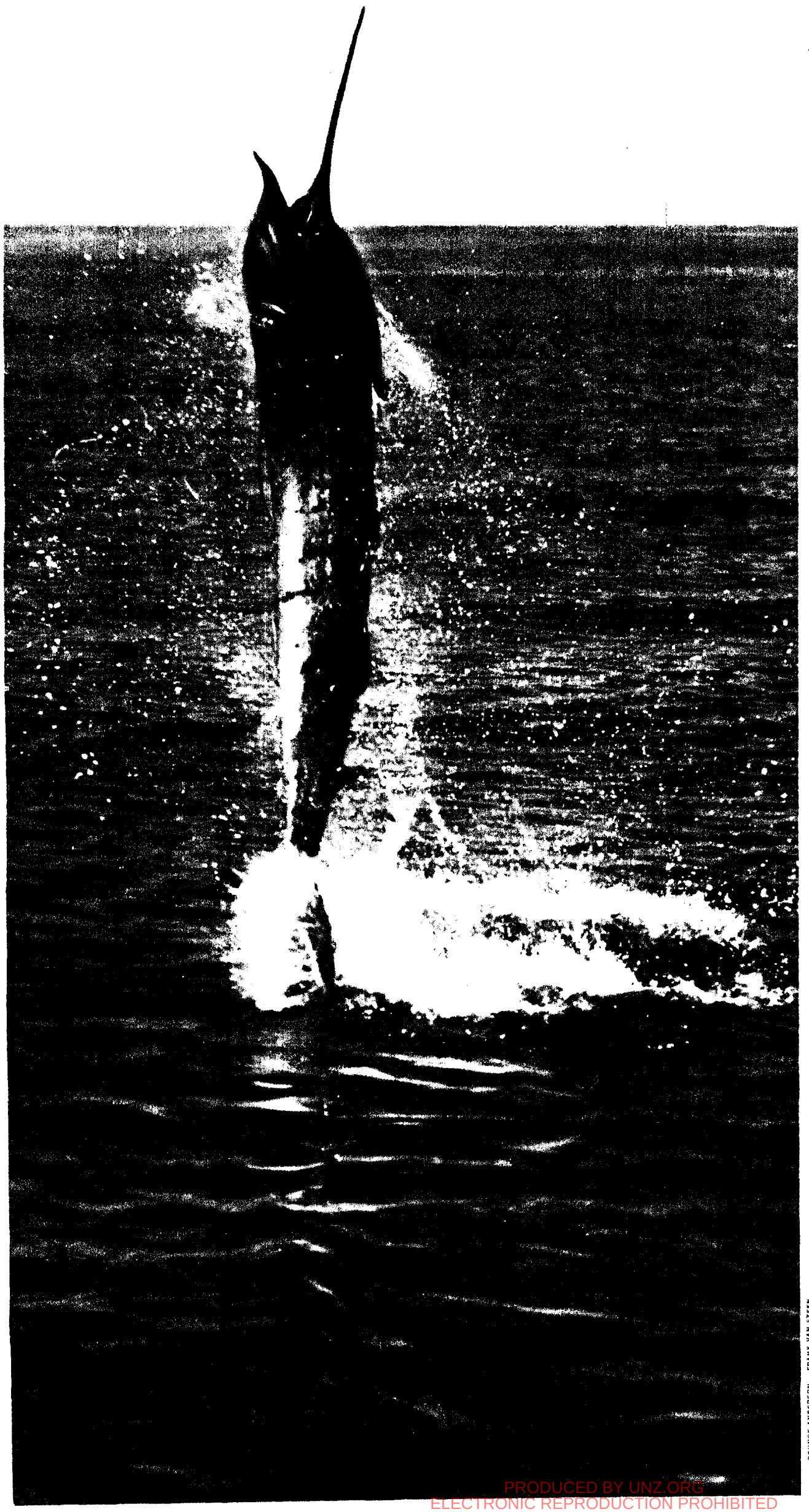

BOUNCE ANDERSON—FRANK VAN STEEN

LET'S GO

Most anglers are satisfied to

THE angler who fishes the surf, casts a fly on fast water, or heaves a plug out into a lake, may curl his lip at the mention of sailfishing —if he has never tried it. Such scoffers get most of their activity and exertion *before* they hook their fish—just getting to a likely spot. So they are inclined to sneer at the man who lolls comfortably in a cushioned fishing chair in the stern cockpit of a sport cruiser, a cool drink at his elbow and the blue waters of the Gulf Stream sparkling around him.

This "loafer," the skeptics insist, just slumps around while the action comes to him. Any really truthful (and there are some) sailfisherman will admit this is true, but he will also point out that when the action does arrive, there is a lot of it—all sudden.

There is a whipcracking snap as the line jerks from the outrigger clip, a flurry of form and foam in the wake; then, before the angler can take a deep breath, a silver-blue arrow erupts from the water, ricochets along the surface and drops back with a splash that vibrates the line like a bowstring. The reel sings, the line hisses through the water, and the angler wonders what this wild fish will do next. If he's had any previous experience with it, he knows he's in for a busy session.

That, briefly, is the essence of sailfishing, an angling activity that can be depended upon to provide a maximum of thrills in a minimum of time. The novice who hooks his first sailfish is either a confirmed angler in a very few minutes or he never wants to see another fish.

A junior member of the spearfish family, whose larger and far less plentiful cousins include the giant broadbill swordfish and the assorted white, black, blue and striped marlins, the sailfish has made more big-game anglers than all the other saltwater giants combined. Also, as the most common of surface fighting fish, this blue-water greyhound is largely responsible for the modern trend toward the use of light, and more sporting, tackle.

Sailfishing has another great advantage over most forms of deep-water fishing: the methods and practices of seeking, hooking and playing the fish are the same, whether the area you have chosen is Stuart, Florida; Acapulco, Mexico, or the Perlas Islands in Panama. Furthermore, skipping a bait over any of these tropical waters, at a time when the winds are howling and the snow is flying back home, has an advantage that cannot be ignored.

Although fishing pressure is heaviest during the winter months—especially in January, February and March—sailfish usually are present at most of the tropical angling resorts the year round, and their periods of peak abundance do not always coincide with the tourist season. The fish appear to range considerably, possibly in order to take advantage of the movements of food fish, and they may be plentiful in a given area one day and scarce the next.

In the Atlantic, sailfish seem to be found in the greatest numbers in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, which sweeps around the lower tip of Florida and moves northward up the coast. While an occasional sail is taken by white-marlin anglers fishing the famous Jack Spot off Ocean City, Maryland (and quite a few are taken during the summer off Hatteras and the Southport area of North Carolina), the east coast waters of Florida, Texas and Mexico provide the best fishing grounds.

A dozen years ago sailfishing on the Atlantic Coast was something of a luxury. Not every angler who could scrape together the sit-up fare to Florida could afford the price of a day's fishing from one of the available charter boats. The increasing popularity of offshore fishing, however, and an increased

An acrobatic battler, the leaping, twisting sailfish can surface and "greyhound"—move along the water on its tail—up to 30 feet

Collier's for February 2, 1952

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SAILFISHING !

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

rove their skill by landing them, then show their sportsmanship by cutting them free

fleet of boats, along with the introduction of the sailfish "party boat," have made this exciting sport available to the average angler. While only a few could afford to spend $75 for a solo cruise along the Gulf Stream, the cost, when split among five or six anglers, is not exorbitant for a day's fishing. Those who find even this too high can usually rake up five or six dollars for a trip on one of the party boats that carry 10 or 12 anglers, and which provide the necessary tackle and bait, besides.

Party Boats May Solve Cost Problem

As the price charged for a trip on one of the party boats does not justify much tackle replacement if the owner is to make a profit, the tackle aboard these craft tends to be on the heavy side—to minimize the possibility of loss. Many of these boats carry unusually long "outriggers" and with two baits trolling from each outrigger and two more astern, it is possible for six anglers to fish at the same time. When one manages to get a strike, however, the others generally have to take in their lines to avoid a tangle.

The most amusing and interesting angling activity I ever witnessed was provided by one of these boats in the waters off Palm Beach. Sailfish were unusually plentiful at the time and the anglers on a charter boat could count on a dozen or more strikes in the course of a day's fishing.

On the previous day I had fished there with a female relative, and we had no less than 26 strikes and brought 14 sailfish alongside the boat for release. (Because of a long, untiring conservation program by coastal angling clubs, few fish other than those desired for trophies, or unusually large ones wanted for record, are brought aboard—unless they happen to be hooked so deeply that there is no chance for survival.) On the day in question we were trolling the Gulf Stream just north of Palm Beach when a crowded party boat crossed astern, a half-dozen baits skipping merrily in its wake.

Then, without warning, pandemonium broke loose. The baits had evidently passed over a large school of fish about to surface, for all six baits were grabbed up in as many seconds and sailfish appeared to be jumping all over the ocean. Expert boat handling is often required to bring about the successful conclusion of a scrap with a single sailfish; so with six fish on, all of them heading in different directions, the skipper of the party boat just threw his hands skyward and cut the motor.

"I give up," he shouted. "Fight your fish from right here or lose 'em."

The activity and excitement aboard that boat had to be seen and heard to be appreciated. The six anglers shouted, screamed and cursed at one another, the fish and the skipper. Lines crossed and recrossed, until they were a near-hopeless tangle.

Only one firmly hooked sailfish was finally brought alongside the boat. The others had straightened out the hooks or snapped the lines. From the shouts that drifted across the water, this one fish appeared to be the source of considerable debate. It developed that three lines were still snarled together and there was some argument as to which line was the "hot" one.

The sailfish is not only a surface fighter, he is a surface feeder, and the strike itself is one of the most exciting phases of the action. This fish likes to kill its own food, so a moving, lifelike bait is essential, preferably one skimming and skipping along the surface.

To bring this about, the boat is equipped with tall "outriggers" of bamboo or reinforced tubing which protrude at a 45-degree angle from either side of the boat and can be "folded up" when the craft docks. A stout line runs to a pulley at the far end of the outrigger, and when the angler's bait has been dropped back the *(Continued on page 64)*

SAM R. QUINCEY

Sailfish sighted, these chartered boats scoot after the blue-water greyhounds in waters off Palm Beach, Florida. Once bait is taken, the skipper keeps boat parallel to fish's run

BOUNCE ANDERSON

Having experienced thrill of landing a sailfish, an angler returns his catch to water. Preservation-minded fishing clubs urge release of all not needed for mounting or record

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The GOOD TRIP

He had sinned against her love for him, and now, quickly, before they slipped back together, while his absence still lay like a mist of strangeness between them, he had to tell her

By ALLEN MARPLE and LEO KATCHER

HE HAD come in on The Century after two weeks on the Coast and Cora had met him, and now they were going down the ramp in Grand Central to have breakfast together. He was walking on his heels, holding back against the slope, holding back for both of them, because she was small and wore very high heels and she was leaning forward, her arm through his, watching his face.

"Peter," she said. "There's something I ought to tell you."

He glanced at her quickly. "What?"

"You're terribly handsome."

He gave a half laugh, a little tight in his chest, and looked away. He wasn't handsome. He was a lean, hard-faced man, Eastern story editor for a picture company, and his eyes were pouchy and his mouth was slack from the strain of studio conferences and studio politics, from three nights on the train. He told himself she was always like this, full of extravagances, and he should be used to it after three years of marriage, but when he spoke, his voice came edged and ironic.

"If I wore a hair piece," he said, "maybe I'd be as pretty as Charles Boyer."

She hesitated and said, "I'm sorry, Peter. You *are* handsome. To me. But I didn't mean to embarrass you."

He said, "It's all right," and touched her hand where it lay on his coat sleeve. "You go ahead and embarrass me. I like it."

She dug her nails into the muscles of his forearm, delicately, intimately, then pressed her shoulder tight to his, and he felt easier. There was a tension in him, and she sensed it; but let her think it was embarrassment, let her think so for the moment.

She had startled him, saying there was something she ought to tell him. The words themselves and her solemn way of speaking had startled him—because there was something he ought to tell her, something he had to tell her. It had been in his mind these last three days, inching over Raton Pass, sweeping across Kansas, changing trains in Chicago. It had come closer as New York came closer, especially this last night as the Diesel brayed its way down the winding Hudson Valley. He had been unfaithful, and somehow, quickly, before they slipped back together, while his absence still lay like a mist of strangeness between them, somehow he had to tell her.

She stumbled, and he held her arm firm against his side, steadying her, and when she smiled up at him, he said, "Where'll we eat—at the counter?"

"Do we have to? Are we in a hurry?"

He shook his head. "The office can wait."

"The dining room then—a table." He felt her nails again, and her voice was low and rough. "I haven't really seen you yet. I want to make sure you're just the same."

It meant nothing, it was just her way of talking—he knew that—but it set up a tightness in his stomach, and suddenly he was no longer hungry. He steered her past an old couple making heavy weather of it up the ramp, then took her into the restaurant. He asked for a corner table and sat across from her; he unfolded his napkin and smoothed it carefully across his lap, then looked up and met her eyes.

They were cat's eyes, green and impenetrable, but then, everything about her was catlike. Her cheekbones showed, and she had a clean, pointed jawline; her hair was the rich, pale brown of a Siamese, and she wore it close and sleek. There was something catlike, too, in her quality of repose, a way of sitting quiet, remote and watchful.

He said, "Well?"

She smiled quickly. "It's so good. Having you back. It's really ridiculous how I miss you."

"Ridiculous?"

She looked away. "You know. As if you were never coming back. I keep telling myself it's silly, but the apartment seems so empty." She looked back at him, smiling again in a sort of confusion. "It is silly, isn't it?"

"Very." He nodded slowly. "I always come back. I always have." And then, with a sharp sense that it was true, he said, "I always will."

"I know." She spoke rapidly, the words hurrying each other. "And it makes me so ashamed. I ought to believe in you. In us. If we're to have anything, if we're to keep anything, anything good, I have to learn to trust you. It makes me feel so cheap."

He stared into her face, trying to keep his gaze steady, to keep from looking away, and thought: Now is the time, now is the time to tell her. There is this openness in her, this candor. She speaks of trusting, makes me this confession of weakness, this faltering of the spirit. She has this sense of guilt. But I am the guilty one, guilty in the flesh, and in all fairness I must tell her.

He said, "Cora."

"Yes?" She leaned a little toward him, eagerness in her eyes, and a sort of anxiousness, like a child asking to be punished, welcoming the punishment and yet fearful of it. "Yes, Peter?"

He felt a wash of compassion for her, and thought: Not now, not yet, not when she is so defenseless. After a bit, after we've eaten and this first excitement has worn off, then I can tell her. Then I can give her the simple facts, and she can look at them calmly and decide what she has to do.

He swallowed and said, "I love you."

SHE said, "Oh, Peter—thank you," the words floating softly on her breath. Then her whole face changed, and she was gay. She said, "Darling, I didn't mean to be so—so dismal." And then she said, "I hope you're hungry, because I'm starved. I'm simply ravening. I could eat us bankrupt."

"Not us," he said. "Not bankrupt." He smiled, thinking how like her this was, her mood rippling from light to shadow, shadow to light, like the surface of a pond. "You forget—I'm still on the expense account."

"Oh, lovely." She looked down at the menu on her plate. "I'll have strawberries, I think. With heavy cream. I've been up since five. I made your bed fresh and scrubbed the bathroom floor and dusted everything and still got here an hour early." She looked up, frowning. "Then an omelet. A raised omelet, if they make them." She looked back down. "I suppose I could have taken a pill, but I was sure I'd oversleep and miss you. And anyway, I didn't mind. I love the station in the morning—the commuters scurrying in and out of their holes." She brought her eyes up again. "Although why anyone commutes, I'll never know. All those hours on the train."

"Well," he said, and hesitated, because this was something they had talked about. "If you have children—"

"Oh, of course—children." She dropped her eyes again, not too quickly, and her voice still came light: "Toast, I suppose. Whole wheat. Although it does sound unimaginative." She paused. "Or maybe a brioche—"

She was still talking when the food came, but he knew it was only an effervescence in her, an unwinding of nerves. He no longer tried to listen, no longer added the words together as she spoke them. He sat and watched her, hearing her voice only as a bright clatter and thinking how strange it was that they should be here together, strange that they should be married, that they should love each other.

Because he did love her; that was the shocking thing about the business back in California. He hadn't wanted to love her, hadn't wanted to love anyone, and neither had she, but it had come on them like a fire or a flash flood, and he still didn't know how or why.

HE HAD met Cora at a cocktail party. Someone had written a book, and Cora's job was to promote it, and his was to go and meet the author. It was business for both of them, and a dull business when you had to work at it, standing around a hotel banquet room with a drink in your hand, making shop talk, exchanging gossip. It was a cocktail party like a hundred other cocktail parties, the same clamor, the same watery drinks, the same knowing faces, editors and writers and all the publishers' clever young men. At least, it was until Cora came up to him.

She said, "Hello, there," and he said, "Hi." Then she asked, "Are they taking care of you? Can I get you another Martini?"

He shook his head, and for an instant they stood looking at each other. They had seen each other around, and somewhere they may have been introduced, but neither knew the other's name, so they just stood there, and in their island of quiet, amid the endless jabber and the laughter, they saw each other for the first time as people and not as characters in New York's literary *opéra bouffe*.

Finally, because she was paid to say it, Cora said, "Have you met the guest of honor?" and when Peter nodded, she said, "Isn't she charming?"

The guest of honor was a lady costume novelist who tried rather desperately to be as vivacious as her lively heroines, but Peter was an old hand at this, so he nodded again. "Quite charming."

It was standard cocktail party routine, and that should have been the end of it. Cora should have smiled professionally and gone on to another victim, but when she started to smile their eyes met, and suddenly they were laughing—at the lady novelist, at the dreary party, and at themselves.

In a second, Cora caught herself and said, "This is terrible—her books help pay my salary."

Peter said, "We made a picture out of one of them. It grossed four million dollars." He looked around. "We're being light-minded. We'd better have a drink and sober up."

She shook her head. "Not while I'm working."

"Afterward?"

"Perhaps."

"Dinner, maybe?"

"I'd love it. If you're still around."

So Peter stayed another hour, two hours, till the party shredded away to the usual handful of conscientious drunks, the free-loaders, till Cora spoke to her boss, then spoke to the bartenders, and the bottles disappeared, and it was over. Peter was tired from standing so long; his lungs were parched with smoke, and he was bored, bored with the inbred literary talk and *(Continued on page 61)*

He bent and kissed the hollow of her throat, and felt her shiver. Then she lay very still. "No," she whispered. "Please, Peter—no"

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

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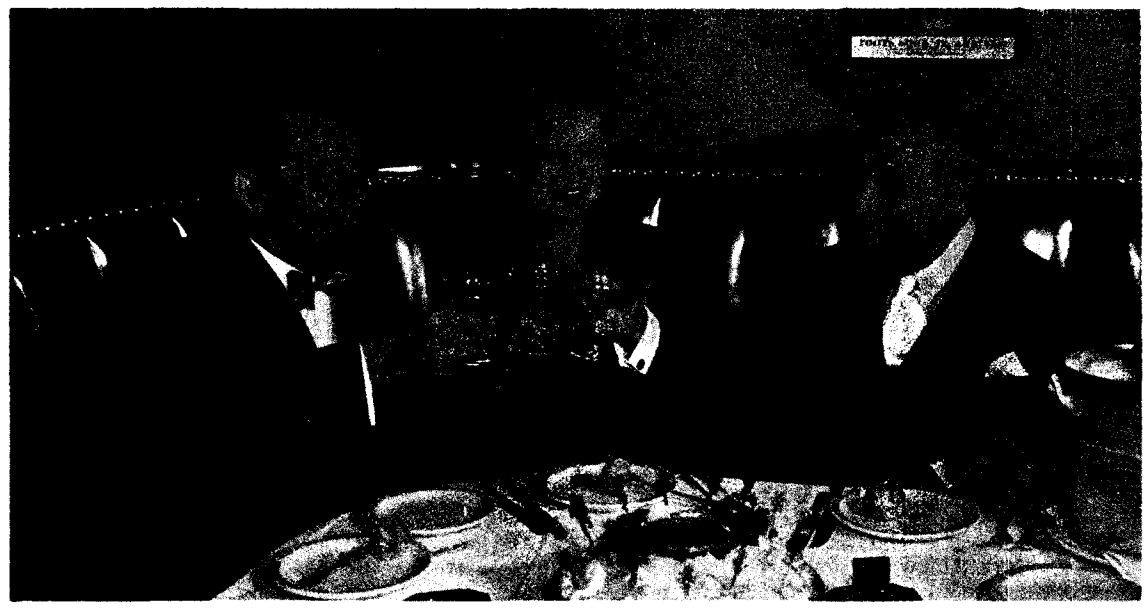
George McManus (l.) swaps jokes with an old friend, Hearst columnist Arthur (Bugs) Baer



Restaurateur Dave Chasen and his wife, Maud, entertain the artist at Chasen's place in Hollywood. A native of St. Louis, McManus has been living on the West Coast since 1931

Concluding: JIGGS and I

But JIGGS and

"There is nothing serious about their squabbling. . . Maggie's tantrums never seriously harm Jiggs and he has never struck Maggie in reprisal. They assert themselves and because they do they remain happy. . ."

McManus (center) and executives of the King Features organization, which syndicates Bringing Up Father, gather during observance of the strip's 40th anniversary. Standing, from left to right, John A. Brogan, Jr., Ward Greene, Bradley Kelly, J. D. Gortatowsky, Sylvan Byck, Frank J. Nicht

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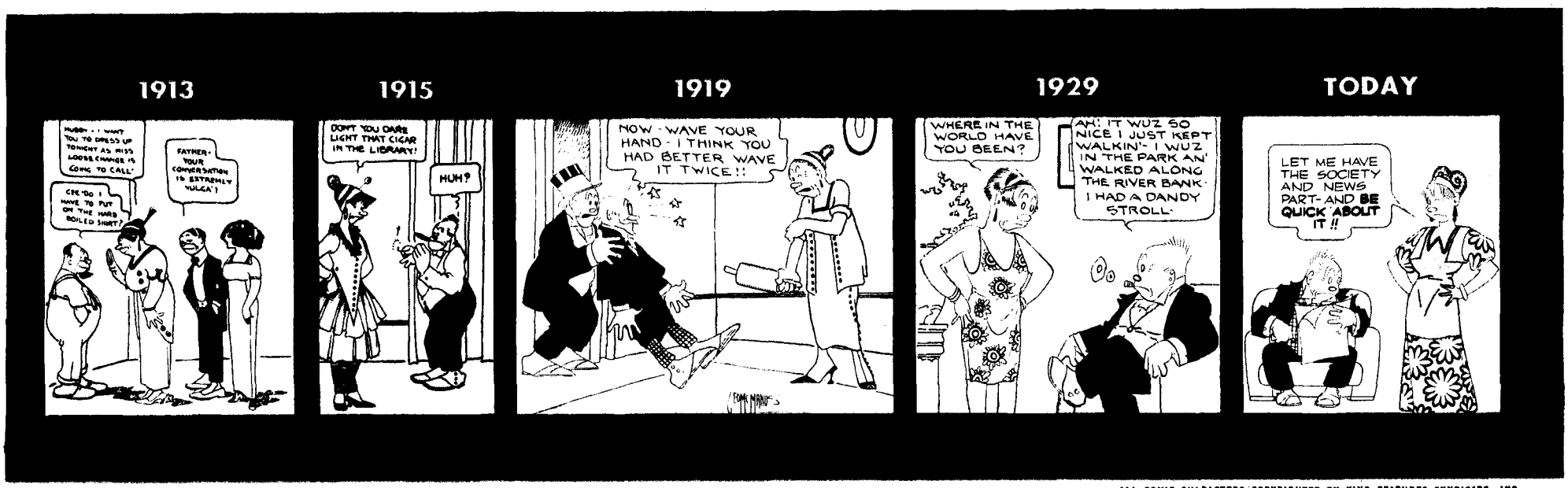
1913
HUBBY - I WANT YOU TO DRESS UP TONIGHT AS MISS LOOSE CHANGE IS COMIN TO CALL
FATHER - YOUR CONVERSATION IS EXTREMLY VULGA'!
CAN DO I HAVE TO PUT ON THE HARD BOILED SHIRT?
1915
DONT YOU DARE LIGHT THAT CIGAR IN THE LIBRARY!
HUH?
1919
NOW - WAVE YOUR HAND - I THINK YOU HAD BETTER WAVE IT TWICE!!
1929
WHERE IN THE WORLD HAVE YOU BEEN?
AH! IT WUZ SO NICE I JUST KEPT WALKIN' - I WUZ IN THE PARK AN' WALKED ALONG THE RIVER BANK - I HAD A DANDY STROLL
TODAY
LET ME HAVE THE SOCIETY AND NEWS PART - AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT !!

ALL COMIC CHARACTERS COPYRIGHTED BY KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.

Panels above show how Jiggs and Maggie have changed over the years. Cartoon at extreme left was first to carry "Bringing Up Father" title, but characters actually were created earlier. Originally, Jiggs was same height as Maggie, but shrank to make her domination more credible

By GEORGE McMANUS with HENRY LACOSSITT

MAGGIE Are in Love

George McManus told, in the first two installments of Jiggs and I, of his beginnings as a cartoonist—and of his problems with corned beef and cabbage since creating the most famous exponent of that dish

WRITER Rupert Hughes once said, "There's a Jiggs and Maggie on every street in the U.S.A." That, of course, is an exaggerated generalization; still there is evidence that Jiggs and Maggie are on streets even beyond the borders of the U.S.A.

Radio commentator Lowell Thomas told me that when he and his son, Lowell, Jr., visited Lhasa, capital of Tibet, two and a half years ago, they found a man who was nicknamed Jiggs. Lhasa probably is the most remote city of the world. There is no English spoken there; America is known only dimly to the isolated inhabitants and there are no comic strips. But Lowell says camel caravans had brought copies of Bringing Up Father to the city. These were in Chinese, published before the Communists drove Chiang Kai-shek (and Jiggs) out of China proper.

Lowell says the Tibetan who is called Jiggs is a handsome gentleman, suave and courtly, who wears magnificent silken robes of red and yellow and has a hairdo that features a tight topknot fastened with a large turquoise ornament. His hat is of bright yellow and is shaped like an inverted bowl.

Our man's real name is Jigmé Tering, the first name, of course, lending itself to the contraction Jiggs. Just what the Tibetan equivalent of corned beef and cabbage is, Lowell doesn't know. Nor did he meet any Tibetan Maggie—but where there's a Jiggs there's bound to be a Maggie around someplace. What our own Maggie might think if ever she saw Jiggs in his Tibetan incarnation staggers the imagination.

Somebody once wrote this about Jiggs: "His life is . . . a struggle for his own integrity and the sympathy of millions goes with him as a result. Jiggs is a masterpiece of comic generalization."

My own conclusion is that Jiggs and Maggie are burlesques of basic human characteristics. I say "conclusion" because only in relatively recent years have I thought much about it. Most of the time I just drew characters I thought were amusing in situations I thought were funny. It was as simple as that. On a low comedy plane, Jiggs and Maggie represent what James Thurber with more sophistication has satirized as the "War between Men and Women." Jiggs is the eternal male, Maggie the eternal female.

Somebody once called Maggie "the most sharply drawn female in all Christendom." As I have said, I think of her as a composite of all the beautiful women in the world when they are angry.

Jiggs represents man's eternal struggle to be himself in this modern world. Always he strives against what he considers feminine domination and a womanly desire to mold him into an ideal image. His resistance is constant, but so are his respect and tolerance, so he usually fights back obliquely.

Jiggs wants to get out at night, to be with his own kind and sex. This is a desire as old as man, because the average male is rover and adventurer at heart. That Jiggs takes fantastic means to get away from Maggie—walking along a telephone wire; riding a steam shovel from an apartment window; crawling along a cornice 20 stories above the street—is simply a burlesque of the situation. No man, of course, would go to such lengths for a night out, but the urge is there.

Neither would any wife go to such extremes as Maggie to keep her man at home or to punish him for some infraction—but that urge is there too. Maggie's rolling pin, her dishes, her vases are symbolic. They represent woman's outrage at man's seeming insensitivity and disregard for what she considers proper and dignified living.

When Tears Give Way to a Tantrum

Maggie is sometimes tender, sometimes tearful; but she may explode in a tantrum after her tenderness and her tears. That is feminine too. That poor Jiggs is honestly bewildered on such occasions is not surprising; surely most men are by such seeming inconsistency. That it is not inconsistent at all every woman understands full well.

But Jiggs and Maggie are, obviously, in love. There's never been any question of divorce. Apart from the obvious fact that such a thing would automatically kill the strip, divorce would be inconsistent with Jiggs and Maggie as they are, and I, personally, never have been amused by divorce. I have never believed in it, not necessarily because I was brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, but because I just happen to think of marriage as something permanent.

Jiggs and Maggie quarrel; it is natural for married couples to do so, but there is nothing vicious about their squabbling. The rolling pins, the dishes, the vases are comical—Maggie is never cruel or vindictive. The proof of this is that I've been drawing the strip for 40 years and the domestic strife between Maggie and Jiggs never has shocked anyone. At least, if it has I've never heard of it.

Maggie's tantrums never seriously harm Jiggs and Jiggs never has struck Maggie in reprisal. They assert themselves, and because they do, because they quarrel and rid themselves of their emotional pressures, they remain happy and married. Oddly enough, people have written to me asking me to advise them on marriage problems. My only reply has been for them to quarrel as frequently as necessary—it clarifies the situation.

Not that you ever should look for real psychological or social significance in the strip. Bringing Up Father is still burlesque, and people read it because they think it is funny. I also suspect that they believe it applies to everybody but themselves.

Jiggs and Maggie have changed through the years. They advance with the times. Jiggs used to smoke a clay pipe and wear a red undershirt, as did his prototype, Billy Barry, in the play The Rising Generation almost 60 years ago. People don't use such things now, so Jiggs smokes cigars and wears a recognizable undershirt. He used to have a little chin beard, like the stage Irishman of long ago, and a tuft of hair growing well forward on his pate after the fashion of comics of the era—but these, too, have been sloughed off. They'd be silly today.

Jiggs was harsher, cruder, in his early manifestations. Almost always he appeared, when at home, in his sock feet and without a shirt. He rarely does that now, because neither does anyone else. And Jiggs must be a recognizable human type, even though his actions are fantastically exaggerated. Jiggs, as he was originally, almost certainly would shock readers of comic pages in this second half of the twentieth century, even though he may have been hilariously funny 40 years ago.

Jiggs and Maggie used to be the same height—Jiggs a burly, hod-carrying *(Continued on page 39)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGH BRODERICK AND JOHN FLOREA

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You Know He's a Senator

By JAMES and ANN C. FREE

With his mane of white hair and picturesque garb, North Carolina's Clyde Hoey looks every inch the legislator. He's also a tough investigator cracking down on government swindles

A TALL, white-haired, stoop-shouldered old gentleman in a long-tailed gray suit, red tie and high-laced shoes was strolling leisurely along downtown Washington's Twelfth Street one morning not long ago. As he reached a corner he paused for the traffic light. A young man, also waiting there, stared at him unbelievingly.

"Pardon me, mister," he said. "I don't mean to be rude, but would you tell me who you are?"

"Why, certainly, sir," the elderly, long-haired gentleman replied. "I am Senator Hoey of North Carolina." He pronounced it "Hooey." The senator extended his hand and inquired, "How are you this morning?"

"Very well, thank you, sir," the young man said, tipping his hat. Then he added: "I knew you looked like you were *somebody*."

Seventy-four-year-old Clyde Roark Hoey of Shelby, North Carolina, famous as the first of the Democratic house cleaners during the Truman administration, continued amiably on his way to a little florist's shop to get his daily red rose, or red carnation, for the lapel of his English walking coat.

This investigator of five percenters, influence peddlers and national Republican and Democratic chairmen did not give the young man's question another thought. In Washington, strangers often stop him to ask whether he is a senator, for Clyde Hoey looks more like a senator than any other member of that body, not even excepting long-haired, string-tied Tom Connally of Texas.

When Hoey is back home in Shelby (population 15,508), walking down Lafayette Street across from the sandstone and white-pillared county courthouse, no one needs to ask who he is. He has walked that street for more than 50 years, dressed much as he is today; long-tailed coat, high-standing collar, red necktie, cameo stickpin, rose in his lapel and a gray fedora set rakishly over his long hair.

In Shelby, he is plain "Mr. Hoey." Citizens of that textile-rich town near the Blue Ridge foothills know him as a friend with a cheerful word for everyone, and a ready helping hand. Recently a little boy who was having trouble with a bandage around his hand stopped him on the courthouse square.

"Mr. Hoey," the youngster asked, "would you tie that, please?"

"Why, certainly, son," the craggy-faced senator replied, and proceeded to render the required first aid.

"Whose boy is that?" the senator's companion asked afterward.

"Never saw him before in my life," Hoey answered.

Having spent so much of the past seven years in Washington, the senator may be excused for not knowing the names of Shelby's children. But everybody in Shelby knows and loves Mr. Hoey, at least if voting returns are any index. In his 1919 race for the U.S. House of Representatives he got every vote in town. He has done almost as well ever since, in his campaign for election as governor of North Carolina and in his two races for the Senate.

It was in 1945 that the courtly, anachronistically attired Hoey first appeared *(Continued on page 67)*

With a carnation in the lapel of one of his famous swallow-tail coats, the 74-year-old senator is a study in elegance as he leaves his home in Shelby, N.C., to take a stroll

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN

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How to blow your own horn. If you're too modest to brag about yourself as a host, just serve Four Roses and let this superb whiskey speak for you. So many people prefer Four Roses that it outsells every other whiskey at or above its price—even outsells most other whiskies at any price.

MILLIONS WHO KNOW IT, KNOW IT'S BETTER!

Wouldn't you rather drink

Four Roses

Frankfort Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

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He just sat there with his chair tipped back and looked at the little shivering critter

Benjamin

By FAITH PRIOR

Seemed like the more I did for Lady, the more she took to Benjamin. But I guess she understood him better than I did

IT'S just that same old maple branch, scrapin' on the stoop," Benjamin said. He took his feet down from the stove rail, lifted up the griddle, and watched the tobacco juice sizzle on the hot coals. Myself, I'm a pipe man, but Benjamin sticks to his cut plug.

"You got a big hole in your sock again," I told him. "You haven't mended a sock since last spring."

"Haven't needed a sock since last spring," Benjamin said. He chewed along for a few minutes more, and then I heard that funny noise outside the door again. This time I heaved myself up out of the Morris chair; I always wait to see if Benjamin won't make the first move, since he, being skinny as a piece of paper, don't make so much effort of it. But he just sat there, looking at the hole in his sock, so I went to the door myself. Didn't seem to be a thing outside but the wind and the maple branch scraping at the stoop. I started to pull my head back in again, and then I saw this poor little mite of a thing all huddled together behind that pile of empty boxes we'd been planning to cut up for kindling.

"Benjamin!" I hollered. "That wasn't no maple branch!"

I picked it up, and even in the dark I could tell it was a she-dog and there was going to be a mess of pups pretty soon. She was wet and cold, and I took her in to set her down by the stove. In the lamplight she was dark red like a horse chestnut, and just as slick, and she had great sad brown eyes, and ears as long as a hound's.

"It's one of them funny-paper dogs," I told Benjamin. "One of them dash-hounds."

He never took his feet off the stove rail, just sat there with his chair tipped back and looked at the little red shivering critter. " 'Bout ready to pup," Benjamin said.

You're going to think Benjamin isn't much of a talker, and that's a fact, but we've lived together in that little old house just into Foss's Woods for years now, and I know it's just his way—to be kind of unwilling to say things that don't need saying.

Well, she was ready to pup, all right. I hustled around and got her a box and put an old shirt in it, and then I opened a can of milk and put some down in a dish, but I could see that, hungry as she was, she just didn't have no heart for eating. After a few minutes I put her in her box behind the stove, and she started scratching and tearing at the cloth, and then pretty soon she gave a little sigh and settled down to business.

The first pup was fat and black, and he started making a hungry noise almost before he drew a breath. "Lord Harry, Lady," I told her, "you sure did get yourself a black sheep!" But she acted just as pleased with that pup as though he'd been a spittin' image of her, rolling him over and nosing him, and talking to him all the while. The rest came along through the evening without no fuss or bother, till she had six. That looked like all there was going to be, so I started to unlace my shoes and get ready for bed.

"Ain't that a sight?" I asked Benjamin. "Nothing like a new little mother getting her babies cleaned up."

"What do you aim to do with a mess of dogs?" Benjamin said.

"Why, I don't know. Keep 'em, I guess. I never owned no pups before."

"Cost something to feed them."

"Not so much," I said. "Tomorrow I'll go do that roofing Mrs. Potter sent over word about. Hadn't intended to, but I will. That ought to pay Lady's way for a while," I said.

So the next day I pretty near broke my back patching up Mrs. Potter's roof with copper flashing. On the way home I stopped at the store. I started to buy a couple of cans of dog food for a surprise for Lady, but then I got worried about something that had sort of been on my mind all day. Probably a nice little dog like Lady belonged to some folks, and while I didn't really want to do what wasn't honest, still they'd likely be looking for her, knowing her condition and all. And maybe

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL BAKER

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Jim Knowles would say I'd been in his store and bought dog food and I hadn't ever bought any before so maybe any folks that had lost a dog ought to come and ask me about it. So I said, "I want a good soupbone, Jim, one with some meat on it. Nothing like a good pot of soup in winter."

Seemed like I just couldn't wait to get home and see those pups. They were all there—five red ones, like their ma, and one black one, like some neighbor's dog, most likely. They were all good and lively except the littlest red one, so I took her and put her back at a better dinner spot and fussed around with her till she went at it like she meant it. Lady sniffed at the bone, and then nosed it down under the cloth in her box and looked up at me as much as to say: Thanks a lot but I've just got too much to do right now.

Benjamin looked into the box a couple of times, but only when he was right there by the wood box anyway. It was my night to wash up the dishes, being Thursday, so I fixed another dish of milk and handed it to Benjamin to set down by Lady's box. That was the first time she left the box; she came out and drank up all the milk and then went to the door and asked to go out. I was kind of worried about her, but she was back in just a minute and Benjamin let her in. She went right to the box and got in with the pups and settled down for the night. From then on, as far as she was concerned, she was Benjamin's dog.

Well, sir, you wouldn't have believed the way those pups grew. After a little they opened their eyes, and their ears got long, and the littlest one got round and fat but she was still the littlest. Lady left them alone more and more, to follow Benjamin all around the house, but he never paid much attention to her. She liked me well enough, as she should, me being the one that brought her bones and hamburger and all, but she and I both admitted she was Benjamin's dog. He never did anything much for her and he never even called her by name—just The Dog, if he called her anything at all.

THOSE pups were about three weeks old, and cute as six buttons, when Lady took sick. Benjamin's a heavy sleeper, and not inclined to hear strange noises, so he didn't wake up, but I got up and lighted the lamp. There was Lady, all stretched out among some empty bottles in the corner, kicking and thrashing and making the bottles rattle. I picked her up and hollered, "Benjamin." He came out, and we tried to get some whisky into her, but her eyes stayed rolled up in her head, and her legs were still stiff and kicking hard.

"Benjamin," I said, "I'm going to take Lady to Doc Hubbard."

"No use trying to stop a man that's set his mind to something," he said, and started to lace up his high shoes.

It's a good mile and a half into town and Benjamin carried Lady under his jacket all the way, but only because there wasn't room enough for anything but me under mine. It was two in the morning by the time we passed Frost Bros. store window, and the vet's house was all dark. I went up to the door alone.

First a light came on in an upstairs room, and then one in the hall, and then Doc opened the door. His hair was all on end, and he didn't look like he'd been asleep very long. "Hello, Doc," I said.

"What in time you doing here this hour?" he growled when he saw who it was. I've mowed lawns, one thing and another for Doc, so he don't have to be polite to me.

"Well, I got a sick animal, Doc," I said. "But before I bring it in I want to ask you do you treat your cases confidential, like if you were an M.D.?"

"Confidential!" he snorts. "What'd you do—steal a horse?"

"No," I said. "I didn't steal nothing. But I got to know before I bring her in."

"Sure," he said. "I'm the biggest confidence man in town. Bring in your secret sin."

So I went out to the cedar hedge and got

COLLIER'S

"Turn off that exhaust fan! At these prices I *want* to smell the cooking odors"

ROBERT DAY

Benjamin, and he brought Lady in and put her on the table in Doc's office. She still looked pretty bad, and she was twitching now and then. Doc went to work on her.

"How long ago'd she have pups?" he asked Benjamin, and I told him three weeks, me being the quicker to speak.

"All fat and healthy," I said, "and comin' on good. You don't suppose this trouble of Lady's would bother them none, do you, Doc?"

"You'll have to wean them, right off," he said. "She's been feeding them too well, that's all. Draining herself out for them. She's got eclampsia. Sometimes happens to dogs with extra-heavy-eatin' pups."

It would have most broke your heart to see that poor little thing lying there so terrible sick, but after a while she began to quiet down, and Doc asked, "Where'd you get this dog, anyway? Had her a long time?"

"She come the night her pups were born. Come right up to the door, all wet and dragged out."

"Know anything about her?"

"Nope. Except she'd got mixed up with some black dog that left his mark in the litter."

Doc sat down at his desk and put his hands behind his head. "I strongly suspect," he said, "that that's the same champion that a certain party from New York has been tearing up the county looking for."

"We didn't take her," I told him again. "She just come."

"I don't doubt it," Doc said. "The owners were on their way back to the city to take her to their own vet for whelping, and they had a flat tire just outside of town. While they were fixing it, the dog disappeared. They hunted and hunted, and they've advertised in all the papers. Don't you people read the papers?"

"We wait," said Benjamin, "till heavy snow, when there ain't much to do."

"Then you wouldn't know there's a reward for her: two hundred dollars for the dog alone, five hundred with live pups."

Five hundred dollars is a lot of money to folks like us. I looked at Benjamin, but he was just looking at the little dog lying quiet on the table.

"I s'pose it'll be me that carries her all the way home again," Benjamin said.

We didn't say anything about the reward all the way home, and the next day I started teaching the pups to eat out of a dish; after a couple of days they made a pretty good job of it, ringed around a pie tin, with their ears all oatmeal and their tails standing straight up like flagpoles. Lady didn't hang around them all the time any more, but followed Benjamin all over the place; when he walked, she walked, and when he sat down, she sat down, with her tongue hanging out like she felt so good she was laughing.

BUT five hundred dollars, like I said, is a lot of money to folks like us. "S'pose those folks have got kids, Benjamin?" I asked him one morning after breakfast.

"What folks?"

"Why, Lady's folks."

"Course they got kids," he said. He took a new plug of tobacco down from the cupboard and opened his jackknife. "What would folks with no kids want with a dog?"

"Oh—I don't know. Seems too bad not to take her back, if they've got kids feeling bad about her."

"Take her back, then," he said. "You're the one that let her in."

I didn't want to take her back, nor the pups either, but I kept thinking about how Benjamin was too lame to work much in winter any more, and then if there were kids looking for her and missing her . . . "I'm going to do it," I told him at supper. "I'm going to take Lady back in the morning and get that money. It'll make an easy winter of it for us."

Benjamin just went on eating, and after a minute he said he'd come along and carry the pups. In a way, I felt good because it was all settled and I could be done with thinking about it, but after I got to bed I couldn't go to sleep for listening to the little noises the pups made in the box, and thinking how quiet it was going to be with just me and Benjamin again.

I was up first in the morning, because I had things to do. I got the fire started, put the coffee on, and found a box to put the pups in. After Benjamin and I finished breakfast, I fixed them a good dish of oatmeal and milk, and watched their sides swell out while they ate.

There's a deep closet behind the stove, and while Benjamin was bringing in wood I took the big black pup, the first one Lady'd had, and put him in there; after a minute he curled up and went to sleep, like I'd hoped he'd do. Lady's owner would be just as happy not knowing there was an odd one in the litter, I figured; he might even make a rabbit dog next year, and Benjamin could likely be talked into feeding just one. Then I wrapped a jar of hot water in a towel and put that into the puppy box; after I got the five pups in, I tied it up with a cord and called to Benjamin that I was ready.

We got started in good season, and I was glad I'd put the hot water in the box, because it was cold enough to send Benjamin back for an extra sweater before we were out of sight of the house. He carried the box careful, like it was full of eggs, and every once in a while we could hear the pups scrabbling and mewing around inside. I hoped Benjamin wouldn't make any break about the number of pups, in case Doc opened the box while we were there.

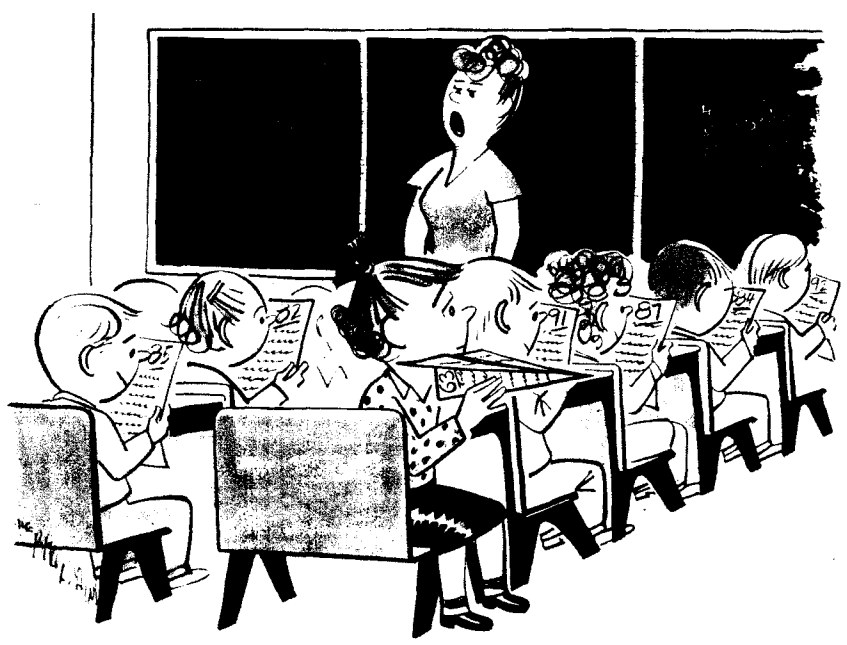
We took them to Doc Hubbard's, seeing he knew all about it, and he didn't seem surprised to see us. He patted Lady, and said he'd call up her folks long-distance and see that we got the money. Lady was wagging all over, trying to get Benjamin's attention, but he hardly looked at her, just patted her on the head once and said something about having to get started back.

Just as I'd finally drawn a deep breath, thinking he wasn't going to do it, Doc cut the cord on the box, and all the puppies stuck their heads out.

Doc said those were four of the healthiest-looking pups he'd ever seen.

I quick ran through them again, and, sure enough, the littlest red pup was missing. I looked at Benjamin and he was looking at me, and neither one of us said anything at all. We got out of Doc's as quick as we could. All the way home Benjamin didn't say a word, but just stepped along at a real good clip like there was something at home waiting for him to tend to. THE END

SISTER



COLLIER'S

"About those exam papers I just returned to you: I want them signed by your parents and brought in tomorrow"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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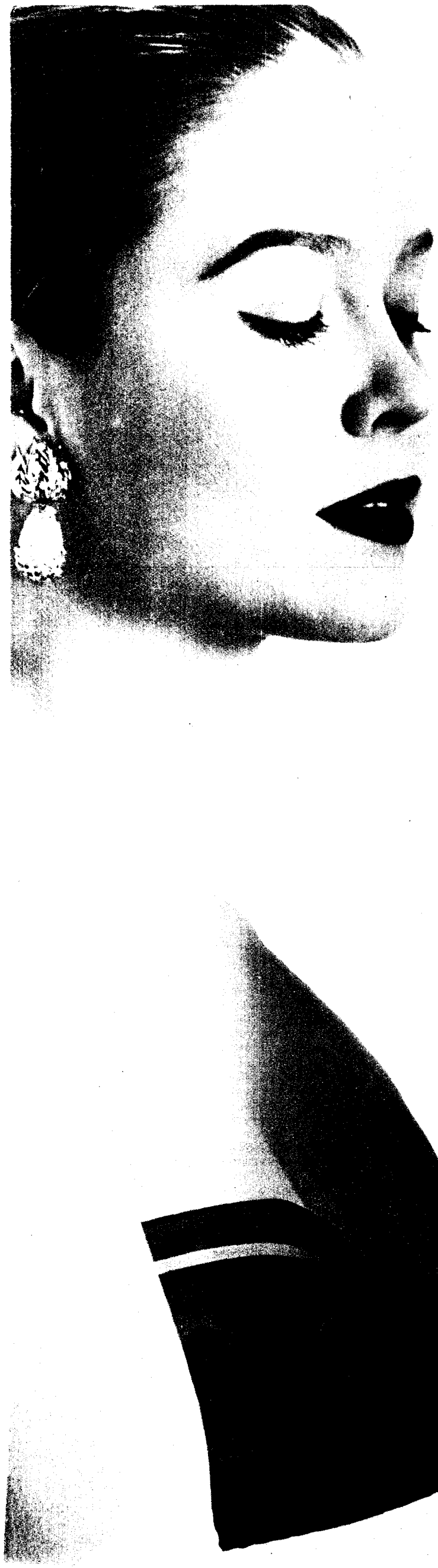
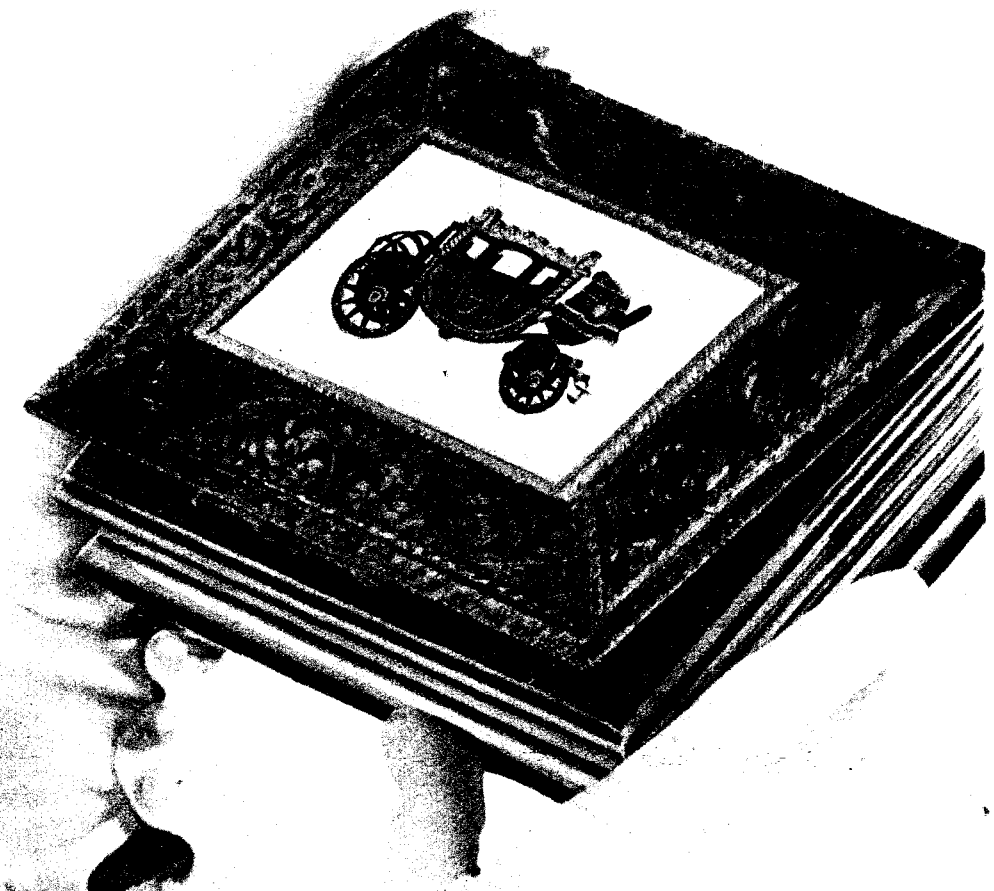
Cue to the





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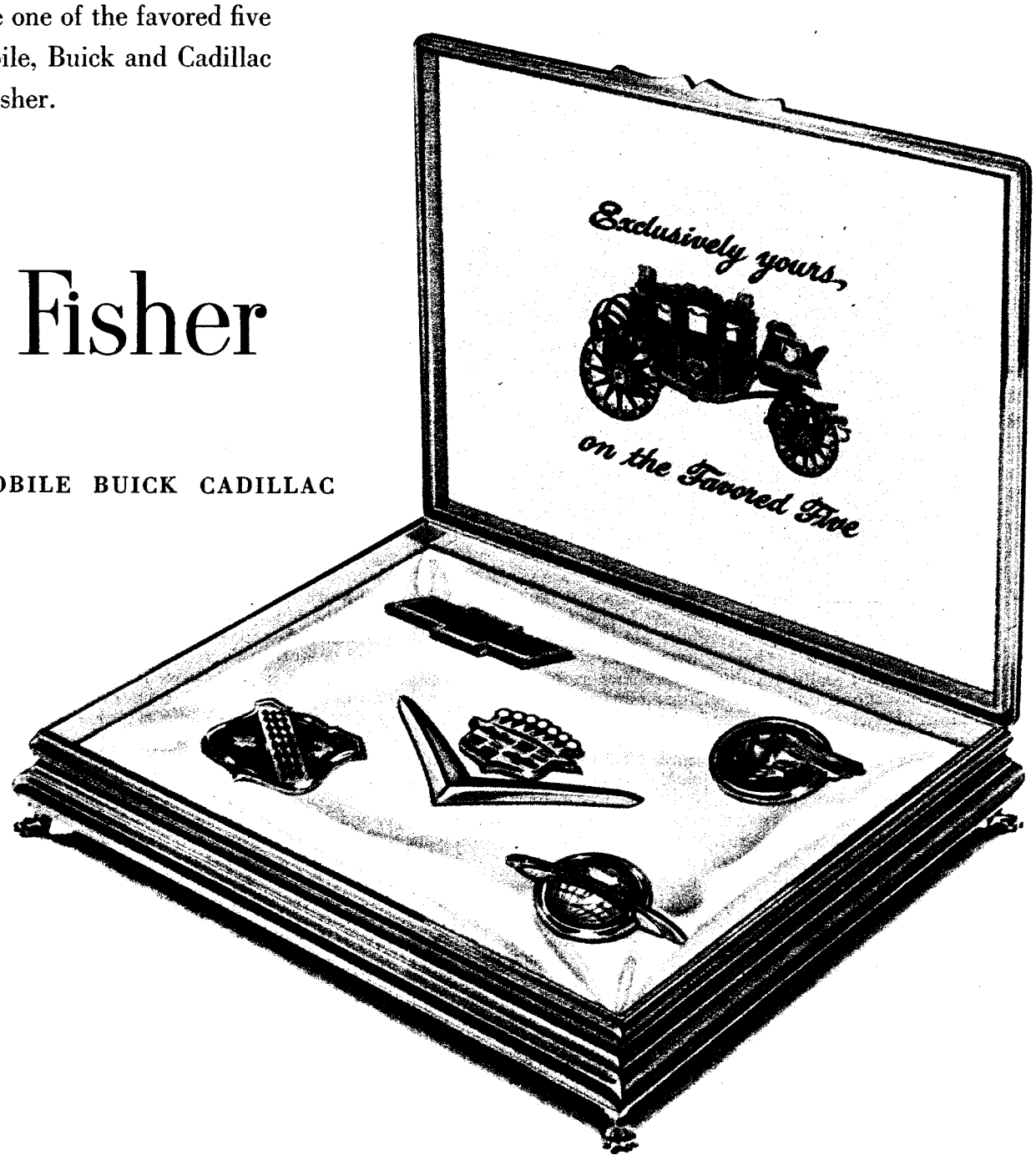

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LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

OBITUARY

By C. J. DURBAN and JACK FINNEY

ALL *right!*" My husband was nearly shouting, standing between his chair and the breakfast table, his napkin in his fist. Then he dropped his voice, but he was still mad. "So I talked in my sleep, for once. So I said, 'Marie.' So I dream every night, and never told you about it." That's one of his most irritating habits in an argument—beginning a string of sentences with "So."

"So I discover," I said calmly, and waited.

He stood there a moment, but then he sat down again, dropping his napkin sullenly on the table. "I don't actually know anyone named Marie," he said. "I give you my word. So what do you want to know? What the dreams are about?"

"Suit yourself." I took a sip of coffee.

He shrugged. "There's nothing to tell. They're uninteresting. Boring. That's the only reason I never mentioned them. I just dream I'm this guy. The same guy, every night. And in the dreams I go through his whole day from beginning to end."

He was quiet for a moment; then his expression began to change, and I could see that, now he was started, he wanted to go on. He shook his head and sort of murmured, "They're the damnedest things, though; they're so real." He looked at me to make sure I understood this. "You can always tell a dream, no matter how real it seemed at the time. Once you're awake, you always know it was a dream. But these are different." He shook his head again, puzzled. "They're as though I were in something that really is happening somewhere."

Charley stared down at the sugar bowl. "Why, I know every room in their apartment, like I know ours. I know what's in their medicine cabinet, I know every stick of their furniture, I could draw the pattern of cracks in an enameled ash tray on their living-room radio. I know their bedroom by heart; his slippers, the patterns in all his pajamas—everything." He glanced up at me, explaining: "The dreams practically always begin with me in bed, and it's morning. My name is Ed—Edward V. Carmody—and I'm in this apartment, a big duplex; six rooms."

I'll admit I was interested. "And you're married in these dreams," I said.

He sort of hesitated, then said, "Yes."

"And where is *she,* in the morning when you wake up? Dear Marie?"

He shrugged, as though that weren't important. "Usually up; downstairs in the kitchen talking to the maid about breakfast."

"Oh!" I couldn't help myself. "So you've got a *maid.* You do well by yourself. In your dreams."

"You want to hear this or not?"

"Go on." I reached for the coffeepot.

"I get up and take a shower. There's a big glassed-in shower. And a sunken tub, too, if you want to know."

"Marvelous," I said. "How utterly charming. You're filthy rich, no doubt. In your dreams."

"No," he said quietly. A corner of his mouth smiled just a little, and I could swear he actually felt *proud* of this: "But this guy Carmody, this guy I am in the dreams, has some kind of big job. Has an office in Wall Street, and makes plenty, believe me. He's"—Charley had the grace to blush a little—"an investment counselor."

I couldn't help it, I really couldn't; I had to laugh. "Oh, good Lord, and you can't even do simple arithmetic!"

"Maybe no," he said calmly—I hadn't gotten to him at all.

"All right," I said. "Then what?"

"That's all. I just go through his whole day. Down to the office—"

"In a cab?"

"That's right."

I just grinned.

"And then I work all day. Sometimes there's a big meeting. In the board room. And I stand up and talk. Sometimes I work on figures, pages full of them—in the dreams I understand all that stuff. Then at night I go home. Maybe we go to a theater. In evening clothes." The poor dope *was* proud of his dream life! "Once in a while, we go to the opera, or a concert. And sometimes we have big parties, or go to them."

"We do, do we? What's *she* like, by the way?"

He shrugged, trying to pass that one by, but instead he got mad. "She's damn' good-looking, if you want to know! And smart, too; reads all kinds of books." He laughed again.

"And you're very much in love with her, no doubt? In the dreams, only, of course."

He didn't answer for a second, then he said, "Look, honey, I can't help what I *dream,* can I?"

I didn't answer that; I'd just thought of something. "What do *you* look like in these dreams?"

"Just the same. Exactly the way I look now."

I nodded. "I thought so. *That* wouldn't change, you can bet on it. Everything different but that."

Charley's still a good-looking man; he's only thirty-three. So am I, for that matter, but hell, I've faced it long ago; I'm twenty-five pounds too heavy, and it wouldn't matter much if I weren't. But Charley has a lean, handsome face, and black, curly hair with one of those wonderful white streaks through it. He's *different*-looking, too; distinctive, I guess you'd say. I know I've never seen anyone else who looked like him.

I was beginning to get the idea, I thought, whether he did or not, and I was scared. "Look," I said, "these dreams started fifteen-sixteen years ago, you say. About when you were in high school; around your last year, maybe. Did this man you are in the dreams go to college?"

"Yes."

"You dreamed all that? That you went to college?"

"Yeah."

"Then, look, Charley"—I was kind of pleading with him now—"don't you *see?* Don't you realize? *You* wanted to go on to college after high school—and instead we got married. But you've always wished you could have gone on and been a big success; I've known it for a long time. Well, that's what this man in your dreams has done. Charley, don't you see the *reason* for your dreams?"

For some reason, he hated to admit it, or face it, but he had to. "Maybe," he said sullenly.

"Listen, Charley," I said softly, "was he popular in college? An athlete? Popular with the girls? A campus hot-shot? Did he make swell grades without half trying?"

His teeth clenched, Charley said. "Yeah."

I nodded. "These dreams have got to stop. You see that, don't you?" I was anxious. "They're not *good* for you, and they've got to stop." I *knew* they had to. I don't say our marriage is what it should be; it isn't. But it's better than ending up alone. "Did you ever try sleeping pills?"

He shook his head.

"Why not?"

"*I* don't know," he said angrily. "I just never did; never thought about it."

"Maybe you didn't want to stop them," I said, but he didn't answer. "Well, we'll try them." I glanced at the kitchen clock. "Don't be late for work, now."

FOR a month, Charley took a sleeping tablet every night; I saw to that. I got them from our doctor for him, and the dreams stopped. Every morning I'd ask him, and I knew they'd stopped; Charley never lies. He didn't like the whole business, though, I knew. Maybe because I'd solved a problem he hadn't been able to. Or maybe not. At least he couldn't think of any arguments against taking the pills.

A week ago, after Charley left in the morning, I was reading the paper, and I came to the death notices and obituaries, and there was Charley's picture. I try to be calm about it now, and I am, I really am, but—oh, my God, there it *was.* The hair with the white streak, his face, every detail and line of it; *it was Charley's picture!* I think I moaned or made some kind of sound in my throat, and then, the next I knew, I was wandering around the house, kind of crying, with my arms wrapped around my chest, sort of hugging myself. How would *you* act—if you saw your husband's picture in the death notices ten minutes after he'd left the house!

Then I was sick, actually sick to my stomach, and then I fell asleep on the bathroom floor. Because under that picture it said, Carmody—yes, *Edward V. Carmody*—and it said he was an investment counselor, and his wife's name was Marie, and—oh, all the rest of it, just the way Charley dreamed. The man had been unconscious, in a coma for a month, it said, and now he was dead. Oh, my, oh, help me; I've never been so frightened. What's happened. What's *happened?*

But I'm all right now. I can look at Charley again, at night when we're sitting around the living room, without him asking me what's the matter. It was only a coincidence, is all. It was somebody who looked like Charley and whose name was Carmody, and all the rest of it, and he died. It was a coincidence, and I'm all right now.

Charley's fine, too. He certainly sleeps well—without any pills now—and he never dreams. In fact, he doesn't even move all night long. I've told him—I kind of laugh when I say it, to show I'm just kidding—I've told him that at night now he sleeps like a dead man.

Oh, *help* me. THE END

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But Jiggs and Maggie Are in Love

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

type of shanty Irishman. He has grown shorter and broader during the years. As I have written elsewhere in these pieces, that is probably due to the evolving process of creating him in my own image, but there is another reason: Jiggs is short now for contrast with Maggie. That adds to eye appeal, for one thing; furthermore, it is simply ridiculous to believe that Maggie could do what she does to a husky, powerful roughneck such as Jiggs was originally.

Jiggs also has refined his language and his habits. In spite of his earthy outlook on life, he has taken on a much more subtle look and manner. For the matter of that, so have I, and Jiggs and I have developed side by side.

Maggie has changed, too—more, perhaps, than Jiggs. If Jiggs was harsh and crude back in 1911, Maggie was grotesque. She was as primitive as were the comics and the drawing of those days; nowadays such a caricature would be almost repulsive. Like Jiggs, she has become more subtle in looks and more refined in her attitudes, however fundamental her reaction to Jiggs's misdemeanors. This also has been a slow development. By 1920, she was beginning to emerge from her crudity and to look more as she does today; by 1930, she would have been recognizable to the readers of today's strip, although she has changed a great deal in the last 20-odd years.

Chic New Styles for Maggie

So far as looks are concerned, this change has been mostly in Maggie's figure. I'm proud of that figure. I take great pains with it. First, I draw the silhouette of Maggie's body, then I drape clothes on her. The women in Bringing Up Father are known for the smartness and the style of their clothes. I see to that by going to fashion shows and by being observant, wherever I go. This sometimes has led women to believe I was ogling them—but Maggie's clothes must be correct. If they weren't, my feminine public would dwindle away.

Maggie has changed in character, also. Originally, she was the wife of a hod carrier who had suddenly struck it rich. She was familiar with a saloon's family entrance and the "growler," the bucket in which Irish wives of her day used to bring beer from the saloon for the evening meal. The family entrance led to the saloon's back room, where women might go, and Maggie was the type that knew it well. But no more. The family entrance, the "growler" and the back room are gone with the years and with them went the Maggie of that era.

Today, well groomed and chic, Maggie would go to a cocktail lounge or to the best night club. Even the rolling pin of yesteryear is vanishing. That is why Maggie now uses the more familiar vases and dishes to vent her wrath on the hapless Jiggs when he is caught in some masculine skulduggery. The strip moves with the times. It has to, or it would cease to exist.

At least Maggie and Jiggs move with the times. Except for her clothes, Nora, the beautiful daughter in Bringing Up Father—she was modeled on my wife as she looked when I married her—has not changed, nor has her function as the ally and supporter of Maggie in arguments with Jiggs. Likewise, Clancy and Dugan and the other denizens of Dinty Moore's corned-beef-and-cabbage saloon are, along with Dinty himself, the same unregenerate characters they were 40 years ago. They'll never change, any more than Maggie's clatter-skulled brother, Mallethead, will. Their unabashed coarseness represents the robust side of Jiggs's nature.

With the passing years, I've cut down on the number of characters in Father. Once Jiggs and Maggie had a son, an idle idiot, a burlesque of the exaggerated college youth of the time, but I dropped him. He was not in the spirit of the strip. Today, he would be incomprehensible. It has been the same with other characters, although members of Maggie's multifarious family are still around on occasions. But they never are together in one strip. That's too much work. As recently as 10 years ago I had more than 20 characters in a party scene at Dinty Moore's, but it was such an exhausting piece of work that I've never tried anything like it since.

Neither are my backgrounds as elaborate as they once were. Any artist will tell you that I take great pains with my backgrounds, and it's becoming increasingly tedious to work out the elaborate detail required. Because of my passion for detail in backgrounds, I once spent two weeks on one picture. This was a New Year's Day in the late thirties and I had Jiggs looking north in New York's Times Square, with the Square faithfully pictured in every detail. But no more. Again, when I took Jiggs and Maggie and Nora around the world and on their tour of the United States, the backgrounds had to be accurate and the work was prodigious.

That transcontinental trip, by the way, was the weirdest on record. When it was announced that Jiggs and family were to make the tour, there were demands from everywhere, it seemed, that they visit this or that town. Since it was excellent promotion, I acceded to the demands. The result was that Jiggs and Maggie and Nora went from New York to California via practically every state in the Union and through the Dominion of Canada as well. And each stop had to be shown accurately, lest the strip offend somebody. That was probably the toughest job of my career.

The older I get, the more fastidious I try to be in my drawing. So the simpler I become. Altogether, I think I do better because of it.

Incidentally, it was as a cub artist on the St. Louis Republic that I learned a trick that has been one of my stocks in trade all these years. People frequently mention my sense of design—the little whorls and delicate figures that appear in patterns on Maggie's dresses or in the rooms where she and Jiggs appear. Actually, these are haphazard. I simply begin to doodle—as a fine old artist, whose name I'm sorry I can't remember, taught me to do when I first went to work on the Republic—and presently a pattern appears. I really couldn't explain why.

I came by another trick of mine just as fortuitously. When I was drawing a forgotten strip called Ready Money Ladies for the New York World right after I began work there, I had an annoying problem one day. There were a couple of figures I wanted to get into a picture frame hanging on a wall, but for balance and design the frame couldn't be large enough to accommodate them. So I simply drew them *outside* the frame, as well as inside.

I've been doing that sort of thing ever since, and it's become a sort of trade-mark of the strip. In my drawings, figures emerge at will from picture frames and from lamp shades; they even toss things from one picture to the other and the more burlesque they are the better.

Actually, you might say that I just draw "by ear." I never had a lesson in my life, other than the usual elementary ones you get in grade school. I began to draw primarily because my father, whom I idolized, liked to sketch and I imitated him. By the time I was a freshman in high school, my ability was such as to land me a job on the Republic. I was fourteen at the time and I've been working ever since.

The making of a comic strip entails great care both subjectively and technically. For instance, I rarely show people kissing. It isn't funny—and Father is supposed to be that, certainly; what's more, people seem to object to it. I never refer to death, either. Tombstones never are shown, nor criminal acts, and I avoid real violence. There is never any real injury shown in the strip. If somebody gets kicked, you don't see the kick, but rather the scene just after it. Even Maggie's burlesque attacks on Jiggs follow these rules. Jiggs is almost always shown *after* the storm—not during it.

Incidentally, it is an odd fact that the people who ask why I don't let Jiggs win once in a while are always women. I don't know why, because obviously they would be very angry if I did. I always ask them to reflect a little before answering my question: "When did your husband ever get the better of you?" It stops them.

My assistant, Zeke Zekley, and I frequently talk over the gags before we produce them. I draw a supplementary strip for Sunday use called Snookums, and Zeke and I once considered having Snookums—a little boy—disappear. We decided against it. Too many children disappear in real life. Too many parents would be reminded of their terrible agony. And there is the unspeakable horror of kidnaping. Mine is a comic strip. It's supposed to amuse and entertain.

Rarely do we use public figures, for this can be dangerous on grounds of taste, too. Once, in 1945, with the war drawing to a close, we considered having Roosevelt and Churchill ask Jiggs to be ambassador of good will to conquered countries and we were going to show the two leaders in the strip. We didn't do it. It was a sound decision. During the time these cartoons would have been running, Roosevelt died. We work four weeks ahead on the dailies and nine weeks on the Sunday strips, so anything can happen in between.

Since we have to work so far ahead, and also for reasons of personal taste, I avoid topical subjects, as well as running continuities. Each strip of Father is self-contained. The transcontinental trip and the round-the-world tour were, in a sense, continuities, but not in the serial story sense. I sent Jiggs and family around the world, incidentally, because my boss, William Randolph Hearst, had requested that I try a continuity, and the trip served the purpose. My own view is that continuities would detract from the pure entertainment value of Father.

Because each strip is a unit in itself we are less likely to be embarrassed by blunders. In all Father's history, I've never been really caught, except in minor things. Maggie will sometimes appear in one picture with bracelets and in another without them; Jiggs may have a cigar in his hand and one in his mouth—we work so fast that errors are bound to creep in. The surprising thing is that we don't make more mistakes. That we do not is probably due to efficiency in the King Features office in New York, where all the syndicate's comics are supervised.

Some Errors Are Intentional

Once in a while we make a deliberate mistake—just to see what the reaction will be, although we should know by now. People are vigilant in such matters. They pounce on the slightest error and the mail pours in. The significant feature of all this mail is that each writer believes he is the only one who has detected the error.

The fact that each strip is self-contained makes, of course, for added work. There must be a new gag each day. This is tough. When people ask me where I get my ideas, how in the world I am able to think of new things each day for each new strip, I don't know quite how to answer them.

There is no place in particular I go to absorb atmosphere and inspiration; there is no formula. Like any comedian—and in a sense I am that—I use my own material over and over again. Not, naturally, in the same manner; the situation may be the same, but the idiom will be current, the language and atmosphere that of the day the strip runs. Father is, after all, but one situation: Jiggs and his relationship to Maggie. But since this is marriage, and marriage produces an infinite variety of problems, it is not too difficult to burlesque the problems.

Then, I am a gregarious soul. I like people and conversation; I depend on them both personally and professionally. And from my daily contacts I draw much of the material that appears in Bringing Up Father. More than most, I think, I store away the stories and anecdotes and incidents of an evening for future professional use.

On the technical side, the making of a comic strip is a very complicated business. First, of course, it is created in the studio

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COLLIER'S — JOHN NORMENT

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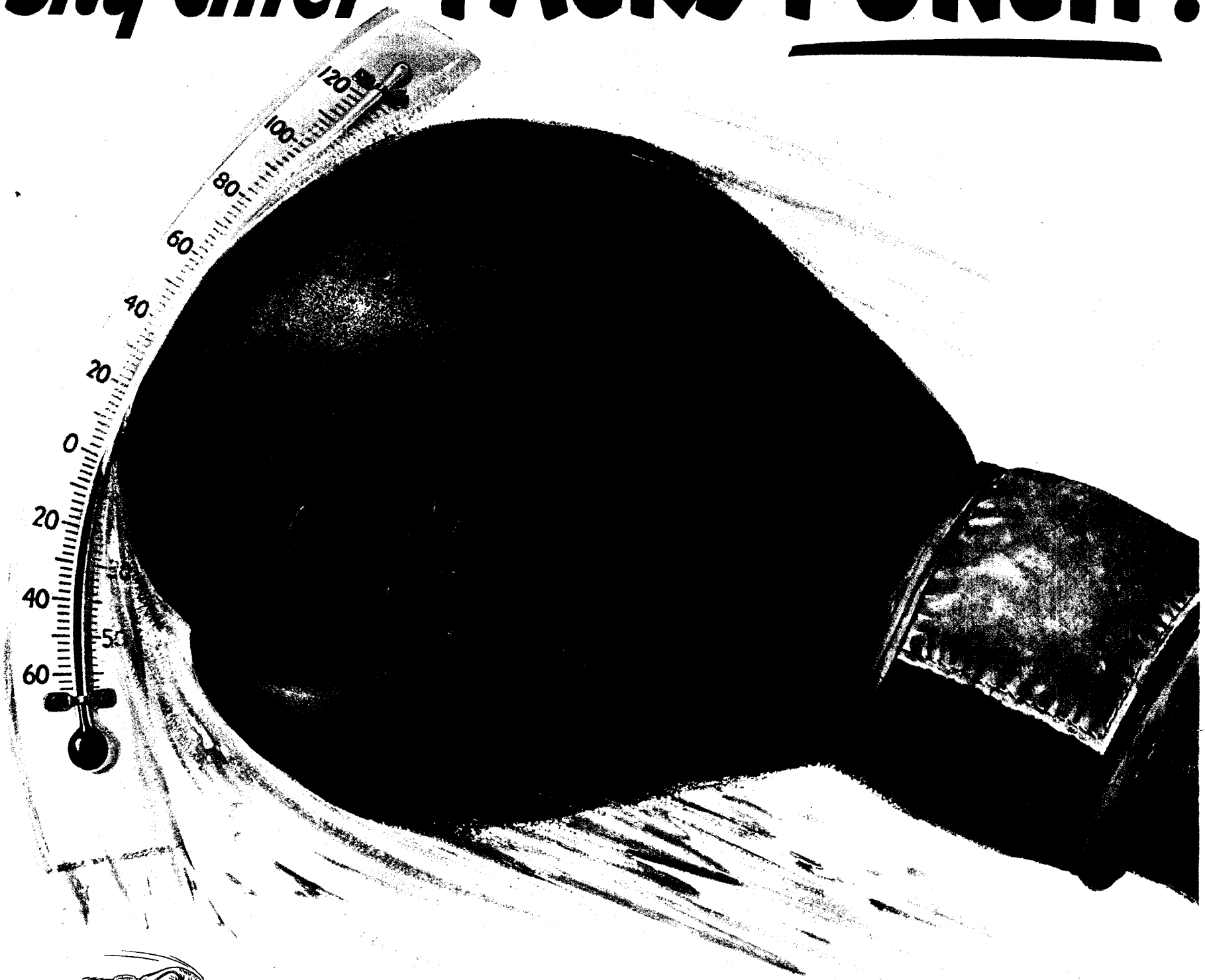

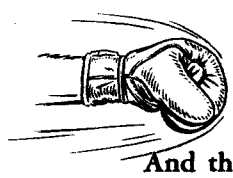

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of the artist himself. My own studio in Beverly Hills, California, is a narrow one-room affair on Beverly Drive, just south of Wilshire Boulevard. My files and scrapbooks are there, and a couch for my short nap after lunch (which usually I do not eat). It is not very studiolike, I'm afraid, and there's barely enough room for Zeke and me at the front where the light is. We sit there within reaching distance of each other, so that the strips we are working on may be passed back and forth with convenience.

No two artists work alike. Some let their assistants do their drawing; others have one assistant who does the Sunday strip and another who does the daily. I do all my own drawing. To begin with, I have a gag, or a number of gags, firmly in hand before I start. I then outline the figures in ink, and letter in the balloons in pencil. Zeke then takes over. He fills in the solids and does the lettering. Sometimes he takes over a drawing after I have indicated it in pencil, but not often.

I like to do my own drawing, and in ink. It's one reason why I work seven days a week and always have and why I get up each morning by six o'clock and always have. (I'm lucky in that I need little rest; often an hour or two of sleep is enough.)

Newlyweds' Baby Strip Revived

Zeke, however, frequently does the work on Snookums, the subsidiary strip that runs on Sunday. This strip came into being, incidentally, about 10 years ago, when Mr. Hearst sent me a memo ordering me to revive "that strip about the baby." He was referring to a comic of mine called The Newlyweds and Their Baby that originated in the New York World back in 1906. It was because of the extraordinary success of this strip that Mr. Hearst hired me. The World, of course, owned the name, but I continued the strip for the Hearst papers under the title of Their Only Child until Bringing Up Father began. The baby in The Newlyweds was named Napoleon and looked very much as I imagine Jiggs did when he was an infant. Snookums is a latter-day Napoleon—only a little older.

Hardly any artist colors his own drawings. (Walt Disney with Mickey Mouse, Milt Caniff with Steve Canyon, and Hal Foster with Prince Valiant are three who do.) That is done, in the case of Maggie and Jiggs, in the offices of King Features. I do, however, indicate the colors to be used in my strips and these never are changed without my permission. My colors are delicate because my drawing is delicate.

Some people have been good enough to say that my sense of line and form is remarkable, although I never have worked in oils, pastels or water colors. I am simply a cartoonist and I doubt if I would be able to execute an oil painting. (Or maybe "execute" is what I *would* do to it.)

King Features has about 125 comics. This department of the syndicate is under the supervision of Sylvan Byck, himself a fine artist, and he has 20 artists and colorists and five editors working under him. The editors watch for bad taste, double meanings, misspellings, faulty English and just plain boners in the strips. Once, not long ago, I showed Maggie's superb figure through her dress in silhouette. In New York, the syndicate filled in the dress and inked out the silhouette before processing the strip. I think that was being overly proper, but that's the business of the office.

After the comic is approved, the processing begins. If the strip is for daily use, it's fairly simple; for Sunday it's something else again. It may have to run a half page in this paper, two thirds of a page in that; in another, the allotted space may be one third of a page. Or it may be in tabloid size. King Features' artists, therefore, get a photographic print of the original and alter it. This is done by spreading or contracting the panels so that the proportions for the various-size pages are correct. Hence the strip must be cut up, in order to fill in backgrounds if the panel is being enlarged, to take out backgrounds to reduce the size.

For Sunday use there are four metal plates, one for printing in black—which is made from the original drawing—and three in the primary colors (red, blue and yellow) made by the engraver from a print that is hand colored by the King Features' artists.

Papier-mâché impressions, called matrices or "mats," are made from these plates and sent, dated, to the subscribing newspapers. They use the mats, in turn, to cast their own plates, from which the strip is printed. In this connection, one of the most frequent questions I am asked in fan mail is whether I have to make a separate drawing for each newspaper that carries Father. Since there are about 500 newspapers presently carrying the strip, my industry, though intensive, is hardly adequate. I've got to have a little mechanical help and King Features supplies it.

Father has been on the cover of the Hearst Sunday supplement, Puck, the Comic Weekly, every Sunday since it was first published. Mr. Hearst decreed that, and Father continues in that position in the Hearst newspapers. Other editors subscribing to the strip may use their own judgment as to where it will run.

Since deadlines are rigid, being a comic artist becomes a grind after a while. You've got to produce or else, even when you're sick. I've seldom been sick, but even when I was I tried to work in bed, and did, with a little assistance.

It is understandable, also, that editors become impatient with artists who are behind in their work. I never have missed a deadline, but I must confess my sins of tardiness. Sometimes I have got away with them.

There was a period, for instance, when I would blame airplane crashes for my lateness. If a plane crashed between Los Angeles and New York, I would wire the office in New York to say that the delay in delivery of the strip was unavoidable, as my drawings had been in the mail aboard the downed craft. This worked admirably, until one day I received an answering wire from Ward Greene, editor and general manager of King Features, that read in this wise: "You must be sending your stuff around the world. That plane was going west."

I felt very much like Jiggs, then.

Of course, the problem of deadlines would be somewhat less severe if I chose to live in New York. But my wife's invalidism —Florence has been ill almost 26 years— makes it essential that we remain in California. Nevertheless, there have been times when it hasn't seemed like a very good idea.

For instance, when we first went to California I built a home in Malibu, on the slope of a mountain, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. But nobody had told me about California weather. It rained and rained. And nobody had told me about California hillsides in the rain.

We had a terrace, a sort of front yard, enclosed by a wall, just outside the door. One night this yard fell off, following a particularly heavy downpour. It is unsettling to have your front yard fall off, especially if you start to step into it from the front door, as I did the next morning. I managed to scramble back into the house.

I spent $40,000 in all on that house. Finally, I did exactly what Jiggs would have done. I gave the house away, forgot the $40,000 and moved to a hotel in Los Angeles that was rainproof. Then I built Florence a home in Santa Monica.

I've had uncertain luck with houses, which is why I prefer apartments and hotels. Once when we still lived in the East, I bought a beautiful house in Long Beach, Long Island, and Florence and I moved in happily. Two weeks later it burned to the ground. Florence got out with her nightgown and negligee. I was dressed and managed to bring out the bathroom mirror, possibly to see what I looked like after the fire.

Our neighbors at the time included such people as Will Rogers—who used to ride a horse to the Long Beach post office, twirling a rope all the way—George Rector, the restaurant man, and the Florenz Ziegfelds. They were nice neighbors and they all suggested that we build another house. As Will Rogers pointed out, it was proper that we should, in order to provide a home for our two Japanese servants.

These servants were very elegant people indeed. Will had bowed to one the first time he saw him, in the mistaken idea that he was meeting an ambassador. Florence was proud of them, too.

So, despite the fact I hadn't had any insurance on the destroyed home and had to start from scratch, I did as Jiggs would have done: I didn't worry. I built again. And as so often happens with Jiggs, we had better luck with the new house. We lived in it a while and a man came and bought it—furniture, silver, linen, everything. He even took over the two servants.

This illustrates one of my favorite theories: Always try to take your luck as it comes, enjoying the good and making the best of the bad.

Take my debut in vaudeville, years ago. I used to make $1,000 a week drawing Jiggs and Maggie for two-a-day audiences. When I started out, a certain critic wanted me to advertise in his newspaper. It was one of the rackets of the day. I refused. So when the bill was reviewed a lot was said about Eva Tanguay—who was on the program—and the acrobats and the comedians and so on, but I was not mentioned until the very end. And I do mean the very end. There, the critic added a paragraphed line: "Zobo's dogs and George McManus were also seen." That might have discouraged me. It didn't. Nor did I do any advertising. Jiggs and I are relatively secure today. I haven't the slightest idea what became of that critic.

The late Louise Baer, however, provided what I believe to be the finest example of nonchalance in the face of trying circumstances. It always has inspired me. Louise had just become the bride of Hearst columnist "Bugs" Baer. King Features had ordered everybody on a promotion trip and that evening, just after the wedding, we entrained for Chicago. "Bugs" and Louise were in a drawing room; it was, of course, their wedding trip as well. "Bugs" had a vivid purple smoking jacket, a present from his bride, of which he was very proud. So that night he strolled down the car to my compartment to exhibit it.

There were several other King Features people in my compartment and naturally there were a few toasts to the bride and groom. Along about 5:00 A.M., "Bugs" decided that maybe the toasts ought to stop and that he should go back to his drawing room, where his bride was waiting.

Next morning at breakfast, I saw the Baers. I didn't want to, particularly, but Louise smiled and said, "Good morning, George. Interesting trip, isn't it?" I said I supposed it was. "Bugs" kept on eating his sausages. "It's the first time," continued the bride of less than 24 hours, "I ever heard of anybody staying out all night on a train."

The inspiration in that story is that "Bugs" and Louise had 19 very happy years together before her death in 1950.

Living a Joyful Philosophy

It has been a pleasure to know people like that, and Jiggs and I have known a lot of them. In all respects, in fact, we have had a fine life. It has led us from St. Louis to New York to California and to travels throughout our nation and beyond the seas. It has not been uneventful. To some, our philosophy may seem careless, even irresponsible, and perhaps they are right. Our world has been a place where humbug and make-believe are frequently confused with reality, indeed sometimes are reality itself. It is a world where the gesture is important, even though it bring disaster on the morrow.

The late Bob Murphy, proprietor of the House of Murphy Restaurant in Beverly Hills, used to feed a lot of elderly actors who were down on their luck, but whose threadbare elegance still was the most important thing in the world—at least, to them. "Dignity," Murphy said once, "must be preserved, and the check must be forgotten."

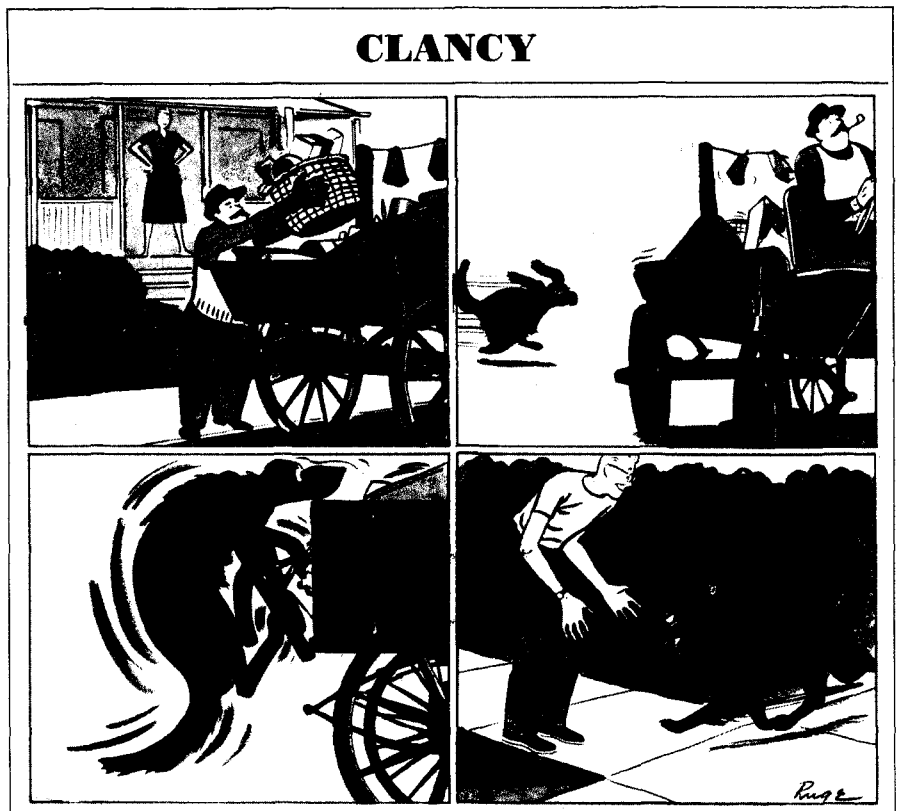
Our world understands things like that. It is a world of lights and laughter, and Jiggs and I have moved happily in its provinces.

I am not a widely lettered man. My reading has been casual, but I happen to remember a quotation from Marcus Aurelius that impressed itself upon me. It goes like this:

"Love thy art, poor as it may be, which thou hast learned, and be content with it, thyself neither the tyrant nor the slave of any man."

Jiggs and I wouldn't put it quite like that but we would mean the same thing.

THE END



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Back to Queen of Sheba Land

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

discovered that the Red Sea monsoons blow in certain directions for fixed seasons of every year and that ancient ships, therefore, could sail quickly from south Arabia to Egypt, transporting spices at a fraction of the cost of camel caravans. This, along with wars and the decline of the use of spices and incense with the rise of Christianity, led to the final collapse of the great south Arabian kingdoms. They became weak, and fell prey to barbaric invaders. Their extensive irrigation systems dried up, and soon the magnificent stone cities returned to the desert from which they had sprung.

It was in this desert that we had our makeshift airstrip, not far from our base camp. Our headquarters was a mud-brick building, reinforced with the wreckage of an R.A.F. plane that had crashed nearby. Incongruously, it also was shored up with stones from the ruins of Timna, that had been quarried and beautifully carved by Qatabanian artisans of over 2,000 years ago.

When we arrived at our "Mud Palace," as we called it, everything was in order. I was greeted jubilantly by my fellow townsman from Concord, California—our twenty-five-year-old field director, Charles McCollum, who had been left behind the previous season to keep an eye on our excavations. He reported that he had spent the lonely eight months hunting ibex and leopard, learning to speak Bedu Arabic, and trying to prevent the looting of stones from the ancient buildings of our excavations.

I scarcely had time to see the second season's work well under way before I had to fly off again, this time to the port of Aden to pick up Alan and Sarah Mellon Scaife, of Pittsburgh, two of the principal contributors to our expedition, who were on a tour of the Middle East.

On our way back to Timna, we had a solid scare. The unique fortress of Qara, built high on top of a huge truncated mountain, was on our route, and we circled it briefly. Suddenly Alan Scaife said, "What are those flashes of light directly below us?"

The flashes turned out to be rifle fire; and we left, hastily.

Flight over Forbidden City

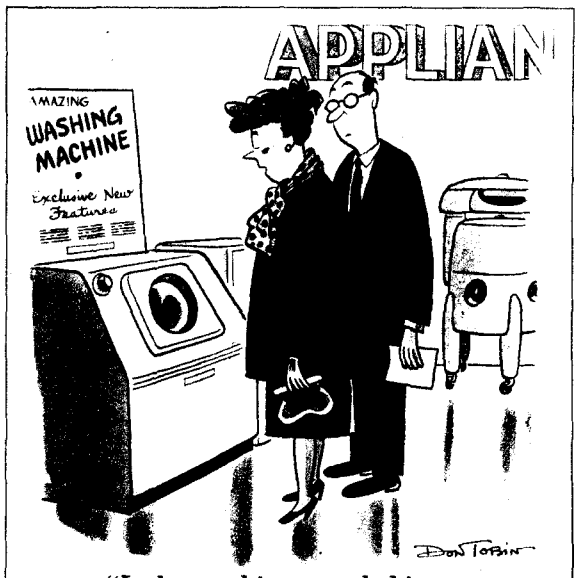
Nevertheless, we were pleased to have seen the fortress, something we could not have done without the plane. The next day, the aircraft proved its value still further. After the Scaifes had paid a quick visit to all of our archaeological sites, we flew toward the Hadhramaut, farther east in south Arabia, and I impulsively persuaded the crew to venture over the forbidden city of Mareb in Yemen. I was desperately anxious to excavate around this fabulous capital of the Queen of Sheba; indeed, it was our prime archaeological objective. All my efforts to obtain permission for this project had proved fruitless, but I was determined to *see* the city, if I could not actually explore it.

In a few moments, we were over Mareb, and the pilot circled it several times while Wallace Wade, our director of photography, seized the opportunity to shoot movies of the old, ruined city.

It was a breath-taking sight. We could see the walls of magnificent temples and palaces protruding above the sands, and acre upon acre of other ruins stretched almost to the horizon. We could see the boundaries of ancient fertile fields, still etched in the desert, and the now-dry remains of an ingenious irrigation system.

And then came the most awe-inspiring sight of all. Looming up out of the plain, we saw intact sections of huge Mareb Dam, one of the greatest engineering miracles of the ancient world. It was Mareb Dam that caught the water spilled out by storms in south Arabia's mountains, converting the area into a fertile garden spot; when the dam burst suddenly in the sixth century A.D., never to be used again, the catastrophe became an event as widely reported in later Moslem literature as Noah's flood.

I was so impressed by this first illegal peek at my objective that, after farewells to Alan and Sarah at the port of Mukalla, I could not get Mareb off my mind. After returning to our base camp at Timna, I acted on another impulse. I had failed to get permission to enter Mareb through all normal channels; now I decided to try the longest of long shots—the direct approach. I sat down and addressed a letter to His Royal Highness Prince Abdullah, Yemen Minister of Foreign Affairs, and dispatched the letter by runner, to be posted in Aden. Then with the press of a thousand and one expedition problems, I forgot the matter.



"Is the machinery sealed in so my husband can't get at it?"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

The Timna excavations were being supervised by our chief archaeologist, sixty-year-old Professor Albright. Working under him was Professor Albert Jamme from the Louvain in Belgium, one of the world's leading authorities on ancient south Arabian inscriptions. Our archaeological staff consisted of James L. Swauger, of Pittsburgh's Carnegie Museum, Robert Shalkop and Ellis Burcaw of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, Donald Dragoo of the University of Indiana, Gus Van Beek of Johns Hopkins University, Robert Carmean of the University of Redlands in California and John Simpson of the University of Pittsburgh.

Our technical staff, in addition to field director McCollum and executive administrator George Farrier, of Glendale, California, included photographers Wallace Wade, from the Library of Congress in Washington, and Chester Stevens, from the Rochester Institute of Technology; Girair Palamoudian, an Armenian from Cairo, our artist and draftsman; and a remarkable field secretary and interpreter, twenty-one-year-old Eileen Salama, who was born in Cairo of French parents and speaks perfect English, French and Italian, as well as several Arabic dialects. Equally remarkable was our physician, Dr. Valentin de Mignard, from the Presbyterian Hospital in Hollywood, California, a Czech D.P. who speaks over a dozen languages.

In addition to having such fine personnel, our half-million-dollar expedition was one of the best equipped ever to take to the field. We had 16 magnificent Dodge Power Wagon trucks, contributed by K. T. Keller, board chairman of Chrysler Corporation and we had a sand-removal vehicle with an endless conveyer belt, the like of which had never been used on this type of expedition.

From Rear Admiral Lamont Pugh, chief of the Navy Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, we received a complete Navy medical unit; General Jimmy Doolittle, now vice-president of the Shell Oil Company, gave us 50,000 gallons of gasoline, which was flown from Aden to our base camp, as we needed it. The U.S. Steel Corporation gave us shipping space in four of its Isthmian Line freighters; and Fairbanks Morse contributed five specially built generators to provide our camp with electricity.

We also received Marlin and Winchester rifles, Colt pistols, a complete photo lab, a deep-freeze unit, 150 gallons of latex to make impressions of ancient inscriptions, a Coca-Cola dispensing machine, three types of radios, hundreds of pounds of Jello, and case after case of Colgate's soap, which we distributed as bonuses to the natives, who ate it like candy. In all, over 40 top companies contributed important equipment.

But, as every archaeologist knows, the finest equipment is worthless without efficient native help, and this second season we had the best. We had topflight houseboys and cooks, from Somaliland in Africa, commanded by six-foot, dark-skinned Jama Ismail, who spoke all the native dialects and proved to be one of our most valuable workers. We used local laborers to carry sand, but to supervise them we had brought in six Egyptians from the town of Guft, where the specialized art of archaeological excavation has been passed down from father to son for generations, making the Guftis, as they are called, the most sought-after archaeological foremen in the world.

They soon proved their worth. In the center of Timna, working under Swauger and Simpson, they dug down through many feet of sand to uncover a beautiful temple, dedicated to Athtar, the Morning Star, known to us as Venus. In an ancient graveyard outside the city, working under Shalkop, they found remarkable statues and excavated a 62-foot vertical shaft, the lower portion painstakingly carved out of the solid rock by the Qatabanians, apparently as an entrance to the underworld for the souls of their departed.

Dragoo, Van Beek and the Guftis also excavated at a nearby mound, where the ancient town of Hajar Bin Humeid had stood. They cut down through 15 layers of civilization, revealing house built upon house over periods of hundreds of years; as our diggers proceeded, they carefully catalogued every implement and bit of pottery found at each level, to fix a reference point in time for every similar object that might be found elsewhere in south Arabia. They dug back to about 1300 B.C.

The importance of this completed section cannot be overemphasized, for it has become the basis for all further archaeological work in south Arabia.

But our most dramatic finds were at the South Gate of Timna, where Ellis Burcaw was in charge of excavations. Here, during our two expeditions, we uncovered royal buildings, plaster baths and pavements, so that it was possible to walk in the streets of Timna just as its inhabitants had done before the city was destroyed by a mysterious catastrophe some 2,000 years ago.

In an open square, we found stone benches that may have been used to dispense justice; behind them was a massive stone building with deep dungeon pits that could only have been a prison. Nearby was House Yafash, which we think may have been a house of ritual prostitution because of two identical bronze statues of a lion conquered by the God of Love, which we had found there the preceding season.

This second year, in the house next door, we uncovered three rooms intact, with their contents sealed under tons of protecting debris which fell on them when the city was destroyed. This was a great discovery because everything else had been thoroughly looted by the people who had destroyed the city. In the three rooms were pots, bronze mirrors, incense boxes, jewel boxes, bowls and vases—strewn about exactly as they were at the moment when Timna ceased to exist.

Statue of Lady Bar'at Found

Across from House Yafash we uncovered a building called House Hadath, or New House—and here Professor Albright found the main clues he was looking for. First, one of the Guftis picked up two pieces of pottery which proved to be fragments of trade items from Greece, one of them bearing the stamp of a Greek potter named Leontes. Next, in the basement of House Hadath, a Gufti found a bronze statue, buried upside down in the mud of the cellar. It must have fallen from the upper stories when the building collapsed in Timna's destruction; the mud had miraculously saved it from being smashed or looted. The statue was the broad-hipped likeness of a Qatabanian noblewoman, whose name, Lady Bar'at, was inscribed on the pedestal.

Professor Albright went to work on Lady Bar'at and Leontes' pottery as soon as they were found; through them, he was able to establish with amazing precision the date of the city's downfall. How he did that offers a fine example of the scientific detective work used by modern archaeologists.

First of all, the pottery was of a type called "terra sigillata," or "sealed earth," which came into use in the eastern part of the Roman empire during the reign of Emperor Augustus for an extremely limited time, after 30 B.C.; furthermore, Professor Albright knew that the practice of stamping the potter's name had died out around 70 A.D. From his former excavations in the north, he also knew that the same kind of terra sigillata was used in Palestine in the reign of Herod, at the time of Christ.

Next, Professor Albright examined Lady Bar'at. He was able to tell, from the drape of her Greek clothes and the style of her Greek hairdo, approximately when she lived—because clothing fashions and hairdos, particularly, can be identified within a generation or so of when they were popular in Greek lands. Lady Bar'at's coiffure (a sort of page-boy) was the fashion in these lands around 50 B.C.; allowing a normal amount of time for it to spread to south Arabia, Lady Bar'at must have lived quite close to the time of Christ.

So with these two clues—Lady Bar'at and Leontes' pottery—checking each other, Professor Albright had the answer to a vital question that had been puzzling him for a long time. He now knew that Qataban was destroyed around the time of Christ, rather than 50 years earlier, as we had supposed after our first expedition.

Gradually, Professor Albright also began to solve the mystery of *who* had destroyed Timna on that distant day. At first we had believed it was barbaric savages from the impenetrable mountains to the south, descending on the splendid city and sacking it, much as the Visigoths had sacked Rome. But then the archaeological clues began to turn up—inscriptions, evidence of systematic rather than barbaric looting—and it looked more and more as if the city had been burned, in a great conflagration, by an enemy of the same stage of civilization as Qataban.

And then one day, Professor Albright announced his theory. "I believe," he said, "that Timna was destroyed by the Kingdom

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of Hadhramaut, perhaps in alliance with the Kingdom of Sheba."

That further enhanced my desire to visit Mareb; but just at this time, our area was hit by some of the worst floods that south Arabia had seen in the memory of man, and even our local excavations had to stop. For two weeks, we sat around in our Mud Palace, watching it turn into a huge dripping mud pie in the almost-constant rain. Several natives were drowned in the boulder-packed torrents rushing down the normally dry valleys and we lost three Power Wagons when Bob Carmean led a four-truck convoy back through the Hadhramaut toward the port of Mukalla. The trucks stalled suddenly in deep water; looking up, Bob saw towering walls of water bearing down from up the valley. He and the others ran for their lives and barely managed to escape in the fourth truck. It took them five days for the 200-mile trip.

A Letter in Arabic Arrives

In the midst of all this—while I gloomily contemplated the fact that our excavations were filled with water and the floods had washed away the roads we had painfully scraped out with a bulldozer blade—a parcel of mail arrived by runner. One of the letters was in Arabic, and as no one was available at the time who could translate it, I casually set it aside.

The next day, Eileen came running in, breathless with excitement. "Why didn't you show me this letter yesterday?" she exclaimed. "It's from the Foreign Minister of Yemen and he is inviting you to the city of Taiz to talk to the King about visiting Mareb." I was stunned when I heard this wonderful news. I had forgotten all about that long-shot letter I had written nearly six weeks before!

It took us less than a week to get ready, and we left for Taiz on April 10th. Our Yemen party included Eileen, Charlie McCollum, Wally Wade and Dr. de Mignard —plus Bob Carmean and Jama, who had flown in from Mukalla, badly shaken from their recent battle with the floods. We flew to the city of Aden in a chartered plane and then picked up a Yemeni guide and started on the truck journey to Taiz, 85 miles away, over a road that was no more than two ruts.

The trip normally takes about 12 hours of steady driving, but at the town of Raidha, some 60 miles from Aden, we hit a Yemeni customs post, where our unexpected appearance caused such consternation that we were held up for 12 hours while messages went back and forth to the palace.

We spent the night at Raidha, and in the morning, we were allowed to proceed. Almost immediately, the countryside began to change. We saw stone houses instead of mud-brick, and crops growing on terraced slopes on the steep mountainsides. I could scarcely believe that we had at last penetrated the Forbidden Kingdom.

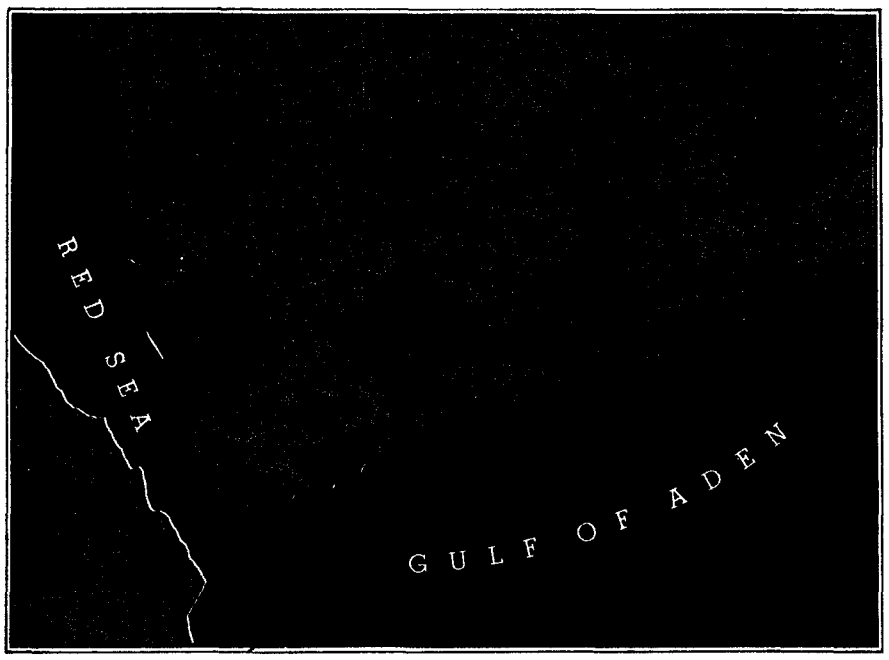
We were perhaps the second major group of Americans to enter the country—a U.S. Navy medical research party, sent out by Captain James C. Sapero, commander of the Navy's medical research unit in Cairo, had preceded us to Taiz by a few months—which will illustrate the almost complete isolation of this part of the world.

Today, King Ahmed and his government are making great efforts to introduce the best of Western civilization into their Kingdom, and as we drove to see the King on our trip from Aden to Taiz, it became apparent that he had good material to work with. The people seemed handsomer and more industrious than the other natives of south Arabia. There was more cultivation of the land, the Yemenis appeared healthier and better fed, and their homes and clothing seemed incomparably richer.

The women working in the fields were unveiled, with yellow-painted faces, and wore long blue pants fastened around the ankles. That was true only in the countryside, however; in the towns they were attired in the traditional long-flowing garments of Moslem women, covering them from head to toe. The men wore brocaded long skirts, which were much more expensive-looking than the short cotton "futa" skirt worn by the natives farther south; similarly, the silver-sheathed daggers in their belts were much more impressive.

As we approached Taiz, the people and the terraced mountains became more and more numerous. Finally we reached one of the gates of the city, where we were met by an official who served jointly as Director of Aviation and Director of the Guesthouse. He escorted us to the royal guesthouse, and there, in the midst of the medieval-style city, we were delighted to find ourselves treated to spotless white sheets, electric lights, hot-and-cold running water, and a staff of excellent cooks and servants.

We spent all that day and the next awaiting the royal summons for an audience with the King, passing the time sight-seeing and taking motion pictures of Taiz. In the meantime, we were visited by Dr. Adnan Tarcici, a delightful Lebanese from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He spoke a little English and, with Eileen to back me up with her fast-flowing French and Arabic, we did quite well. Initially, Dr. Tarcici tried to talk us out of going to Mareb; wouldn't we be just as happy, he asked, to study the archaeological sites around San'a? I replied, "We want, by all means, to see these other ruins; but the only area where I would consider spending money to excavate at this time would be Mareb."



AL TARTER

Map showing routes traveled by Phillips expedition in south Arabia

Finally, at 10:15 P.M. on the second day, word came that the King's cars would pick us up at nine the next morning—that is, all of us except Eileen, because, as the messenger said, "His Majesty never receives women." We were ready at nine, but in the way of the East, we were not called for until ten thirty. Then, with a minimum of pomp, we were ushered into the King's presence for an audience that lasted for two hours and 40 minutes, said to be the longest interview he has ever granted.

His Majesty was a handsome, heavy-set man in his middle fifties, with a thick black beard and very large brown eyes. He was beautifully dressed in a white silk robe, with a gold brocaded headdress, and a jeweled dagger thrust into a green and gold sash. There were guards standing behind him, dressed in white robes and carrying rifles. The King sat in a throne-chair with a table in front of him, and his subjects stood on the expensive Persian rugs laid on the floor. Chairs were brought out for us.

The King greeted us with a friendly smile and shook hands all around. Then he asked, "Would you like something to quench your thirst?" He spoke in Arabic to a servant standing behind him, and a few minutes later, the man came back with a tray of Coca-Colas.

Jama now caught my eye and I read his meaning. Standing up, I motioned for the presentation of our good-will gifts, which included medical supplies; rifles and Western ammunition; Gray Audograph dictating machines; V.M. record player; several radios, and a camera left with me by Alan Scaife.

King Ahmed questioned us closely regarding our work at Timna, explaining that when he was a young man his hobby had been collecting ancient inscriptions. I finally brought up the $64 question—"How about Mareb?"—and launched into a discourse on the relative merits of this great Sabaean capital versus our Timna.

Suddenly the King interjected a stunning surprise. Was I responsible, he asked, for the plane which had circled low over Mareb without permission? Much discomfited, I accepted full responsibility.

This looked like an ill omen, although King Ahmed seemed considerably less disturbed at this exchange than I was. Nevertheless, the possibility still existed that the incident might have spoiled our chances to excavate Mareb. When I posed the question, His Majesty merely replied, "Inshallah" (God willing), which could mean almost anything. But his next words gave us hope: "I am placing the royal airplane at your disposal to visit San'a; when in the next few days would you like to go?"

Eager to get a decision on the Mareb question as quickly as possible, I said, "This afternoon." Accordingly we left Taiz that afternoon in the royal DC-3, manned, for some reason, by Swedish pilots. When San'a, ancient capital of Yemen, finally appeared on the horizon, there was no mistaking its size and importance. With a population of over 60,000, it is, by far, south Arabia's largest city outside of Aden.

When we returned to Taiz at 4:00 P.M. the next day, I rushed to Dr. Tarcici's office. To my delight, I found him puzzling over the terms of an agreement that would enable us to excavate at Mareb. From then on, at hourly intervals, Dr. Tarcici joined me during the night, each time with a new revision for my approval.

Finally, at 4:00 A.M., the agreement was signed by His Royal Highness, Crown Prince Seif Al Islam Mohamed Ahmed Badr, officially representing His Majesty, and by myself. For the first time in history, the King of Yemen had granted a foreign concession for scientific research, exploration and excavation in the world's greatest remaining archaeological treasure house—Mareb, city of the Biblical Queen of Sheba.

With this historic document signed, we practically soared back to Timna and in three days we were ready to make the trip I had dreamed of for three years. I limited our reconnaissance party to a streamlined team: McCollum, Farrier, Dr. Jamme, Dr. de Mignard, Wallace Wade, a Somali cook named Ibrahim and Jama Ismail.

It was not an easy trip. We started out along a faint camel trail until we reached an impassable barrier of fallen rocks at a place called Jebel Henu; there we had to swing out into the sand dunes. This was one of the most nerve-racking stretches I have ever traveled.

Our truck's wheels frequently spun in the loose sand, and we laboriously climbed to the top of huge sand dunes, only to find sheer drops on the other side, which meant that we had to go back and look for other places to cross. In this way, we struggled and zigzagged over seven parallel ranges of dunes. We clocked 75 miles on our speedometers while covering an actual distance of only 20 miles.

But after five hours of this tortuous pace, we finally emerged on the other side, onto a fairly smooth plain. We went through a deep valley, the Wadi Masela—and there, rising out of the plain, five miles away, was Mareb!

Looking at it, I had the same awestruck feeling I had experienced when I first saw it from the air. Directly in front of us were the ruins of an ancient building, with huge stones tumbled about on the ground. In the distance, the present-day town and part of the ruins of the old city perched atop a high mound, looking for all the world like the mirage of an American skyscraper metropolis. Off to the left, a line of beautifully constructed columns jutted up out of the sand; this later proved to be the Great Moon Temple. To the right, we could see the remains of the magnificent circular Temple of Bilqis (the Moslems have always referred to the Queen of Sheba as "Bilqis," a name of unexplained origin).

Upon seeing all this, I could not restrain myself, and we dashed across the plain for a closer look at the Temple of Bilqis. We wandered among its well-preserved round walls for about a half hour, with Professor Jamme furiously attempting to decipher inscriptions. But then we decided we had better head toward the city. No welcoming committee had come out to meet us, and I thought this was ominous.

It was.

No sooner did we pull up to the foot of the present-day town of Mareb than we were surrounded by a mob of silent, tough-looking tribesmen and soldiers, covering us with their rifles. They wore blue robes, and their faces were painted indigo blue. There was no way out—we were surrounded.

They apparently had never seen motor vehicles before, and one of the tribesmen pressed forward to stare at our trucks. The moment he did this, the leader of the askaris (native soldiers) viciously swung his rifle against the man's skull, and he fell to the ground unconscious.

". . . You Are Our Prisoners"

The others fell back, and Jama, now more than a bit worried, asked the askari leader in Arabic, "Weren't you expecting us? Didn't the King send word that we were coming?" The askari's face remained expressionless. "No," he said, "and you are our prisoners."

We were paraded, under armed guard, along a steep trail, up the side of the mound, and into an ominous tower fortress overlooking the ancient ruins. A black-bearded man was sitting there on a pile of rugs, and as we came face to face, we both started in surprise. His name was Qadi Ahmed Bakr, and I recognized him as a man who had come to our base camp in Timna for medical treatment the year before. He was the local hakem, or judge.

He said, "What are you doing here?"

"We have permission from the King to come and excavate in Mareb," I replied.

He looked at me incredulously and I gave him my copy of the agreement with the King. He read it, but shook his head. "I can't believe it," he said. "It must be a forgery. I'll have to hold you all prisoner."

We were then herded into a small room with foot-and-a-half-thick stone walls. A dozen askaris stood guard over us all that day and all that night. Once the askaris

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threatened us, but they backed off when I ceremoniously sat down to write a letter of complaint to their King, with Jama loudly repeating each word in Arabic.

I finally dropped off to sleep, exhausted. Some time later, I awoke to find one of the soldiers peeking under my mosquito net. Suddenly, out of nowhere, came a large hand to yank the intruder away; Jama had faithfully taken over the duties of night watchman. All in all, this was one of the most disconcerting nights I have ever spent.

But the next morning, I sensed a change. Qadi Ahmed Bakr came in to see us, looking worried; he solicitously inquired after our health, and said he hoped we'd had a good night's sleep. Then came the explanation: he told us that a runner had dashed into town announcing the approach of the King's special representative on horseback. The representative was the King's own brother-in-law, Sayed Ahmed Al Kipsi, just arriving to report we were on the way.

Narrow Escape from Dungeons

Later it appeared that all our difficulties had stemmed from the fact that, in our anxiety, we had reached Mareb one day ahead of schedule. The King's representative had learned of our plight and had ridden all night to extricate us from this embarrassing situation. He arrived just in time, for that afternoon the local governor, Sayed Al Kohlani, came tearing up with 70 men of his camel corps to carry us off in chains to his dungeons in the city of Harib.

We learned afterward that this series of incidents had been flashed, via the desert grapevine, to Beihan, to Aden, and thence by telegraph to Cairo and the outside world —causing Lowell Thomas and Pan American Airways vice-president Sam Pryor, both directors of the American Foundation for the Study of Man, to begin organizing an aerial rescue expedition in the U.S.

The moment Sayed Ahmed Al Kipsi arrived, of course, the danger subsided, all rescue efforts were called off, and the hostility of the local population was replaced with much bowing and scraping.

We didn't waste a moment's time after that. We rushed out eagerly to inspect the ruins in detail. Descending the mound, we found ourselves in an amazing complex of ruins, partly protruding above the sands. Columns, walls and pillars extended everywhere as far as the eye could see, in a great endless crescent. Charlie McCollum whistled. "Brother!" he said, "you could lose Timna in here a dozen times."

We drove out to see the great Mareb Dam, called Sudd al Arim in the Koran.

The dam was built in the eighth century B.C. to conserve the flood waters rushing down the wadis in the rainy season, and it was so gigantic that we could inspect only a tiny fraction of it. We marveled at the way the massive stone walls were put together. Great boulders were so perfectly dressed that they fitted into one another like pieces in a jigsaw puzzle. We saw no sign of mortar, yet portions of wall more than 50 feet high were standing exactly as they had 2,700 years ago.

Other sections of the vast structure were missing, doubtless washed away by the great cloudburst that destroyed the dam in the sixth century A.D. The Encyclopedia of Islam says of this catastrophe: "There is hardly any historical event in pre-Islamic history that has become embellished with so much that is fanciful, and related in so many versions, as the bursting of the Mareb Dam."

The Koran, for example, tells how "the people of Sheba had beautiful gardens with good fruit. Then the people turned away from God, and to punish them, He burst the dam, turning the good gardens into gardens bearing bitter fruit."

Excited by this sense of the unknown past, we wandered about the ruins of Mareb, photographing everything of interest.

We saw more than 600 ancient Sabaean statues and we visited the Temple of the Moon, where Professor Jamme translated an inscription reading, "A man with the name Yad'il Dharih built this temple, called Amm, to the god Almakah (the moon)."

As if this weren't provocative enough, a blue-painted warrior pointed to a huge sand dune in the distance and said, "It has been told to us from generation to generation that once a beautiful alabaster city stood there, only to be buried in one night by the worst sandstorm that Allah ever visited upon the world."

After five days of this, we scarcely were able to tear ourselves away. But we had to get back to Timna to close down our operations there. This we did, shipping 58 cases of archaeological specimens to Pittsburgh's Carnegie Museum for a future major exhibit.

The day before our departure from Timna, Sherif Hussein invited us all to a farewell party. When everyone was seated, the Sherif dramatically pulled out a long document, and, reading in Arabic, extolled the merits of the American Foundation and its Arabian expedition. He then conferred upon me the highest possible honor: giving me the Arabic name Hussein Ali Al Harithi, he made me a Sheikh of the great Bal Harith tribe.

I left for the United States by plane on May 15th, to prepare for a full-scale exploration of Mareb; by the time this article is published, the American Foundation's Yemen Expedition to Sheba's city will have become a reality.

We will not have an easy task.

We now have a fair conception about the Queen of Sheba's people, whose civilization must have been similar to that of Timna, only 40 miles away. They were handsome folk of medium build, with fair complexions and short straight noses, like the Yemenis today. They were exceptional artisans and engineers, going so far as to quarry translucent alabaster for windows in their multistoried houses; and the spice route brought them a standard of living undreamed of by the south Arabian Bedouins of today.

Despite all we know of the Queen of Sheba's people, we know very little about the queen herself. Our main sources of information are the Biblical passages in I Kings 10 and II Chronicles 9:1, describing her visit to King Solomon, laden with gifts from her homeland. Professor Albright believes that she made this trip 1,500 miles to the north in order to negotiate a commercial pact with Solomon.

Solomon and the Queen's Feet

Mohammedan literature is filled with delightful Queen of Sheba tales. One of these relates that, soon after the arrival of the Queen of Sheba, Solomon was shocked to hear rumors that she possessed feet like a goat. Rather than embarrass the lady by asking her to lift her skirts, Solomon conceived a clever plan. His architects constructed a great crystal floor looking exactly like water. Before stepping on it, the queen cautiously lifted her robes, enabling the King to confirm, to his immense relief, that the lady's feet were normal.

Such romantic tales mean nothing to us, of course. We must follow the painstaking archaeological process of digging, probing and examining each handful of earth for clues to her existence. We must look for statues, memorials of her famous trip to see Solomon, and, above all, inscriptions.

This may be difficult, because Professor Albright thinks that in the Queen of Sheba's time, her people had just settled down after centuries of wandering. If so, they may have had no formal writing as yet, just what we call "graffiti"—signs scratched on walls.

Whether we can throw new light on this queen or not, the future alone will tell. In any case, our chief objective will be to unveil the magnificent ruins of her capital, which will provide a wealth of knowledge about this long-hidden chapter of ancient civilization—a treasure far greater than the "hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices a very great store, and precious stones," which this beautiful queen once lavished on King Solomon. THE END

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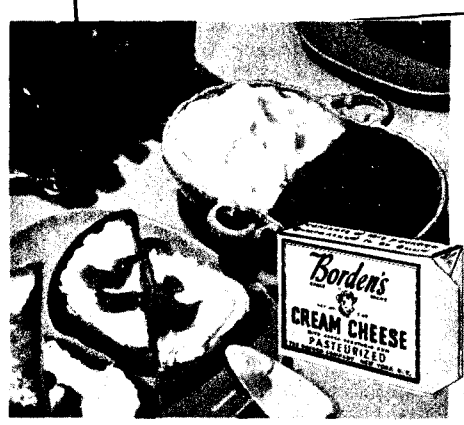

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The Curve and the Tusk

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

that her clothes rustled and her high heels tapped on the cool, red-tiled floor. She knew and he knew. All she needed now was time for what she had planted to ripen.

"And Carew?" Fierra asked. "What of him?" Maniero had often talked of him.

"Ah, Carew. He is coming with me."

"That old man!" she said. "He will be a danger to you." Suddenly she was afraid for Maniero. Suppose there was no time?

"I can do with his advice," Maniero said. "Even if he cannot hunt. This elephant, or these, rather—as there appear to be two of them—are no ordinary animals."

"Tell us about the elephants," said *Senhora* Fierra.

"Wait till I get back," *Senhor* Fierra said. "I left my cigarettes in the car."

Time pressed on the woman. She glanced at her husband's back as he went out the door, then, turning half around, pulled up her skirt and adjusted a garter. She held her skirt high, showing the whole of her silk-stockinged leg and a small, provocative piece of flesh above it. As she dropped her skirt, she looked around at Maniero and found him staring at her.

NOTHING could have been simpler than this old trick of partial exposure. But the desires it was capable of arousing were older still. She lowered her eyes.

"Oh!" she said. "You looked."

"On the contrary, you showed."

"You beast!" she said. "Animal!"

"Perhaps we are both animals."

She looked at him, her eyes wide with meaning. The pressure of time had killed all modesty. She came closer to him so that he could touch her. She felt his arm around her. She felt his hand, as she stood beside him. It had all happened so quickly. Before that, she had been standing at the window, wondering. Now she was beside him and knew. She heard her husband returning and bent forward over the table beside Maniero. His hand slipped from her.

She said, "Let me fill your glass again and then tell us about the lame one."

"Yes, the lame one. Well," Maniero said, "you know the natives claim that he is not one but two and that both elephants came up from Zululand long ago and are inhabited by the spirits of the Zulu kings, T'Chaka and Moselikatze. The lame one has killed several men, including at least one white man many years ago—the hunter, Pretorius, who wounded him, causing him to limp. His spoor is unmistakable. I have hunted him and lost him before. Carew hunted him in the old days."

"And you will kill him," *Senhora* Fierra said.

"Those are my orders. This time I am to go on till I kill him, no matter how long it takes. And now," he said, "I must go." He said good-by.

They both wished him luck.

"I'll need it," he said.

"You will have it," *Senhora* Fierra said. "And you will come to tell us as soon as you get back. At once." Her eyes were on his.

"At once," Maniero said. . . .

Da Silva looked at the hunter. "So you have come, Maniero."

"I have come. His Excellency the Governor General said this time there must be no mistake. I am to remain till I have killed the lame one, whether he is one or two elephants, whether he is a ghost or not."

"Well, be careful. You will be hard to replace."

"No man is irreplaceable, least of all a hunter." Then he said, "Tomorrow, Carew will be here."

"Carew, the hunter? Impossible! He must be over eighty."

"Nevertheless, he wants to hunt once more. I think he hopes to die here. A fine man," Maniero said. "In his truck he has a barrel of poisoned brandy in which he wishes to be pickled, if it should happen. A very considerate man, *Senhor* Carew, wishing to cause no one trouble."

"He cannot keep up with you."

"He has arranged to be carried on the marches, and will only get down to hunt," Maniero said.

"It is a strange world—hunters who are all but centenarians, elephants inhabited by the spirits of kings, and the outer world boiling like a pot about to explode into war."

"I do not like the outer world," Maniero said. "My world is the forest. Do you know what *Senhor* Carew said to me? He said: 'Once more I must see the silence.' Is that not a strange remark? But he is right.

COLLIER'S "I don't know why I gave up a forty-hour week as a stenographer for *this!*" KATE OSANN

In the noonday heat of the forest there is no sound. There is nothing to hear, and you see the silence. The very leaves are frozen onto twigs that are as still as stones." Then he said, "Carew has Matissa, Lunda and Siloko, his old trackers, with him, and their sons and grandsons. More will join him—old men and their descendants. That man, *senhor*, in the old days before the coming of authority, was like a king here. Once he fought with his people to rescue some women from Arab slavers."

"I have heard of it," Da Silva said. "And so now we are to see a legend come to life."

"I am eager to see him in the forest," Maniero said. "There is still much for me to learn."

"For *you* to learn?"

"Me, *senhor*. In the forest I am still like a child—an intelligent child, perhaps, but still a child. The forest is so old, so full of manifold mysteries, so full of secrets."

"When do you start?" Da Silva asked.

"In a few days. I must wait for Carew. I must send out my trackers. I must view the scene of the crime."

"It is cleaned up now," Da Silva said. "I had to go myself. I could not get anyone to go with my assistant. I went myself," he repeated. "I took the doctor and the priest with me. We gave what was left a burial. These natives were Christians, you know. Have you heard their story?"

"I know nothing beyond what you have said, though Carew and I remarked on the curious fact that a native family should be living alone in one of the wildest sections of the elephant country."

"It seems even more curious," Da Silva said, "when you know that they had been living in Lourenço Marques. They were civilized Christians. The girl had even been educated in convent schools, and the boy, an excellent young man, had worked as a mechanic in the city. You would suppose that they would have sloughed off the superstitions which rule the minds and hearts of simpler natives, and yet, in the end, they could not escape their past, nor ignore the old taboos which have, in the absence of laws as we know them, set the pattern of native life. They were originally from different sections of the colony, and they met and married in Lourenço Marques.

"Later they found that they both belonged to the same totem or family clan, in this case, significantly enough, the elephant totem. This, as you know, is a crime against the gods, against taboo, against custom; and, according to the natives, the elephants will now be peaceful for some time since the revenge of their totem is complete. The boy's family, back in his native village, heard of his marriage, and soon every misfortune that occurred there was blamed on it. The father sent a message beseeching him to expiate his crime, and so the old ties once more exerted their pull. For the sake of his family, and perhaps because of his own half-forgotten fears, the young man visited a witch doctor. Banishment to the wilderness was the punishment meted out by this native medicine man. The boy was sent to live alone among the elephants for twelve moons. And that was why he had come here to the province of Querida.

"His wife, a beautiful girl, my assistant tells me—he saw her once in the store—could stand the separation no longer, and went to dwell near him, erecting a hut with her own hands, though it is man's work and against custom. Not to see him, but just to be nearer to him, was her aim. She made a little garden. People helped her because her great love moved them.

"And of all this, my friend, I, the administrator of Querida, knew nothing. To speak of it was taboo. Even my police said nothing. The chiefs said nothing. Only when it was too late did I hear. But imagine the tragedy, the suffering. Imagine the blow to our culture, for these were civilized Christian natives. Imagine how they were torn this way and that, split in two by the conflict of the old and the new ideas. Imagine the joy of the witch doctor who actually condemned the boy to death by sending him alone into the forest. The gods and spirits—what did he care for them, Maniero? What he cared for was the blow he could deal to those who had accepted civilization, had donned clothes and followed the teachings of our Lord. Think of the boy's sufferings, alone and weaponless in the wilderness, living on rats and lizards, on honey, locusts, caterpillars and tortoises. Think of him shivering and starving. Think of him by accident finding his wife and child in a little clearing and watching them. For this is what my trackers tell me he did, day after day, watching her work in the garden, seeing her give suck to her child, seeing her kneel in her hut to pray to God. He was watching her, there in her garden, when, like demons, the elephants came. Then all was gone. Love, and its fruit, hope and joy—gone with the death of this little family that should have lived under my protection. This, my friend, is a love story, a desperate one of fear and hardship, of danger ending in terror and death."

DA SILVA sank his head into his arms on the desk. He looked up. "This," he said, "is my greatest failure of responsibility to my people. For, somehow, I should have stopped it. If I had only known. But how many before me have said that; how many will again? For here were the forces of evil arrayed against the innocent. What could this little family of Christians do against a wicked sorcerer, the power of the mightiest beasts of the forest, the terrible forces of nature? What is the answer? Where is the cause, Maniero?"

"The cause," Maniero said, "is the transition of these people. These are the pains of parturition, the afterbirth, as it were, of a new order that is being born. The man and woman were half civilized and half savage, half Christian and half pagan. The elephants are only half wild now in the sense that they have learned to hate and to fear man. The land itself is half tamed. Nothing is as it was ordained it should be, and nothing as we would will it to be. This is new to you, *senhor*, but to me it is just another forest tragedy. The nest torn down is not that of a weaverbird destroyed by a hawk, but that of a man and woman. Yet, in principle, it is the same. It is the story of the forest, exaggerated into human terms. That is why I wish to farm," Maniero said, "to grow and cultivate instead of destroying. Nothing is easier than killing. So quick, so easy. Though I am not, as you said, a killer, the power of the hunt intoxicates me. Before I am completely overcome by that force, I must cease.

"For me, as for Carew, this is a last hunt. I shall kill the lame one and then retire. I shall buy a farm and grow papaws and bananas. I shall have cattle, donkeys and poultry. I shall not hunt again. I think I have had enough of killing." . . .

Carew could not remember when he had last been at Querida—thirty years ago anyway, maybe forty. But he could remember the first time he had seen the town of Querida. That had been in the nineties sometime. There had been no streets then, no houses; they had come later. He remembered that the first administration building had been a corrugated-iron shack, an oven in which official after official, in that untamed land, had died.

But now Querida was a town. It had lost

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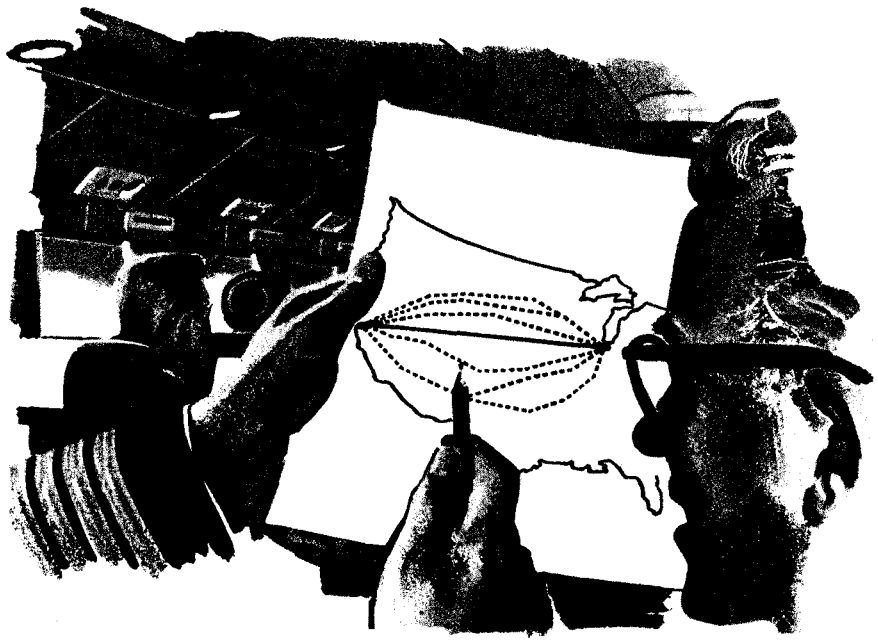

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its diffidence. It was no longer an outpost, clinging precariously to the fringe of the forest. It had penetrated it, and for a few hundred hectares had tamed it. But always the jungle waited its chance to return.

The main street was an avenue fifty meters wide, lined with neat whitewashed buildings—the church, the big administration building, the police barracks, the jail, the priest's house, the mission, the school, the hospital. And behind this white man's street were the native quarters.

It was here, in the native village, that the people who had heard of Carew's coming waited to greet him. Old men and women, young ones who knew of him and his exploits, curious ones, children, young girls with babies on their backs ran forward in a brown stream when they saw his truck. Some uniformed native police—half-police, half-soldier—came to keep order.

Carew, getting down from the truck, waved them away. "I lived here before there were police," he said, "and do not need you." The people laughed. An old man said, "He has not changed!"

He told them he had come again for a last hunt. He said, "I, who am a great hunter, and the mighty hunter, Maniero, are here to rid you of the spook elephant."

"Aai," they lamented, "even for such great hunters the lame one may prove too strong. You will need strong medicine."

Carew spoke to one of his boys, who brought him a leather gun case with brass fittings. Taking a key from his pocket, Carew opened it and fitted the double-barreled .600 together. "Here," he said, "is the strong medicine." He put two big brass shells into the breech, closed it, and fired at a great hardekool tree fifty yards away. The shots rocked the old man on his feet. The roar was like that of a cannon. Shaken with surprise, some of the crowd turned to run, some fell down, some cheered.

Slipping the gun over the crook of his arm, Carew said, "Let the young men cut out the bullets with axes. Let them see how deeply they penetrated the wood of the hardest tree of the forest, and let them ponder on the speed of the shots, the accuracy of the aim and the power of my medicine. Now go, children," he said. "Go home and reflect, and when I call for men, let the cowards stay at home."

THE crowd dispersed. He watched them go. He told his driver to go on. Then he walked up the middle of the avenue—a small, shriveled old man with a heavy rifle in the crook of his arm. He filled the street from tree border to tree border, so that, seeing him walk, you would have felt there was no room to pass. The first shots in the war of the elephants had been fired. The action whose end was in the hands of the high gods was begun. . . .

Maniero was with the *Chefe dos Correios* when Carew came into the office. Maniero stood up. *"Senhor* Carew," he said, "this is *Sua Excelencia* Ferdinando da Silva, the *Chefe dos Correios* of Querida."

To Da Silva, he said, *"Senhor* Carew, the English hunter."

Da Silva said, "I am not an excellency—not yet, that is."

Maniero said, *"Senhor,* a little extra honor, a little politeness, does no one any harm. And besides, one day you will be governor."

"One day, perhaps, if I live, my friend, and these elephants that plague me are removed." To Carew he said, "I heard a shot."

"Two shots," Carew said.

Da Silva said, *"Senhor,* do you know it is forbidden to fire a rifle in the precincts of the town?"

"They are fired," Carew said. "They cannot be taken back. I was here, *senhor,* before your father sucked his mother's milk. I have buried one of your predecessors, and I do not fire solid bullets costing perhaps ten escudos each to amuse myself. Those shots, Your Excellency, were the first directed against the lame one, your enemy."

Da Silva laughed. "Querida is yours, *senhor.* Shoot as much as you like! And now, a drink," he went on. "Was there not a wise man, an American, I think, who said, 'It is a long time between drinks'?"

They drank to success. To each it meant something different: to Da Silva, an end of the elephant worry and a governorship; to Carew, a final hunt, with death and Esther at the end of it; to Maniero, a little farm, where he might live in peace with some reputation and honor. He saw in his mind the garden that was to be—papaws, fat as melons, clinging to the tall stems of the trees; bananas, their leaves like green flags in serried rows. He thought of the rich smell of the turned earth. And through and behind it all was the thought of Maria Theresa Fierra.

MANIERO had been surprised to hear himself tell Da Silva that this was his last hunt. The words had sprung unbidden to his lips. His ears had heard them. His mind had said: Is this me, Maniero, talking? And now, after dinner, in the rondawel put at his disposal, he considered the matter.

"About that bill we sent Fuller & Company: They want another—without mayonnaise!"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

The farm, of course, was not a new idea. He had always meant to have one sometime. But the period had been in the unfixed, distant future, not now, in the present. Of course this was no ordinary hunt. It was a final contest, and if he killed the elephants, he would have conquered the greatest beasts of the forest. After that, anything else would be in the nature of an anticlimax. But there was more in it than that. From his heart, his soul, the depths of his personality, had come the command to stay his hand, the command that he had killed enough. As the urge to hunt had come upon him in his boyhood, flooding out all other dreams and aspirations, now the command to stop hunting had come from those same inner sources. In life, it seemed to him, there was a time for all things: a time to love and a time to hate, a time to plant and a time to reap. For years now, for all his life, almost, he had reaped the harvest of the forest in meat, ivory and skins. Now he must sow. His sword he would beat into a plowshare. He would send down roots. If he could find a woman who would share this life with him, he would marry. Twice a year or so he would visit his mother in town.

All that stood between him and this ambition was the lame one and his brother. Hatred for this lame animal welled up in his heart. Never before had he hated an animal. He knew, suddenly, that he feared this one, that he had feared him all his life, that he had had opportunities to follow him, opportunities which he had, seizing some excuse, refused to take. And he was suddenly glad of Carew's presence. He felt a sense of security in having at his side another of his own craft, a great master of the art—perhaps the greatest now alive.

Theresa he forced into the back of his mind, again astonished at the way his awareness of her kept forcing itself upon him. His thoughts of the smells of the forest had brought her perfume into his nostrils. The aphrodisiacal odor of scent and powder, of sweat and soap, of clean-washed linen—all blended into a scent which his hunter's mind registered as Maria Theresa.

His thoughts were interrupted by Carew, who came into his hut and said, "Now we will talk to the men of Querida. My old hunters wait—Lunda, Matissa, Siloko, and their people."

"Ah, the old hunters," Maniero said. "There are none like them left."

"There are no times like the old times, either," Carew said. "The days when the *nyala* swarmed, and the buffaloes ran in great herds. No," he said, "the world has changed in my lifetime. The game has gone. Even here there is much less, and men, as I knew them, have gone too. Both white and black, they are less than they were. But come, Maniero, we must convince them that we are still great. Greater than a couple of spook elephants."

They left together, their rifles over their arms. The rifles were dimpled with scars and polished with use. They were weapons, not toys. They were weapons, as the tusks of an elephant are weapons.

In the native quarter, round a great fire, the company of old hunters, trackers, their descendants, and the curious was gathered. Matissa was declaiming, telling of Carew's greatness. And then, suddenly, slipping through the assembly as though they were ghosts, so silently and quickly did they come—the two white men were beside him. Carew put his hand on the naked black arm that shone with grease in the firelight.

"We are here, old friend and companion. I, whom you never thought to see again, am here out of the dead days, out of the past. I have come once again to free you from your thrall." His voice rose. He pointed a hand at an old, almost naked man squatting by the fire, who held a great bow ornamented with strips of skin and charms. "Do you remember, Obiki, how you stood at my side, a young, strong man, when we recaptured the women the slavers had taken? Do you remember the hunts we had? The meat you ate at my fires?"

"Aai Inkoos, *aai* O Chief, O King, I remember."

"Now I have come again, with him upon whom my mantle is cast, with him who will carry my spirit on when I go to that distant place where so many of our friends await me. Tomorrow I and he"—he pointed to Maniero—"go to kill the great ones. The lame one and his brother."

"So you know," an old man said. "You know there are two. We thought no white man knew that."

"All things are known to me," Carew said. "And now, who goes with us?"

Four old men stood up, supporting themselves on long sticks. "We go, Inkoos. We go, carried by our sons. We, the old ones, would have one more hunt too."

Matissa pushed his cap of wildcat skin back on his head. "They are not far, Lord," he said. "No, they are near. It is in my heart and liver that they await us. Death has been long coming to them too. It is in my heart that they are ready."

"Who will come?" Carew asked. "Who will come with us old ones? Who dares?" he shouted. "Who dares?"

The crowd stood up, shouting, "We will come. All that are needed will come." Their eyes grew bloodshot in the firelight.

"It is beer that talks," said Carew, taunting them. "Even women with milk in their breasts are brave when their bellies are filled with beer. Tonight you will come. Tonight you are lions, but tomorrow you will be jackals, when, at the hour of the horns, we go hence to battle."

"We are men, O Chief," they said. "We will come."

"And you will dare?"

"With you, O Chief, we will dare."

The two white men left as they had come. One minute they had been there, the next they had gone.

THE clearing where the ill-fated native family had met their death was a march of thirty-odd kilometers beyond the last piece of negotiable track. At this point, where the road, ending in a game trail, had finally come to an end, Carew's truck and Maniero's car had been parked.

Their tents and goods were carried from here to the camp by porters, and Carew had walked, followed by a litter, with his old hunters round him, also followed by litters of a rougher kind. By the miracle of being again in the great forest, these old men had gained new strength. The forked-tailed blue jays sparkling in the sunshine, the lowries, the parrots, the black drongo shrikes, the spoor along their route, the buck that they glimpsed at times, all brought back the past to them, all made this final effort easy. The hum of the insects in the air, the croaking of the frogs at night, the feeling that the world about them was palpitating with unseen life and with death threatening each creature, excited them. The twin laws of nature, the law of life and increase, and the law of death and putrescence, all added to their feelings. The white men knew it and understood it, put it into words. The black men only felt it.

Before and behind the procession of old men were the bearers. A long way in front was Maniero with his trackers, hunters, and gun boy. Enclosing them all was the vastness of the forest world, and the great, blue, burning cup of the African sky.

At the ruins of the native hut, Maniero was waiting for Carew.

"It happened here," he said, and handed him a rough little knife made from the blade of an arrow. "They missed that."

Together they went over the ground, over the cold trail, but the giant signs of the elephants' wrath remained: the broken trees, the hut remnants, and other signs of the massacre. They found, too, a child's drinking cup made of a tiny tortoise shell.

Carew said suddenly, "This place is familiar to me." He sat down on a fallen tree with his head sunk in his hands. Then he looked up. "Is there not a small spring near here where she got her water? Is there not, over there"—he pointed north—"a giant baobab tree where two old roads meet, and, near it, a pan of fever trees?"

Maniero said, "I will ask the boys." He

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came back and said, "Everything is as you describe it."

"I will go there alone," Carew said. "Give me an hour, then follow me. That will be our forward camp. It is a good spot."

"You have camped there?"

"Yes," he said, "sixty years ago."

Then, picking up his rifle, he left them.

THE tree had not changed. It had not grown; it seemed no nearer death. He went up to it and laid his hands upon its bark.

"Esther," he said, "Esther, I am back. You have brought me back to where my life began." For his life had begun with his love; and, though he was still alive, had ended with it. Yes, there were their initials, C. & E.C.—Charles and Esther Carew—surrounded by a carved heart. Sixty years. And he was back at the point of his departure. He sat at the bastioned roots. This was where they had sat. He stared up at the giant limbs. They had stared at the same limbs sixty years ago.

"We'll camp here," he said when Maniero arrived. Suddenly he had taken the lead. There was no question about it. Maniero accepted it. The tent was put up, the stores piled. Wood was collected for the fire. And it was from here, at dawn, that the trackers started their work, casting forward, spread in a fan, like hounds, looking for fresh spoor.

They waited three days, living on canned goods, never firing a shot; and on the morning of the fourth day they got the news they wanted. The trackers had found fresh spoor. Two men came in, with wide eyes, to tell them. "They are here," they said. "Two and a half days' march away, in a piece of forest where there is no life, no water, where there is nothing but trees as gray as the elephants themselves. It is the land of the spirits."

"You know the place?" Carew asked.

"We know of it, but no one has gone there before us and come out alive."

"You are alive," Carew said.

"*Aai,* Lord, we are alive, but that is because they are waiting for you, the *senhors* —waiting to make an end."

"That, too, is our intention," Carew said. "Tomorrow you will put us on the spoor. Then we will go alone with two gunbearers, and the old ones who are so near to death that they fear it no longer." He turned to Maniero. "Will your gun boy go with you?"

Maniero called his boy. "Will you go with me, Joaquim?"

"I will go, Lord."

"Then this is the plan," Carew said. "When we are on the spoor, I will lead with Matissa, if he can get that far, and his son, carrying my second rifle. You, Maniero, will follow me."

"I should lead," Maniero said. "This is my business."

"You will follow," Carew said, "unless they go too far and fast for me. Please remember, Maniero, that though I do not court death, I am ready to go. This is my request, that you let me lead."

"If you insist," Maniero said. In his heart he was relieved that it should be so.

That night, Carew told Maniero the story of the baobab tree. He said, "This is where Pretorius wounded the lame one. He shot him in the grove of fever trees, and the lame one killed him there. That's where he is buried—among the yellow fever trees. They found him covered with branches. The lame one came back to do it."

"They do that sometimes," Maniero said.

"Yes," Carew said, "they do that sometimes. Just as sometimes they come back to the bones of their dead friends and roll them about and carry them in their trunks."

"Yes," Maniero said, "I have seen that too. I have seen the great skulls moved."

"It was here, too," Carew said, "that I wounded the lame one, twenty years after he had killed Pretorius. The elephant revisits this spot every so many years. That must be why he and his companion came back this time—to destroy this grave of fever trees, and once again revenge themselves on Pretorius."

Carew was silent for a moment. Then he said, "I brought my wife to this tree sixty years ago. Our marks are on its trunk. This is where I loved her." His old, gray eyes were as innocent as a child's. There was nothing to be modest about. Where was the shame in a man of his age telling his friend where his love had been consummated? It was as if he said, "This is the church where we were married."

How odd it was to think of this old man once being young and ardent, Maniero thought. It was as if a skeleton had suddenly clothed itself with flesh. But that was also true. Every skeleton had once been flesh, had once known love.

In these last days, he had thought much of love. Theresa was responsible for that. Why had it not happened before? Perhaps love had never been offered him before. Never so blatantly. He thought of Theresa and the glimpse she had given him of her body, and the promise in her dark eyes. It was hard for him to remember she was married to his friend, Eduardo Fierra. That is always a hard thing for a man to remember when a woman gives herself to him with her eyes. And his sudden desire to marry and settle down—was Theresa Fierra responsible for that, too? Was it the only way to escape her?

IN a hunt, as in a war, there are two sides, two points of view—that of the hunter and that of the hunted. But sometimes these two sides can merge as the battle is joined, the hunter being hunted, and the hunted becoming the hunter.

When beasts have been hunted as the great elephant they called the lame one and his brother had been hunted, and when they find on their trail, and following it on several occasions over a period of years, the same smell—that of a white man—the scent finally gets registered in the convolutions of their ancient brains and produces a peculiar effect: an effect of furious resentment against the monotony of a peaceful old age being broken into, being pierced by the irritation of interference. So when the elephants found the man on their spoor again, they planned to make an end. The elephants, as much as the man. It was no longer a case, as it had been before, of one side planning to follow and the other to escape; now all of them were planning to kill.

The elephants stood in a vast, dead island of *kwazine*—waterless, lifeless except for themselves who, though they were still alive, were like rocks endowed with wisdom, and subject only to habit. The fire had not quite died out of their old eyes. They stood swaying on their forelegs, swinging the vast bulk of their bodies from side to side. They were uneasy with the smell of blood. Its memory had not yet faded from their minds, despite their washing and trampling and mud wallows. They had eaten their fill. They had filled their tanks with water. They had left an unmistakable trail. They had come, not too far, but just far enough from the avengers who they knew would follow them; not so far that the hunters would think they had got clear away and give up, but far enough for the hunt to be stretched to its limit. Everything about them was taut, tightened to the snapping point. Even the forest seemed to await the final scene, the last act. The silence and the heat were unbearable, palpable, poised, waiting to be shattered by the explosion of a heavy shell or the screaming trumpet of a charging elephant. But nothing broke it. The elephants waited, and the men progressed.

MANIERO led with the trackers. Carew followed in a litter. Behind it came three others—those of his old hunters, carried by their grandsons. Behind them came the carriers, their burdens consisting almost entirely of water in cans and bottles. The food they had with them was simple: biltong, the dried jerked meat of Africa; Boer rusks, which are dehydrated chunks of bread; and mealie meal. Maniero had said they need not carry water because, even though there had been no rain, they would find pans for the first day at least, and they could fill up there. He knew this forest; he knew it at least up to the *kwazine*. There he had never hunted, because nothing lived there. But Carew said, "We will carry water." And Carew was right because, when they reached the pans with the usual fever trees, they found them fouled beyond use by the elephants. They had tramped all over them, wallowed in them.

"Well, you were right," Maniero said.

"I was right," Carew said, "because I know elephants. Because I am older than you. If you had lived to my age, you would have known too. They are aware of us. They did not have to do this. They drank their fill and then spoiled the water."

The next day, they came to the edge of the *kwazine*.

"They are here," the trackers said. "They are near."

They found fresh sign. There was the stink of elephants disturbed, as if fear and anger liberated foul juices into their excrement. Then they heard the elephants. There was a crash of a tree breaking.

"They've gone," Maniero said.

"Yes," Carew said, "but such elephants do not make a noise when they go. Why would they make a noise except to lead us on?"

"I must follow them!" Maniero said. "I have my orders."

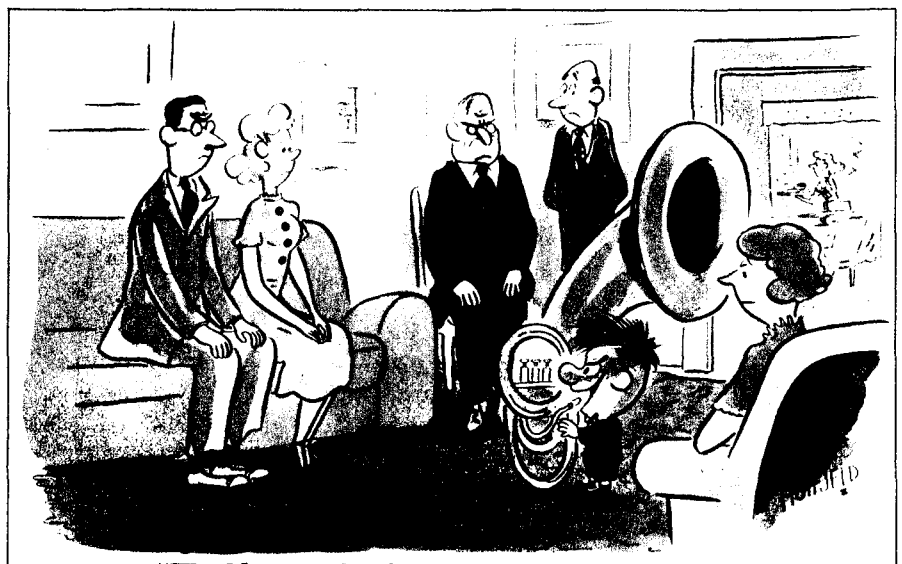
"We can wait," Carew said. "This is a trick. These elephants are angry. They are at war and will come back."

"I have never heard of such a thing," Maniero said.

"Nor have I," Carew answered, "but these are not ordinary elephants."

"I must follow," Maniero said. "What else is there to do?"

"Then follow. I shall remain here till the water is nearly gone. Make camp," he



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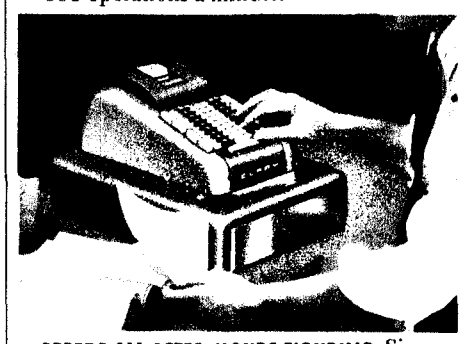

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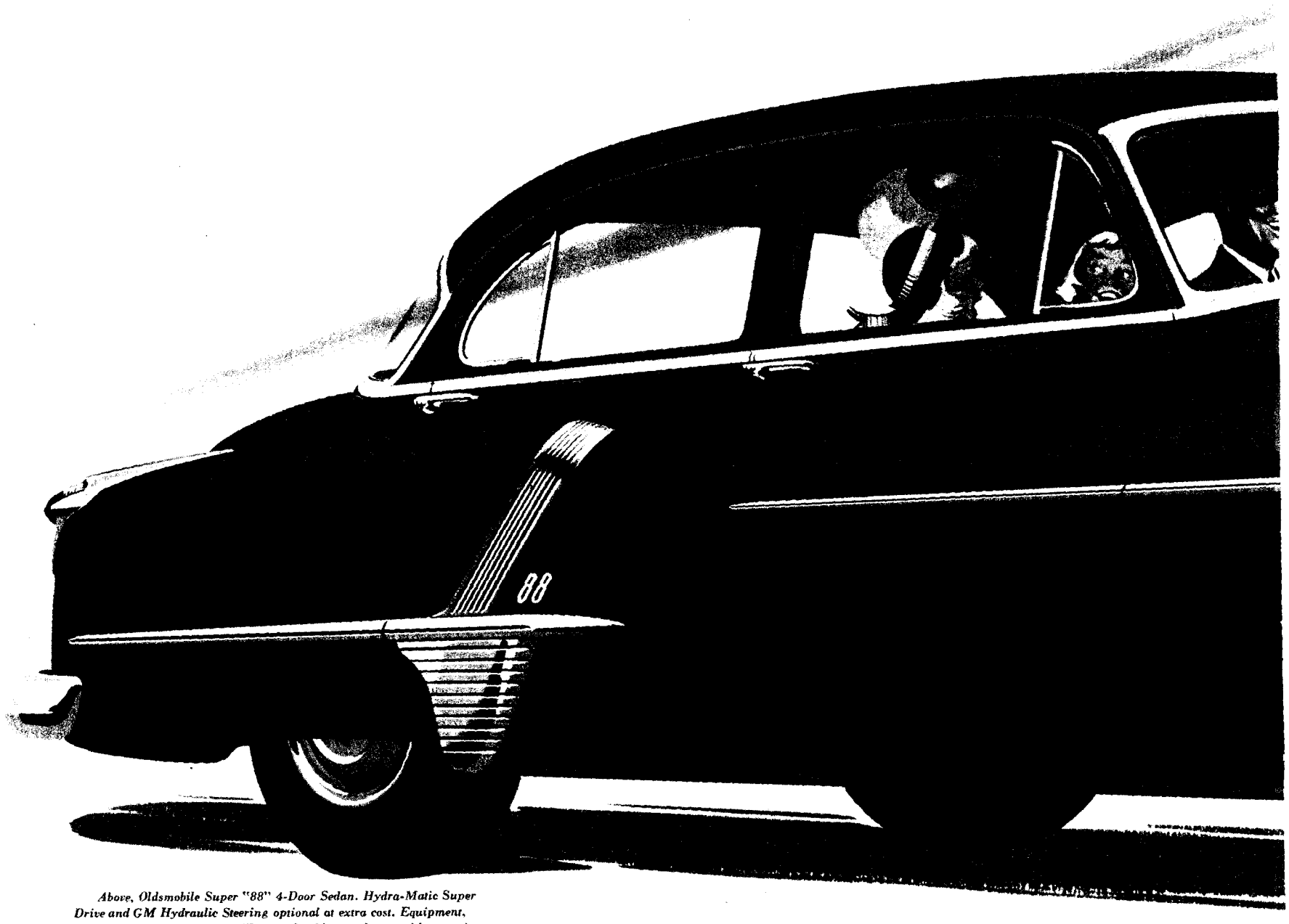

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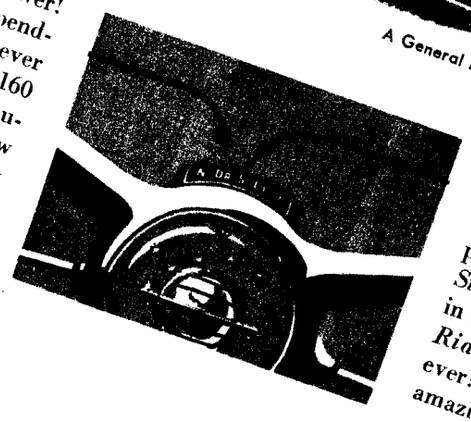

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said to the boys, "and good luck, Maniero. But be careful and do not go too far!"

"I will be careful," Maniero said, laughing. Careful, in this situation was a word that could not apply. All he could count on was his experience, his senses, and the extra sense that all great hunters have—the ability to feel danger before it is critical.

The elephants, when they had heard the hunters coming, had moved on, carelessly crashing through the small trees. They moved upwind, so they did not know whether they were being followed. They marched all day, hardly pausing to eat, only snatching at branches as they passed.

TIME pressed upon both hunter and hunted with an urgency neither understood. The man forced himself forward. The elephants drove themselves on, running, but not in fear. They were not running to escape. They were not even going into the country where there was no water, and where on other occasions they had waited till the hunt died down. On the contrary, this time they led their pursuer from water hole to water hole. But they were bad—nearly dried up. And since the man followed the elephants he took their leavings of water—water mixed with excrement and the mud squeezed up by their great feet. They were forcing the man on, making him follow, but poisoning him and exhausting him. Perhaps they did not know this, but to Maniero the elephants had become devils who were deliberately soiling everything. All that he had heard of these elephants came back to him, exaggerated by his exhaustion: one elephant, two elephants, two in one; elephants inhabited by the spirits of the Zulu kings. A man could not live in the forest among natives, as Maniero had, and have his unconscious mind remain completely immune to their superstitions.

Each drove the other, for the faster the man pursued, the faster the elephants had to go to evade him. On they went, the beasts and the man, from pan to pan, from water hole to water hole. But this time Maniero was prepared. He carried only biltong and water. He and Joaquim, his tracker, could live like this for days.

At last, the elephants marched into an area of bush and sandveld where, no matter how much rain fell, none stayed; every drop was drunk in by the ever-thirsty ground. That night they fed, and then, as if they had consulted each other, they swung north, then east toward the sea, then south again, moving fast, till they came on to their own spoor once more, and that of the hunter superimposed upon it. It was spoor that stank to them, stank of the white man, the enemy. It was the aphrodisiac of war.

When the elephants reached the sandveld, Maniero turned back. What a fool he'd been to come so far. He knew very well it was hopeless to follow elephants when they knew they were pursued. Once they started moving in a straight line, only a fool would follow them. Yet he had gone on like a man possessed. Possessed—that was the word. Something had got into him, some madness which canceled out previous experience, and forced him on.

He was tired, but not exhausted, and he still had water. For, despite what the elephants had done to the water, he had drunk it, filtering it through his handkerchief. His precious water was safe; it would get him back to Carew. Carew would know what to do. There was something there he himself could not fathom. Perhaps it was the age of his adversaries which only the age of Carew could parallel. . . .

While Maniero was away, Carew waited. It was not unpleasant to wait. This was what he had wanted—the last hunt. Well, Maniero was doing the hunting, he thought. He had boasted in vain about leading. He was too old.

The old men sat with him, and they gossiped about the great days of the past. Esther was all that was missing and he felt her near him. How she had loved the bush, the silence, the smell of the wood fires. At night, a hyena walked round their camp for several hours. He enjoyed hearing its moaning cry that was something between the low of a cow and the scream of a woman. There was more life at night. Once he heard a lion in the distance; an owl hooted from a nearby tree. The time passed very pleasantly for him. He was in his element among the people he understood—the old-fashioned Kaffirs who had not been spoiled by learning the worst of the white man's ways and forgetting the best of their own. They told tales, remembered old legends, smoked and spat as old men do, and the sun that was so hot for the young only served to warm them.

And while he waited, he watched and listened. In this stillness the sound of a shot from a 10.75 would carry a long way. In his heart, he was sure the shot would come from nearby, sure that the elephants would return. He did not know why, only knew that if he had been an old elephant it was what he would have done. It was what he had done—come back to the beginning to make an end. It seemed neater to him that way, somehow. Those elephants must be about ready to die, he thought. Perhaps they, like himself, wanted one more safari, wanted one more hunt, wanted to kill one more white man before they went off to die. There was no great elephant graveyard; that was just a story. But elephants did tend to return to the privacy of the swamps where they had been born, and die there. Men did that too. It was not sentiment alone that took men back to the scenes of their youth when they felt the end was near. There were a thousand things that called them. As the present faded, the past grew stronger, so that sixty years ago was nearer than yesterday, so that Esther was nearer than Maniero.

And all the time, Carew listened and watched, for the hunter in him was never at rest.

WHEN the elephants came to their spoor with Maniero's superimposed on it, they did not cross it. They stood back from the track and fingered it with the tips of their trunks, savoring their anger, building it up. Then, moving parallel to the spoor, they went into a thick patch of bush that overhung the trail. Here the tuskless elephant waited at right angles to the track while the lame one stepped into it, leaving a clear spoor. Fifty yards farther down, the lame one went into the forest too and stood beside the path. They were now in position.

Maniero was tired but he still hunted. His eyes were everywhere—on the spoor, and in the forest, and on each side of it. Every few minutes, he halted to watch and listen. He might hear the rumble of a giant stomach, the flap of an ear, or the gentle crack of a branch. He stopped and stood silently when he came on the spoor of the lame one. On the old spoor was a fresh print. Maniero's pulse quickened as he examined it and saw how new it was. So the elephant had come back and was ahead of him again. Carew had been right. He had said they would come back, and they could not have passed this spot more than a few minutes ago. Standing there beside the spoor, Maniero was right under the trunk of the tuskless elephant. For some reason, the elephant did not strike him. He waited. Perhaps he wanted to take him from behind, to chase him. At any rate, he waited, and Maniero went on.

The wind was in Maniero's favor. He tested it, picking up a little dry dust in the path and letting it run from between his fingers. How near was the elephant? He was not traveling fast now. And then he saw him. At least he saw a dark patch in the bush that might be an elephant, if it was not an anthill. He moved nearer. At thirty yards, he was certain. He saw the elephant's head through the higher branches of the trees—an awesome distance from the ground. He saw the brown tusks, like great curved limbs of a tree. The head became clearer, clear enough for a brain shot above the eye. He raised his rifle. It was then that the tuskless elephant moved silently on the track.

In his mind Maniero was thinking how dark the tusks of some of these bulls were, and then, just as he squeezed the trigger, the elephant moved his lower jaw. There, at the root of the tusk was a clean spot, a section of ivory white. Where had he seen that before? An elephant's tusk—a woman's thigh—Maria Theresa's thigh. As his finger completed its pressure on the trigger, he saw her as she stood with upraised skirt. But the thought of the woman had been enough. The whole trinity—the total force of mind and body, of personality, the projection of the hunter's will, in conjunction with the rifle and the shell exploding in the chamber of the barrel—was out of key. When, above all other times, the attention of the will should have been a hundred per cent on death, it was only ninety-nine per cent. The bullet went low and right. It crashed into the elephant's skull where the brain was protected by the vast honeycombs of bone surrounding it.

His failure surprised him so much that he was slow reloading. He was tired, too. He felt as though he had stood there for hours, though it had been only a moment. He tried, even in action, to make excuses for himself, to rationalize his failure. *Tired—Theresa—the flash of her thigh . . .* The bolt went home. He was ready, but the wounded elephant was on him, charging. There was still time for a frontal brain shot, through the roof of the mouth. He got it. The elephant staggered and fell, landing on his knees, his body supported by the great prong of his tusks.

As Maniero reloaded again, the tuskless elephant, who had come up from behind him, struck. For an instant, as he died, Maniero wondered how he could have forgotten that there were two elephants. How had a lifetime of experience, a lifetime of hunting, slipped from him?

The tuskless elephant struck only once with the great hawser of his trunk; then he stepped on Maniero's body. Then he seized Joaquim, his tracker, by the waist and threw him against the trunk of a tree. The body bounced away from it as a rag doll might, and lay sprawled at its roots. He went back to Maniero. Setting a foot upon his belly, he put his trunk about Maniero's waist and pulled him in two.

The elephant then went to his fallen brother. He pushed at him with his raised trunk, trying with tuskless gums to raise him. He caressed him and blew on him. Then he gave vent to his fury in wild blasts of his trumpet. He went back to Maniero and mashed him, trampling him, kneeling on him. He went to the gunbearer and did the same. Then he went back to his brother, as if to tell him that he was avenged, as if to apologize for his own mistake in not killing Maniero sooner.

He trumpeted again and went off to water, to the muddy pan the hunters had left behind them when they made their forward camp. He was moving, though he did not know it, toward Carew.

WHEN Carew heard the shots, they were not more than a mile or two away. He got up. So Maniero had made contact with the enemy. Two shots—he might have got them both! Carew picked up his .600, slipped some spare shells into his pocket, and walked up the path. Matissa, Lunda and Siloko, their spears in hand, followed him. Four old men alone in Africa, like frail leaves, three brown and one white, drifting down on the wind of destiny.

But none had lost his skill. Old as they were, they moved fast and silently, almost invisible in their old khaki, and their nakedness. They were of the forest, a part of it as much as the elephants themselves. Then, suddenly, Carew stopped, raised his rifle and fired. The shot rang out like the shot from a cannon, shattering the shimmering stillness of the afternoon. There was an elephant's scream and a crash of breaking trees as the tuskless one fell.

"Maniero!" Carew shouted as he reloaded. "Maniero!" There was no answer.

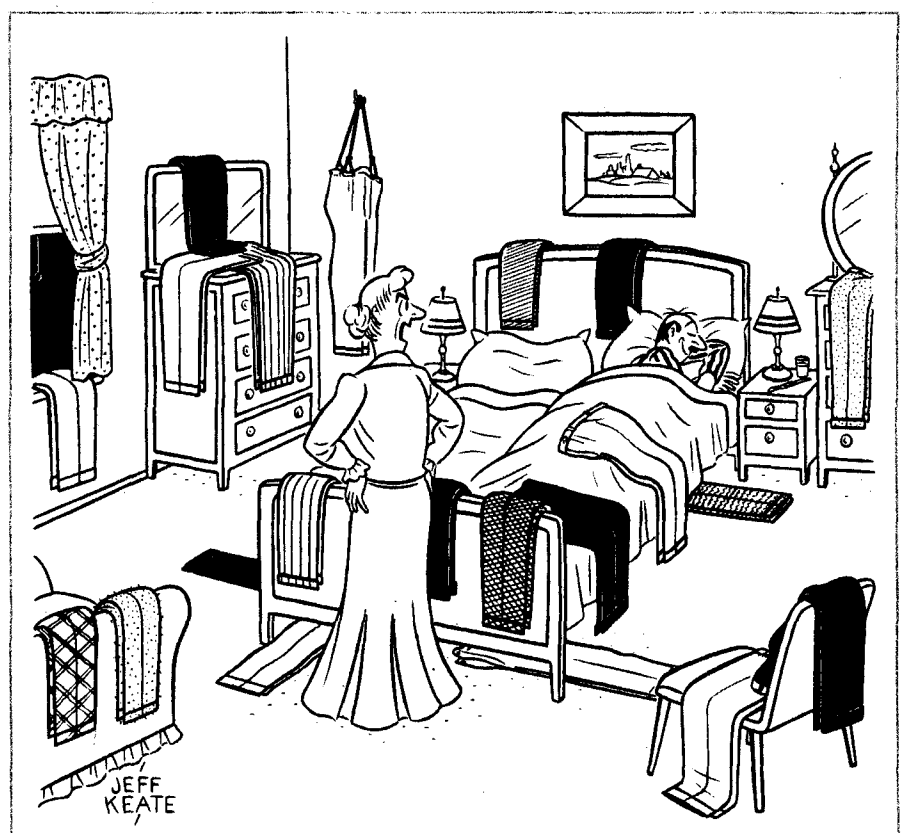
"Wait there," he said to the three old trackers. "I am going on."

"Where the Lord goes, we go," they said.

They went on till their path was blocked by the great bulk of the fallen, tuskless elephant. They went round him, and, to make certain, Carew gave him a shot into the root of the tail. "He's dead," he said. Then he shouted, "Maniero! Maniero!" Still there was no answer.

Carew went on, followed by the trackers. They moved cautiously; nothing stirred. And then they came onto the tusked elephant, broadside on. He had fallen on his knees and was propped up in a position of prayer. He was dead, all right, no doubt about that. Carew shouted. The only answer was a vulture that flew with heavy wings from a tree. How quickly they came. "Maniero!" Carew shouted again. "Maniero!"

Maniero was dead. He must be. They



COLLIER'S

"Okay, wise guy! Which pair is the wallet in?"

JEFF KEATE

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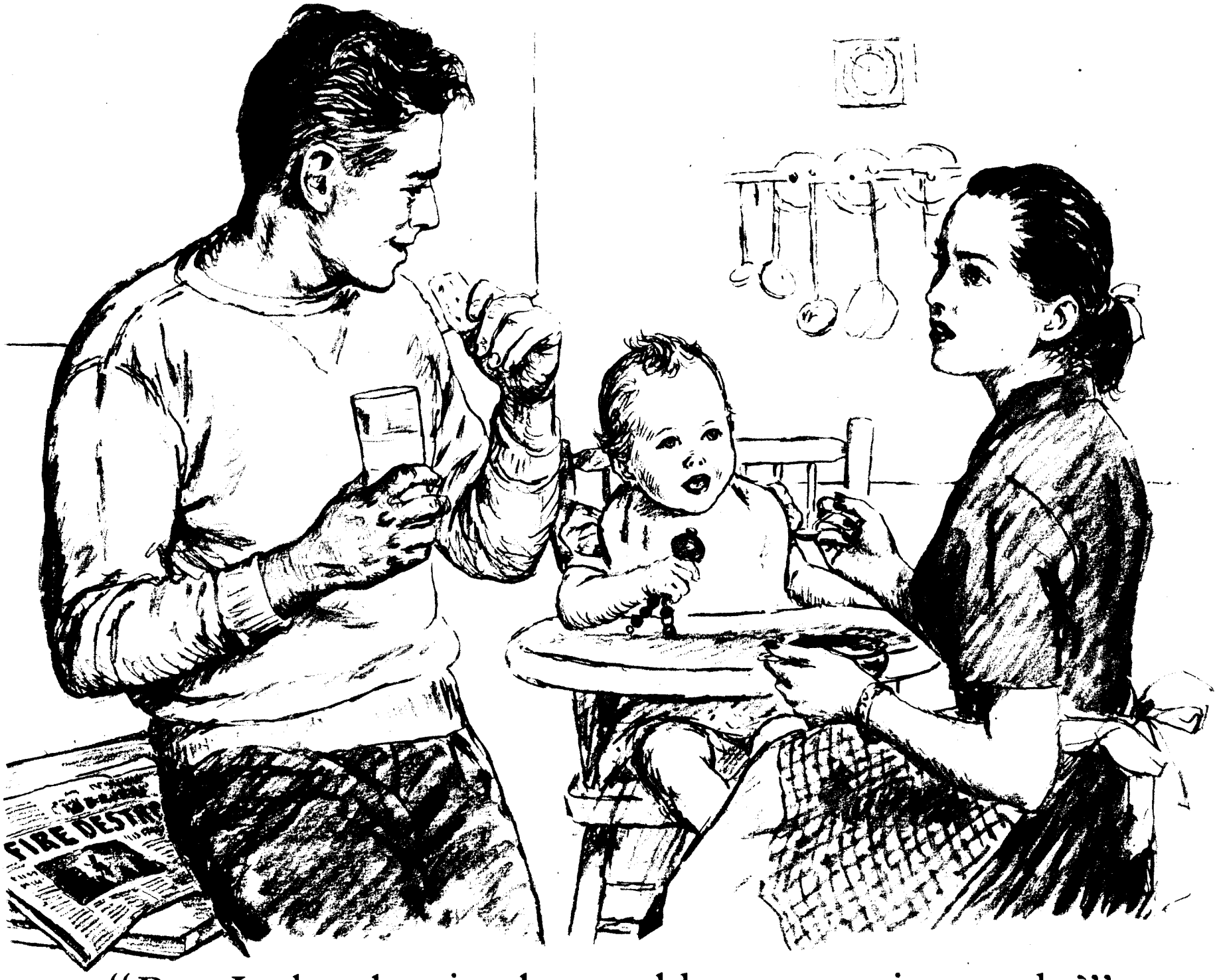

"But, Jack, what in the world *are* we going to do?"

"There's nothing to worry about, honey. All the firm's losses were covered by fire insurance. We're going back to work in temporary quarters until the new building is ready."

When insurance pays the firm's fire losses, it is helping all the employees, too. For it means their jobs are safe . . . their earning power will be quickly restored. In this way, fire insurance gives financial stability to all business, safeguards the security of your job, and helps to maintain your prosperity and well-being.

But fire insurance does even more than this. • It safeguards the community you live in by providing engineering and inspection services and by recommending laws for fire-safe construction. • It guards the lives of your children at school with fire prevention education. • In providing a sound basis for credit, it helps business, large and small, to enjoy the advantages of free enterprise. • And, of course, fire insurance is a vital factor in protecting the nation's expanding industrial production. • *That's why—in these critical times—fire insurance is everybody's business.*

Your home is worth more today.
Is it *FULLY* insured?

Suppose your home burned down today. Would your fire insurance rebuild it at today's higher costs? And what about your furniture, clothing, television set and all your other belongings! Have you increased your fire insurance on them?

Too little insurance can be very costly. Call your agent or broker right away for an examination of your policies.

CAPITAL STOCK Standard protection COMPANY INSURANCE

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE SPONSORED BY THE CAPITAL STOCK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES, THEIR AGENTS AND BROKERS, THROUGH THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, 85 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK 38, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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spread out and went round the elephant. There they found the crushed remains of Maniero and Joaquim.

"I will stay here," Carew said. "Bring the men and the gear, Matissa. Send back for more men. Your spooks are dead, and the great hunter on whom my mantle was to have fallen has preceded me into the land of death. Moselikatze and T'Chaka are no more. Maniero is no more."

"*Aai*," Lunda said, "he is dead, very dead. All are dead but we, the old ones."

Carew took off his sweaty hat. "Go fast, Matissa. There is much to do." He sat on the ground and stared at the vast bulk before him. So the elephants were dead—both of them. Their long marches were over. They were at rest. And Maniero's little farm remained a dead man's dream.

ONCE again, Carew had survived. He wondered why, when you were so tired, it was so hard to die. Maniero, poor Maniero, who had laughed with him about his barrel of brandy. Well, who would be pickled in it now? He got up and began to cover the bodies with branches.

He reconstructed the disaster in his mind as he went over the spoor. He saw where the tuskless elephant had stood. Why had he not struck when Maniero passed him? And why, when Maniero had killed the tusked elephant, had he not been ready for the other one? There was an unexploded cartridge in the breech of the broken 10.75.

When the boys came, he put Maniero's remains in a blanket, making it into a kind of parcel which he lashed with thongs. That was the best he could do now.

As night fell, the boys chopped out the tusks by the light of an immense fire. In the roof of the tusked elephant's mouth, they found the blade of a spear. It had not been there long. It must have been flung by the dead native in an attempt to protect his family. In the left thigh, they cut out the great four-ounce bullet that Pretorius had fired into him all those years ago. In the head, Carew found his own bullet of fifty years ago.

But even before the tusks were out, crowds of natives had drifted in, like ghosts, from every track in the wilderness. The news of meat had been spread. The news that the giants that had haunted the forest were dead had gone with it. The natives came marching through the night with flaming torches. They surrounded the recumbent giants. They built great fires. They climbed the bodies. Their spears and knives carved great strips of meat.

Witch doctors came in their panoplies of rattles, bones, skins and charms and frightened the earlier comers into giving them the fragments they coveted—the white, stubby tails, the eyelashes, the trunk tips, the hearts and livers, the very toenails.

The smell of roasting meat, mixed with the smell of sweating bodies and wood smoke, filled the air. Like ants, men and women poured into the arena to stare, to butcher, to feast and finally to leave in a long string, chanting as they marched. The devil-god elephants were dead. The old hunter, Carew, whom they called "the killer," was back among them. A story that they had heard since childhood had come to life, materialized in their midst.

Carew had poles cut, and the tusks were lashed to them. Two men carried each tusk, holding the poles on their shoulders. The parcel that was Maniero was put into Carew's litter. He walked beside it. Joaquim, Maniero's gun boy, they had buried where he fell. Perhaps Maniero should have lain beside him, but it seemed better that he should go back. They would give him a fine funeral, with soldiers and flags and a gun carriage, for he had died like a soldier in action. This would console his mother and make his dead name famous. Dead, he would live in the minds of men more fully than he had alive. Alive, he had been known only to hunters, but now he would be known to all—a hero. . . .

"There is little to say," Da Silva said. "One can only wonder at the inscrutable laws of fate, at chance, at accident, at Providence."

"You wonder, *senhor*," Carew said, "that it was Maniero and not me."

"I do," Da Silva said. "Not that I should not have regretted your death, *senhor*, only I was prepared for it. The barrel . . ."

"Yes, the barrel, and now Maniero's in it. And I, who was in haste, must wait. It is a terrible thing that a strong man should take so long to die."

"And now?" Da Silva asked.

"Now I shall take him back. You must see that he has honors. A brave man, *senhor*—a fine hunter and a good friend."

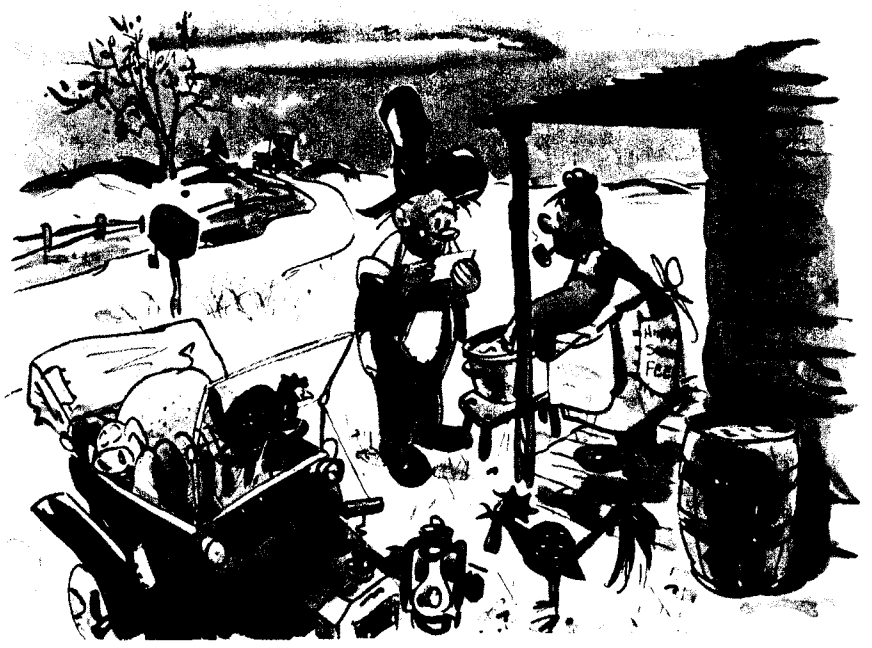
"He shall have them. At least I will do my best. And you, *senhor?*"

"I? The dream is past, the dream of death in the forest. I shall go back and die like a woman, in a bed. In Esther's bed."

"Esther?"

"Esther, my wife who left me twenty years ago. It is a lonely bed. But for an old man, everything is lonely when only life is left. A man can survive too long, *senhor*. He can outlive his time."

KENNESAW



"It's from the gas station. It says, 'It's been just 32 years and four months since we greased your car' "

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

"Perhaps it will not be too long," Da Silva said.

"Pray for me," Carew said. "Pray that it will not be long."

DA SILVA had written his report. It had left by runner at dawn, but more than this, he felt, was necessary. The report was too cold, too stylized, too official. The circumstances warranted—nay, demanded—more than this. He was a man of imagination, and he had been touched to the profoundest depth of his being.

"The garden," he said to himself. "In the garden it will come to me. More must be done, but what more?"

On the seat in the arbor, looking over the vast panorama of the coastal plain, it came to him. He thought: I will write to His Excellency, the Governor General. I will write personally, as one man to another. He smoked one more cigarette and went into his office.

With great care, he chose a piece of paper and picked up his pen. This was not a letter to be typed. It must be written by hand. Why this was so he did not know, but that was the way it had to be. He wrote *Your Excellency* in a pointed, copperplate hand. After *Excellency* he put a colon, making the two spots with great deliberation. Then he continued:

I am taking the liberty of writing to Your Excellency a personal letter about the events which I reported officially this morning. I do this out of the emotional fullness of my heart, trusting that Your Excellency will understand my motive. This is a lonely life, and events assume a magnitude which is, perhaps, out of proportion to their true value; yet the impact of such events upon such a man as I demands relief, demands explanation, and, in my opinion, deserves something more than the official record in the files of the colony.

On the face of it, as per my report, what is there of the remarkable? A native killed, his wife and child killed. A famous hunter killed—one who will be a great loss to the colony. And the death of the two greatest elephants of our time, whom we thought, till this happened, to be but one elephant, and this elephant the "political elephant" that both amused and infuriated Your Excellency. That, at least, is over now. The spirit of the great black kings is now forever laid by the bullets of the late *Senhor* Maniero and the English hunter, Carew, of whom Your Excellency must have knowledge.

I have added to my collection of trophies the tragic remains of this disaster: a tiny tortoise shell that must have been used by the child as a cup, a rude knife made from the point of an arrow, a spearhead that was taken from the roof of the mouth of the lame one, and, finally, the bullet weighing a hundred grams that lamed the tusked elephant, and was fired, it is believed, by Manie Pretorius, whom he killed.

Yet, there is more than this. There is a certain spiritual factor, an element of justice in the death of the hunter, Maniero. For many years he reaped the harvest of the forest, only in the end to fall its victim, killed by the great beasts he hunted. There is, too, the strange paradox that Carew, who wished to die—even paying the colony the compliment of returning for that purpose—should live, and that Maniero, in the full strength of his manhood, should be dead.

Maniero leaves a widowed mother without support, and I have the hope that Your Excellency will obtain a small pension for her from the Central Government in Lisbon. Maniero was of inestimable service to the colony in general, and to my administration in particular, killing many dangerous elephants and, at my request, hunting meat for the people in my charge in times of scarcity. Hunger, as Your Excellency well knows, is both the mother and father of discontent. Perhaps this idea of obtaining a pension for my poor friend's mother is the motive, or at least one of the motives, for this letter to Your Excellency. A man does not even know his own motives, so varied are they, so hidden. God alone can know them, and I feel that God, removing his protection from Maniero, will, in the guise of Your Excellency's generosity, allow his charity to fall upon the man's mother.

I have given *Senhor* Carew a letter to Your Excellency and hope that Your Excellency will give him audience, for he is a remarkable man. Though he is nearly ninety years of age, he killed the last of these two terrible monsters with a single shot, as if it were a partridge. I can vouch for this performance. I may add that nothing would have induced me to accompany *Senhor* Carew who, perhaps because he courts death, has eliminated fear from his soul. And the sight of him firing into one of these terrible animals is, I am told, something that must be seen to be believed. This old man, with the macabre humor of his nation, arrived with an immense barrel of cheap brandy in which his boys were to pickle him should he meet his end in the forest, and into this barrel went, not old *Senhor* Carew, but poor Maniero.

The tusks, which are immense, *Senhor* Carew wishes to present to Maniero's mother. That is to say, they are to be sold, and the proceeds given to her. It appears, from what Maniero told me, that he had been commissioned by an Indian dealer to get a very large tusk with which to make a special crucifix that is to be donated to the Holy Father in Rome. It is an order, I understand, from the Spanish chargé d'affaires in the colony. And here, once more, we encounter the strange paradox of circumstance: that this great beast that was all but a god or a devil, or a blend between the two in the native's mind, should have the tooth that was his ornament carved into a representation of our Saviour suffering His agony upon the cross on Calvary, and have it hang in Rome itself. So, perhaps, after all, Maniero did not die in vain, but died for the purposes of God, to serve Him, and perhaps something of his spirit will enter those who look upon this cross. The second tusk, I would suggest, should be bought by the government as a natural curiosity and hung, suitably mounted, either in Your Excellency's official residence or in the Museum of Natural History.

The tails, whose stumpy hairs were white, and the eyelashes, and many other parts of these great beasts, were removed by the natives at once. These parts, which are credited with special magical powers, are, I understand, already in the hands of the witch doctors, among them the one who was to blame, from what I can make out, for the first of these tragedies—the death of the native, his wife and their child. It was he who told the young man that to expiate his crime of marrying within the elephant totem, he must live among them.

All this passes the comprehension of an ordinary man like myself, and I am filled with wonder at the strangeness of life and the wonderful ways in which the Almighty directs the destinies of men. God did not wish *Senhor* Carew to die, so he was saved. But Maniero He took to His bosom—Maniero, my friend, the reaper of the forest.

I now close this letter with a renewed apology for the liberty I have taken in writing it, and I trust that the exceptional circumstances which caused me to write will be justification enough to cause Your Excellency to pardon me.

I remain Your Excellency's obedient servant,

FERDINANDO DA SILVA.
Administrator of the district of Querida.

THE END

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The Pickering Pickle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

threatened the very foundations of America!"—Art Fox, Detroit Pickering Agency. Etc. The fact that they really said these things a year ago, and not about our picture at all, is of no moment. To the unsuspecting public, they will sound like hot comments right from the Pickering inner circle, made no later than last night, and after viewing our thrilling picture. Which *you* can now see for only a dollar and a quarter—hurry, hurry!

Isn't that a beauty? By the time Eagle-Siegel wakes up to what is happening, they will have their own spavined ad campaign so far under way that it will be difficult to stop, and by the time they can get any new ads out, we will already have paid off the mortgage.

And I can't see that the Pickering people can bring any wrath whatever down upon our heads. Every statement we use will be something that one of their men actually said in the newspapers at the time. How can they complain? We will have them by their short, sleuthy whiskers.

There is only one slight difficulty. I definitely remember reading these statements about the case somewhere, at some time, but I'll be darned if I can remember where or when. The hardest thing in this world to find is the newspaper that you saw something in a year ago. Or even last week. I sometimes think they must reprint all the file copies of old newspapers, taking out everything anybody could possibly look for.

Which is where you come in. The Pickering Agency has no doubt kept a complete file of all these old clippings, along with their other records of the case. And since there is no doubt a limit to the filing space in their head office in Washington, this stuff is no doubt sitting right there in the file in the Detroit office. Just waiting to be of assistance to Uncle Dick. The only trouble is that by now they hate us so that it is inconceivable that they would willingly give us so much as one glance at it.

Need I say more? Hop up to Detroit immediately, and steal those Denny Murtagh records. And zip them out here to me with the speed of light.

Love,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
THANKS A LOT, BUT LUCKILY I'VE JUST SIGNED WITH RINGLING CIRCUS TO WRESTLE A BEAR. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA PA

GEORGE, THERE'S NOTHING TO IT. JUST SLIP IN THERE SOME NIGHT, AND RIFLE THE FILE. THEY'LL TREAT YOU WITH EVERY COURTESY. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
I'M SURE THEY WOULD. AS THE FBI TREATED DILLINGER. MISTER DILLINGER, I PRESUME—BONG! RICHARD BOY, LET'S BE SENSIBLE. I WANT NO TRUCK WITH THOSE PICKERING MEN. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA PA
THEN I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE A FINE TIME WITH YOUR BEAR, AND IF YOU EVER PLAY HOLLYWOOD ONE OF YOU BE SURE AND CALL ME.
RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
OKAY, IT'S YOUR NECK. BECAUSE IF I GET CAUGHT ON THIS ONE I'M GOING TO HOLLER LIKE A SCARED HOG. BUT I'LL HAVE A TRY AT IT. LEAVING FOR DETROIT LATER TONIGHT. GEORGE.

ROYAL HOTEL
Detroit, Michigan
January 12, 1952
Air-Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California.

Dear Dick:

Do not let the name of this hostelry fool you. I have chosen one of the smallest hotels in town, because on this assignment Heaven knows I do not wish any unnecessary uproar.

But to business. And to think that the man said this would be easy! Sitting there in your cracked ivory tower, how little you know.

Allow me to give you the facts up to this point.

Thinking that nothing was too good for the Pickering Agency, I carefully chose my finest forged press card, the one identifying me as Paul Showers of the New York Times, and at about three this afternoon I marched up to the Pickering office and presented it, asking to see someone in authority.

What I would do if I got in I wasn't sure; I just wanted to test their defenses. I could always make up something walking down the hall.

But anything further proved unnecessary. The man at the reception desk gave the press card a short glance, and then looked up at me.

"This is a forged press card," he said calmly. "You are not Mr. Paul Showers. You are Mr. George Seibert of Federal Pictures, and you have come here, foolishly, to steal the Denny Murtagh records. Since that is, of course, impossible, is there anything else that you wish?"

The man at the *reception desk!* Heavenly days.

"No," I said. "I was just trying to win a bet. See you later."

And, badly shaken, I came back here to the hotel to think things over. If they count the threads in your very underwear as you come up the front steps, it is going to be a little difficult for me to operate here. For my best work I need at least a light topcoat—something with a few pockets for the props. This is like trying to outwit an X-ray machine.

In fact, after thinking it over with some thoroughness, there seems to be only one possible answer: it can't be done. It was a fool idea to begin with. You can't filch any records from a Pickering office. They have every drawer, every keyhole, booby-trapped.

Surely there is some other work I could be doing for you.

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
ROYAL HOTEL DETROIT MICH
DON'T FEEL YOU HAVE TO HURRY. WE DON'T REALLY NEED THOSE RECORDS TILL SATURDAY. DICK.

ROYAL HOTEL
Detroit, Michigan
January 13, 1952
Air Mail

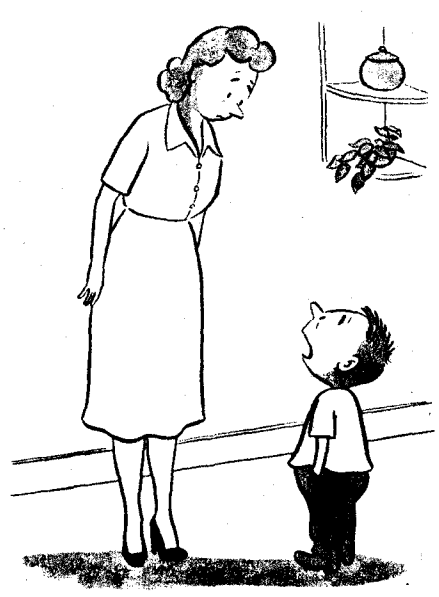
Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California.

Dear Dick:

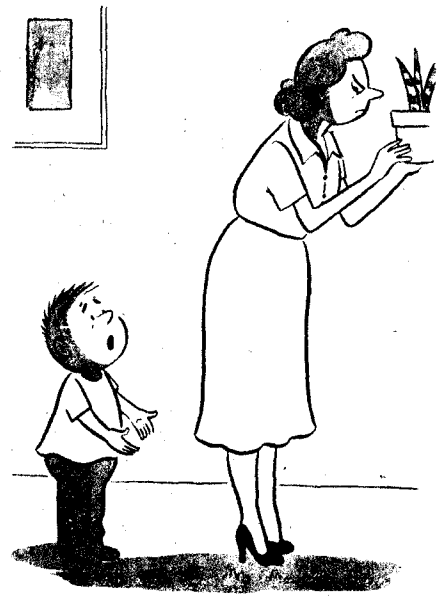
The thing I like about this job is the support I get from the home office. When I'm out in the field all alone, it's so nice to know

Give Me Strength!

By RAY HELLE

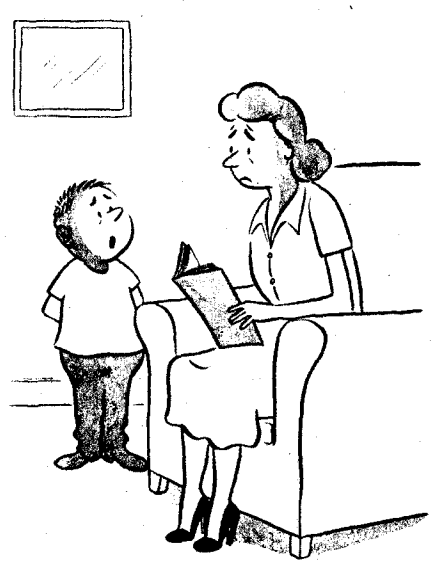


1. "Just one little cookie?"

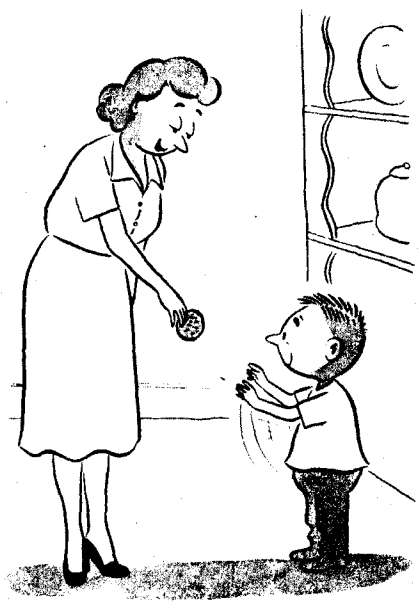


2. "I won't ask any more"

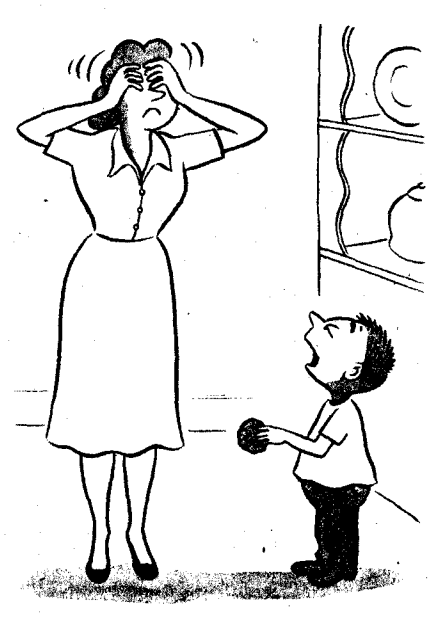
3. "Only one—a broken one?"



4. "Can I have the crumbs?"



5. "Here you are. ONE cookie"



6. "Can't I have two?"

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that the boss is behind me. It would be even nicer if you were occasionally behind me without the pitchfork.

But at least you're consistent. Anybody working for you has the benefit of knowing what to expect. When I send out a plea of any sort regarding my welfare, I proceed as though there were no possibility whatever that it would ever be delivered. I send out the smoke signal, heat my lance in what's left of the fire, and sally forth. With never a backward glance.

Which is what I did this morning. I faced an opponent who was armed with every known weapon of power and intelligence, plus, seemingly, the joys of second sight. My chances of successfully storming this fort were, as any fool could see, remote. The more I attempted to figure out some possible brilliant line of attack, the more I saw that even the most inspired brilliance would have no more chance than a snowball in hell. I would be torn asunder before I had even made it to the foot of the stairs.

There was, indeed, only one possible course that might work—an approach so utterly idiotic that they would be unable to conceive of anybody actually trying it on them.

About ten this morning, therefore, I made my way to an electrical supply house, and purchased a nice shoulder roll of bell wire, a commodious leather tool kit, an assortment of pliers and screw drivers, and other likely-looking items. Choosing one small screw driver to take along, I paid for the other items and left, saying I would call for them later. I then went to a war-surplus store, and bought a spring outfit of used work clothes. "It doesn't have to be too sturdy," I said; "I don't work often."

That done, I repaired to the hotel. And, using my fine new screw driver, I disassembled the room telephone to the point where I could study its innards. And I am happy to report that it seems to be a good, sound mechanism; it is readily apparent why you can knock one off a desk with a crash like an earthquake in a hardware store, and still have it continue to operate. A good, sturdy instrument.

But it was no time for idle thoughts. It was nearly noon, with much to be done. Hurriedly departing, I took a streetcar a couple of miles across town, went in the side door of a completely different hotel, out the front door, and got in a cab. And sped to the bus station, pausing en route to pick up the work clothes. At the bus station, I rented a locker, changed into my work clothes in the men's room, and stowed my own natty duds in the locker. I then took another streetcar to the electrical house, where I shouldered the bell wire and the other appurtenances, stuffing approximately ten of the smaller screw drivers in the outer breast pocket of the work jacket.

With everything thus seemingly in order, I boarded another streetcar and took off to fix the Pickering office's telephones. Whistling, as I recall, somewhat hollowly, Yankee Doodle.

Fortunately, as I'd figured, a different watchdog was on the reception desk during the noon respite. "Phone comp'ny," I said. "Got a bad ringback from somewhere in the records section; musta got a wrong cycle clapper in there somewhere."

"Third floor," he said. "Room 341."

It worked!

Once inside, the rest was simple. There was only one man on duty among the filing cabinets during the noon hour, and after a moment's expert phone fiddling, I asked him to go out to the switchboard and ring each of the extensions in the room in turn till I told him to stop. And, trusting soul, he went.

The instant he cleared the door, I was at the filing cabinets like an octopus. And what luck! Lying right on top of the M file was a large sealed envelope marked DENNY MURTAGH RECORDS. They must have had it out for something. Hurling it into my tool case, I quickly reassembled their telephones—taking a moment to adjust the ring of one that had been sounding like a sick cat—gathered up my screw drivers, and strolled out. Thanking my loyal helper as I passed the switchboard.

And around the nearest corner, first making sure that I wasn't being followed, I leaped into a cab. Going, of course, not back to the hotel, but to the railroad station. There, still conspicuously shouldering the bell wire, I bought a ticket to Eutaw, Alabama. Let them try to tell *that* to a pursuing Pickering man.

I then walked out the side door to the taxis, back in the front door, and rented a locker. In it I deposited the wire, and, with regret, my new tools. Now burdened only by the booty, I took another crowded streetcar back over to the bus station. Incidentally, the police of this nation should be eternally grateful that bank robbers don't have sense enough to use streetcars more. If they did, we would be utterly at their mercy; there is no more anonymous form of transportation.

At the bus station, I changed back into my normal fashionable attire, boarded another streetcar, and here I am back at the hotel. *With* the loot.

And as soon as my shattered nerves recover—it may take until sometime tomorrow—I'll get a box of some sort, bundle up this stuff, and dispatch it to you air mail. And then I intend to get out of this town with some haste. I still, for the life of me, can't see why you would have taken such a real chance to get this stuff, but, since you wanted it, may I only say that I have it for you.

And I defy even the FBI to discover what happened to it. A ten-year-old tomcat couldn't have covered his tracks more completely.

In fact, I don't think that it would be going too far to say that this noon the Pickering Agency finally met its match.

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
ROYAL HOTEL DETROIT MICH
IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY MAILED THAT STUFF DON'T THINK OF MAILING IT TILL YOU GET AIR MAIL SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER NOW ON WAY. DICK.

JACK ZIMMER
DETROIT FREE PRESS DETROIT MICH
QUICK. TELL THE PICKERING OFFICE THEY CAN PICK UP GEORGE AT THE ROYAL HOTEL. HE'S THERE NOW, WITH THE EVIDENCE.
RICHARD L. REED.

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

January 14, 1952
Air-Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Royal Hotel
Detroit, Michigan

Dear George:

George, next February 14th you can be my Jimmy Valentine. But meanwhile don't break your arm patting yourself on the back over your talent for burglary. Because the truth is, George, that the whole thing was just a gigantic gag. And by now, I imagine, you are a little better acquainted with the Pickering Agency.

I'm sorry that it had to be done this way, but it was the only way I could think of to work you in on the blind side of those people. If we had merely gone up to the front door, rung the bell, and asked for co-operation on any publicity nonsense, we would have been given a very stony reception.

However, I was not a police reporter for ten years for nothing. (For darned near nothing, but not quite.) And I have never seen a cop yet, of whatever size or shape, who didn't get quite a kick out of any small practical joke that involved his momentarily throwing his authority around. If they can come stalking in and scare you half to death, and then say it's okay, they just want you to do your card tricks at the policeman's ball—that, to a cop, is great fun. And, actually, you can't blame them; it's about the only fun they get out of a thankless job.

For our present purposes, however, it was a perfect setup. Do you remember Jack Zimmer, the Detroit police reporter who worked out here for us for a while, and who quit and went back to his police reporting when we gave you a raise without giving him one? He hasn't been exactly a fan of yours since. Well, last week I called up Jack, told him that you were finally getting a little too big for your britches, and that I had thought up a small gag to take you down a peg or two. Since you were so firmly convinced that you could perform any known wonder, I was going to send you to Detroit to steal the Denny Murtagh records from the Pickering office. "Oh, ho, ho, ho," said Jack, "that's a good one."

And he happily agreed to enlist the aid of a few of his friends in the Detroit Pickering office in playing a small joke on you. That's why they had you so cold the minute you walked up to the reception desk. They were waiting for you with happy anticipation. And when you fell back and staggered away, they made up that impressive-looking envelope of phony records—there's nothing in that envelope but blank paper—and put it there on the file where it would be handy for you. They knew you'd return, with some such childish dodge as that telephone-man routine. So all the time you were in the building, everyone was chuckling heartily, and even slapping their thighs.

And when I got your letter, all I had to do was wire Jack where to tell them to pick you up, and I hope that you didn't have too unpleasant a time during the interrogation.

At any rate, if all has gone well, you are now released, sadder but wiser, and here is where we proceed to the pay-off. Because now that you are so well acquainted with the boys, all you have to do is toddle back over there, looking boyish and contrite, own up to what a fool you were to think that you could outwit a Pickering man, and let them laugh at you for I'd say about twenty minutes. By the time they stop laughing, you will be poor old George to one and all, oh, ho, ho, ho.

And while they're still chuckling, you will proceed to outwit them but good. Of course I want not only those newspaper clippings, I want some new statements from some of those guys that will make really good ad lines, I want definite permission to use them in the ads, and I want copies of as many as possible of the photographs they took at the time they cracked this Murtagh case. With this material in hand, I can easily convince a credulous nation that we have the movie of the age.

And now that I have successfully got you in there so solidly, I have every confidence that you will be able to talk them out of these few little things I need.

Love,
Dick.

STREETCAR X
Detroit, Michigan

January 14, 1952
Air-Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Whew. It's sure a good thing you sent me that wire. I hadn't thought of it, but how right you are. And believe me, I didn't have to wait for any following letter to know what you were going to tell me. The Pickering Agency is, of course, watching every post office in town, and the minute I had tried to send these Denny Murtagh records I would have been nailed like a loose shutter. Whew. What a close one.

But, fortunately, due to your telegram, I have made a clean getaway. The minute I got your wire, I threw my stuff in the bag and checked out of that hotel as though it were on fire. And I must say that this Pickering Agency astounds me more every minute. A bloodhound with two noses couldn't have followed my trail back to that hotel, but just as my cab pulled away, another cab pulled up behind, and two of the men I'd seen at the Pickering office got out and went in. How they had succeeded in tracking me, I do not know—the very paving stones must be in league with them—but however they had done it, it was clear that in a matter of minutes the alarm would be clanging all over town.

And the staggering problem was that if my previous trail-covering hadn't fooled them, what would? Further maneuvering seemed almost ridiculous. I felt like a

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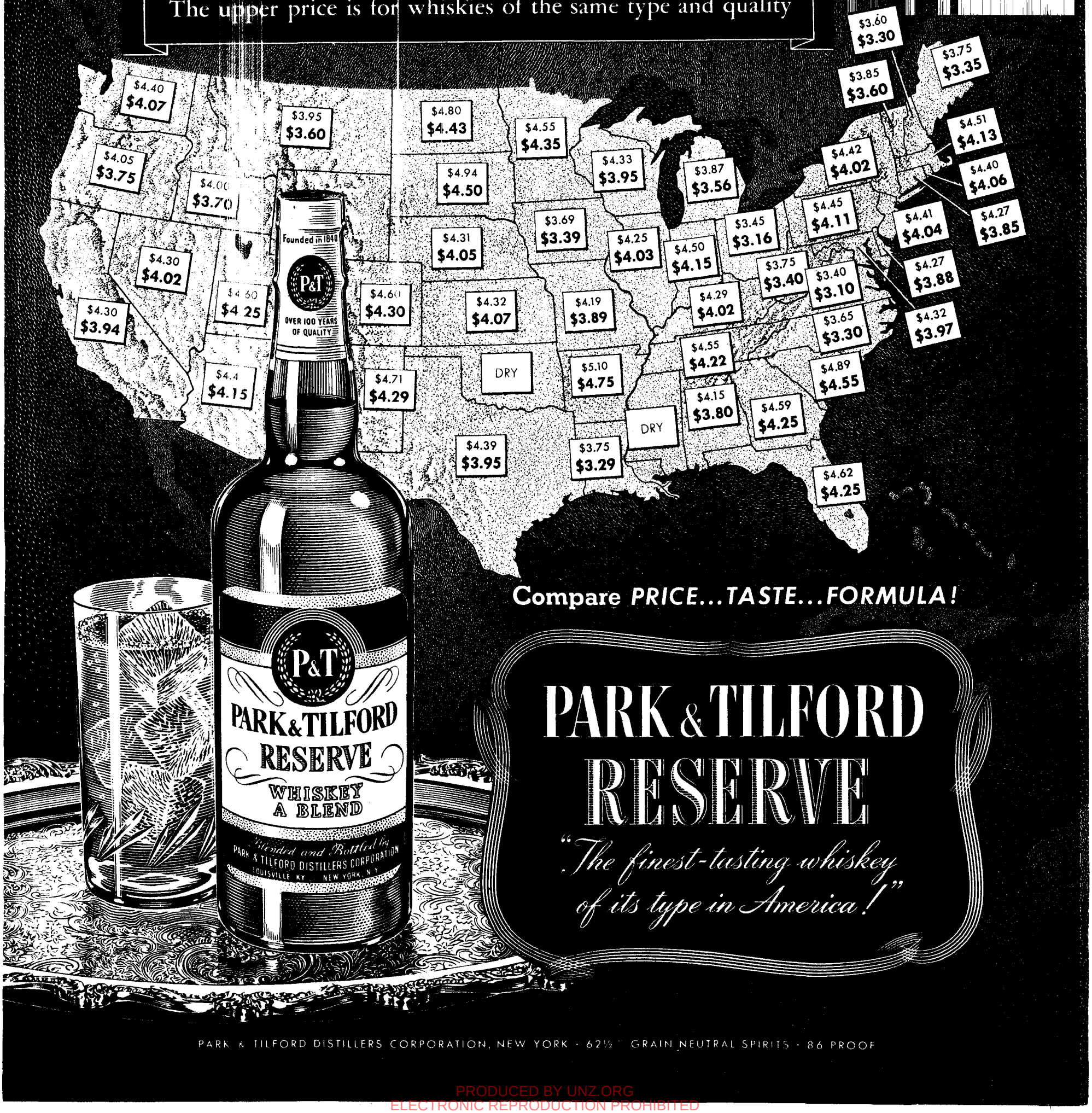

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magnet trying to elude an iron filing. But perhaps I would think of something. Dismissing the cab in front of the first large hotel we passed, I went in one door, out the other, and boarded a streetcar.

Which is where I am now, and where, until I can think of something, I intend to stay. It's a noisy life, but I have stationery with me, and I can always pay some honest-looking departing passenger ten cents or so to mail letters. Even the Pickering men can hardly check every ordinary letter that goes through the Detroit post office. And even if they do, I assure you that by the time they pick up the scent I shall somehow be someplace else.

Oh, there was one odd thing that I can't quite understand. As I was just ready to leave the records room at the Pickering office yesterday, I suddenly thought that it was a little strange that those Denny Murtagh records would be right out on top of the file, just waiting for me. So just to make sure that I had the right stuff, I tore open one corner, and would you believe it, there was nothing in that envelope but blank paper! What do you make of that?

Anyway, with all the phones in the room ringing alternately like Thursday night at the Chautauqua, I frantically ransacked the files, and under D for Denny under M for Murtagh under I for Insurance under F for Fraud, there it was!—a thick folder crammed with all the newspaper clippings about the case, all sorts of official letters, and hundreds of pictures taken at the time of the Denny Murtagh arrest. Hurling it into my capacious tool kit, along with the phony envelope—a man can always use scratch pads—I took off.

So, believe me, I've got everything you could possibly want. If I could only figure out some way to get it mailed to you. But don't worry—I'll work it out. Somehow.

As ever,
George.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

JUST WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL HERE? THE REAL RECORDS ARE MISSING TOO. EVERYBODY HERE MAD AS A HORNET AND BLAMING EVERYTHING ON ME. DEMAND IMMEDIATE RETURN WIRE EXPLAINING YOUR REAL PLANS. JACK ZIMMER.

JACK ZIMMER
DETROIT FREE PRESS DETROIT MICH

OKAY, JUST TELL ME ONE THING. WHEN THE PICKERING DETECTIVE AGENCY CAN'T FIND ANYBODY, JUST WHO DO YOU APPEAL TO TO FIND THEM? RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

THAT, SIR, IS YOUR PROBLEM. AND AS YOU SO OFTEN TOLD ME DURING MY UNHAPPY EMPLOYMENT THERE DON'T FEEL THAT YOU HAVE TO HURRY. YOU HAVE UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT. JACK ZIMMER.

JACK ZIMMER
DETROIT FREE PRESS DETROIT MICH

NOW JACK, LET'S NOT BE HASTY. I'M SURE WE'LL FIND HIM. LET'S ALL BE CALM. BUT WHERE COULD HE POSSIBLY BE? RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?—I'M FOUND! FINALLY HAD TO FIND MYSELF. EVERYTHING HERE SUDDENLY JUST FINE, AS YOU WILL SHORTLY SEE IN THE MORNING PAPERS. GEORGE.

HOTEL BOOK-CADILLAC
Detroit, Michigan
January 15, 1952
Air-Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy day.

First, let me say that if you ever need to attempt to outwit the Pickering Agency, give it your best thought. They are loaded in the pursuit department. Bloodhounds all.

And in justice to them, now that I learn the whole plot, I must say that in this present chase they were unduly hampered. The three or four friends of Zimmer's who were in on the gag didn't dare let the rest of the office know that anything had gone wrong, and so they couldn't by any means bring their full artillery to bear. Their pursuit had to be carried out with the same secrecy I was employing in laying the trail. I therefore offer my part in the proceedings not with any sense of bravado, but merely with a quiet pride that I was able to help.

But I am getting ahead of myself.

Yesterday afternoon, as I toured the city by trolley, a wanted fugitive, I racked my brain to try to think up the one place in Detroit where the Pickering men wouldn't possibly think to look for me. And the more I thought, the more I was taken with the idea that the only place they wouldn't look was the jail. I could get myself lodged in the cooler on a minor charge of some sort, and let the search surge back and forth past my cell, occasionally inquiring as to whom they were looking for.

No, that wouldn't do. With the present awe-inspiring co-operation between the various teams of the law, any cop's hand on your shoulders is the hand of every cop in the world.

But the general principle seemed sound. The most difficult chair to look under is undeniably the one you're sitting in. Perhaps I could alter my appearance slightly, and get a job as a janitor in the building housing the Pickering Agency! Nobody ever gives any man with a broom a second look or thought—half the street cleaners in any large city are, from what I've read, really FBI agents—and, as a janitor, I could no doubt pass the time quite safely till the thing blew over.

But first I had to do something with my suitcase and its hideous contents—the stolen records. That suitcase was so hot that it would be apt to set off the building's sprinkler system.

Then I suddenly got an excellent idea. Moving up to the seat behind the motorman on the trolley, I told him that a friend of mine had recently lost a suitcase in Chicago, and if he had perchance left it on a streetcar would they force it open, find a clue, and send it on to him? Would they open it if it were locked, that is?

Only if there wasn't any identification on the outside, he said. If it were locked, and he had his name and address on the tag, they'd just hold it, and send him a postal card.

"Thank you," I said. And, getting off at the next corner, I hastened into a stationery store and bought a new little card for my own suitcase tag. And carefully lettered in my name and address—Mr. George Seibert, Mtwapa Creek, Mombasa, Africa.

Getting a post card over there and back should give a man a little time to maneuver.

And, boarding the next passing streetcar, I rode till we approached a busy corner, then set the suitcase down beside the motorman and, when he opened the door, just got off and left it. What safer place could there be for it than the streetcar company's own Lost and Found Department? With, incidentally, no storage charges.

But as the car clanged away, I suddenly turned and smote my forehead. Good Lord! Of course! Racing back to the corner, I boarded the next streetcar and asked the motorman how I could bend on all sail to reach the carbarns, or wherever it was that I would find the company's Lost and Found collection.

Not to recover my own wandering suitcase. That could wait. But while riding about town trying to think of something, I had had an opportunity to read the Denny Murtagh records with great thoroughness, and I had discovered, among other things, that still missing was five hundred thousand dollars in perfectly good money that the defrauded insurance company had paid Denny before they had discovered that the fires had been, shall we say, assisted.

And it just might possibly be that the same place where I, an admittedly smart man, had finally decided to hide my swag, was the very place where Murtagh's accomplices had so successfully hidden their swag.

The Lost and Found Department turned out to be in the streetcar company's downtown offices. Locating the nearest printing shop, I had them rapidly print me up some new business cards: *George Seibert, Pickering Detective Agency*. "It'll panic the fellows at the office," I said.

And the minute the ink was dry, I sped around the corner to the streetcar company's Lost and Found Department. They were anxious to help. And over in one corner, we finally found what I was looking for—an expensive but very dusty suitcase, locked, and bearing an owner's tag reading: *Mr. Frank Fin, Avenue of the Yaks, Lhasa, Tibet.*

By God, he'd topped me! I hadn't thought of Tibet.

"We sent Mr. Fin a post card a long while ago," said the man, "but we haven't had a reply yet. The mails are awfully slow over there, I hear."

"Would you bring me a small hatchet," I said, "and stand back?"

And just as I thought, inside the suitcase was more money than I had ever seen before in one pile. Bales of it.

"P-p-pardon me," I said. "I will have to call my office."

And the real Pickering men arrived with admirable haste, and in a matter of minutes we had not only identified the missing insurance money, but had also picked up and identified Mr. Fin—in reality Mr. Phony Fin Frank, noted manufacturer of five-dollar bills, and the only member of the Denny Murtagh ring still at large. With a scraggly mustache and a splendid Swedish accent, he had been working for ten months right in the Pickering building. Yep, as a janitor. A truly smart man. He had done just what I had done. He had planned to keep the job for another six months or so, he said, till the case was a little more thoroughly forgotten, and then hand in his broom, stop by and pick up the suitcase from its utterly safe cold storage at the Lost and Found Department, and stroll casually out of town—not bothering to inform his incarcerated friends of his plans. He had been carrying the loot to the gang's rendezvous when the others were nabbed, making the whole caboodle, as he saw it, his.

And without me—George Seibert, citizen—he probably would have got away with it.

All of which was naturally very embarrassing to the Pickering Agency, and is why tomorrow the front pages of the nation's newspapers will carry the thrilling story of how Federal Pictures, working from a hunch we uncovered during the making of our great forthcoming Denny Murtagh epic, gave the Pickering men the tip that led to their seizing Mr. Fin and the missing Murtagh loot as he was attempting to board a plane for Rio. I told them we would either do it that way, or I would hold a short press conference of my own, and blow the whistle on the real facts.

They instantly saw the justice of my position.

Also, of course, I enclose the little statements and things you needed for your ads.

And now, was there anything else? From Detroit, that is?

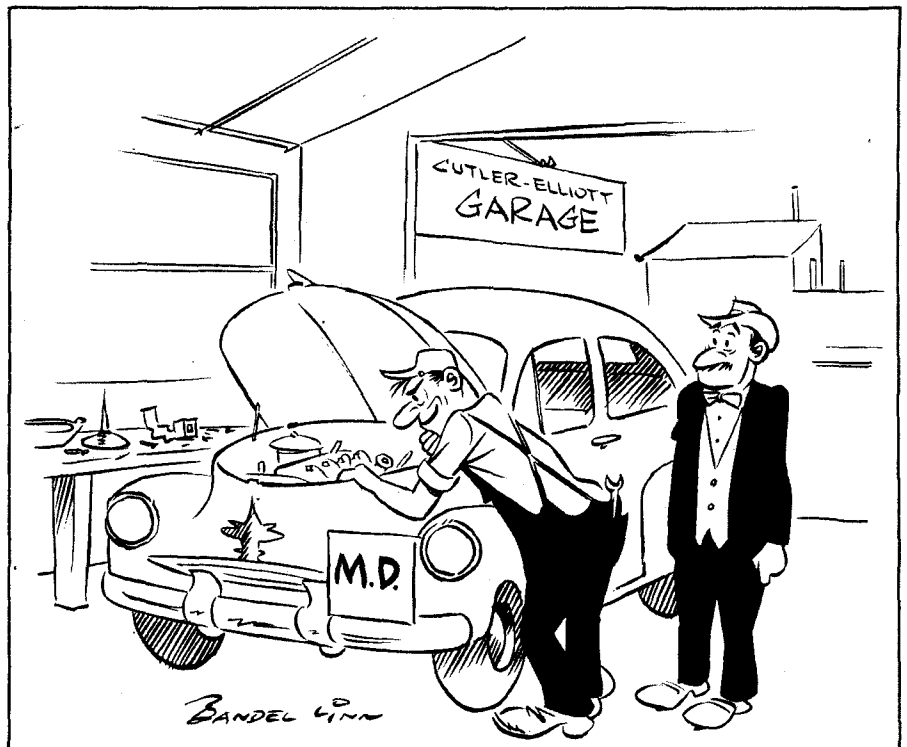
As ever,
George.

P.S. Oh, there is one other little thing. Being a man of charity, I arranged for Mr. Jack Zimmer to get the first flash on the capture, which, as I thought it might, has secured him a dandy six-dollar raise. So he finally got his raise after all. And—surprise!—through his old friend, George.

And by the way, speaking of raises—

George.

THE END



"Ummm . . . Hmmmmm . . .
Ummmm . . . Uh *huh* . . ."

COLLIER'S — BANDEL LINN

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

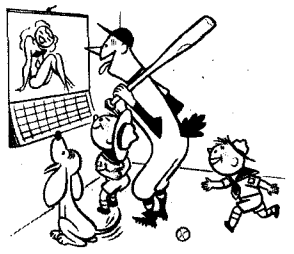
TO ALL HANDS STOP NEXT TIME WILL CONFINE SWIMMING TO BATHTUB." We've sent the cable, naturally; and we thought you'd like to know the Navy's still a great hand at rescuing attractive damsels in distress.

★ ★ ★

A letter of applause from Pawnee, Oklahoma. Applause was for District Judge W. Lee Johnson, not for old Forty-eight, but we enjoyed it anyway. In fact, we join in. Seems that Judge Johnson suspended a five-year sentence on a teen-ager convicted of armed robbery and then directed that the kid (first offender) be taken for a day to the state penitentiary at McAlester for a first-hand view of prison life. After 24 hours the lad was released—pale, shaken, penitent. Our correspondent, Mrs. Sarah B. Haig, wonders whether Judge Johnson's idea shouldn't be adopted by courts from coast to coast—for juvenile first offenders. We're wondering with her.

★ ★ ★

Far be it from this department to argue with Mr. C. R. Kennedy about calendars. Mr. Kennedy, a St. Paul, Minnesota, man, is sales manager and vice-president of a company that makes them, whilst woolly-headed we occasionally have some trouble reading them. Mr. Kennedy says that cheesecake is being supplanted as calendar art by dogs, Boy Scouts and baseball players. So okay. What we're skeptical about is Mr. Kennedy's statement that "sex is giving way to community service ideas." Private aside to Mr. Kennedy: "Wanna bet?"



★ ★ ★

Ran into Mr. Duane Bradley, of Henniker, New Hampshire, who refused to talk politics, saying that he was occupied with a matter of much more importance. New England College is by all means the smallest institution of higher learning in New Hampshire. It is theoretically coeducational, Mr. Bradley said, and will do its best to keep that way. But the men outnumber the girls 20 to 1 and can't seem to reduce the ratio. It isn't that girls don't register. But almost as fast as they do, they get married and the male students see practically none of them. New England College, said Mr. Bradley, has open arms for girls who will do their best to keep away from the altar until at least their sophomore year.

★ ★ ★

Let's take a few minutes off to look over the mail. Now here's one from Mr. Bobbie Booth, of Honolulu. Mr. Booth is a little upset because somebody's circulating the rumor that humuhumu isn't fit to eat. He wishes it known that he has eaten humuhumu often during the last 40 years and has never felt better in his life. Humuhumu is a fish and the gossip is that it contains a lot of poisonous alkaloids. Mr. Booth is not only indignant that his favorite fish should be scandalized like that but that so few people know the creature's real name. It's humuhumunukunukukapua'a, and Mr. Booth will be very glad to pronounce it for you if you'll just drop in on him in Honolulu.

Gogi Is the Gimmick at Larue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

Hollywood beauty: "I get by all right; even that hard word, 'how-now.'" Incidentally, Gogi calls his wife "the Janet," in keeping with his practice of using the definite article exclusively and abundantly.

At a recent scent seminar on the proper use of Chanel No. 5 toilet water, which he has been using for 22 years, he offered instructions as follows: "You pat it on the face after the shaving. Then you rub it on the palms of the hands, so. Then you rub the palms on the lapels, so."

Hand-Kissing as a Fine Art

Night-club savants agree that Gogi is the gimmick at Larue, the big difference between just another club and a smash hit. And typical of the things which set him apart is that he's the only café host in New York—and you can include Des Moines, too—who greets Madam with a bow and a kiss of the hand. The ladies love this Gogi production, a most elegant sight, and they wait for the buss right in the lobby.

However, Gogi indulges in this flowery greeting only under certain circumstances. Remember them, please, if, after you've sloshed yourself with Chanel No. 5 toilet water, you get ideas about going around kissing ladies' hands.

"You may kiss the lady's hand," Gogi says, "only under two conditions. Wan, she must be the old friend. Two, she must be married. In these cases, the kiss on the hand is the sign of the utmost respect. Wan should never kiss the hand of the unmarried lady."

Gogi also discloses that a little cheating goes on in the hand-kissing department. "It's not be necessary to actually kiss the hand," he explains. "You can hold on the lady's hand and kiss your own."

Gogi's greeting for his close men friends is in the European fashion—a bear hug or a tight squeeze of the arms with the hands.

A Gogi squeeze is a substantial affair, for the Man with the Delicate Air is an ex-athlete and a solidly muscled citizen despite his night-club pallor and his penchant for toilet water. Such physical equipment is no hindrance whatever in a business where boisterous clients or would-be clients must sometimes be escorted from the premises. Gogi has rarely had to resort to physical measures to make his point; on one occasion, however, not too long ago, he made use of one of Nature's best offensive weapons—the human head, which is employed all too rarely in these effete days.

A giant toper beckoned Gogi out into the street after having been chased earlier. His hands were behind his back, and when he brought his right one around, Gogi saw that it grasped a coiled horsewhip.

"I come up with the head and catch him right in the teeth," Gogi recalls. "I am ashame for doing this, but he does not bother me any more."

Gogi's rule for judging the class of strangers who come a-knocking at the glass doors at Larue is a simple one: "Always size up the woman. If she's dressed in good taste, let them in. Never look at the man. He could look like the bum and be the gentleman. And vice versa."

Once inside, the patrons find their host truly impressive, judging from available comment. Broadway columnist Louis Sobol says of Gogi, "He's terrifically solicitous. Other night-club hosts worry about your food and the service. Gogi goes further, if he knows you. He worries about you away from the club."

Sobol's wife, Peggy, gives this woman's angle: "Gogi appeals to the maternal instinct in women. They want to mother him."

Some men who meet Gogi the first time tab him as being too professionally solicitous, but his intimates are quick to rush to his defense.

"Gogi is the only 'gentleman host' in the business," says Hubie Boscowitz, one of his backers. "He has the uncanny knack of knowing when to visit with his patrons and, more important, when to stay away."

There are endless opportunities for worry in running a smart night club, and Gogi misses few of them. Crises are always raising their ugly little heads. The Duchess of Windsor, Gogi's most cherished patron, figured in a couple of these genteel rhubarbs.

The Merry Wife of Windsor had always seemed to enjoy herself at Larue. So did the duke when he accompanied her once, although he had to leave early. Ted Straeter, brilliant pianist-leader of one of the two dance bands at Larue (Pancho leads the other), had his boys play the duke's favorite, If I Had You, which was popular in the days when the duke was the Prince of Wales and falling off horses.

And there was the night Ethel Merman, star of Call Me Madam, joined the duchess' party and sang songs for 40 minutes, after trilling to Straeter: "If I can sing it, you can play it!" The duchess had a swell time.

But came the night of the trouble. The duchess was at her favorite table, which is in the main room near the entrance, and close to the door leading into the ultra-chic Plush Room. She was observed to be dissatisfied about something. When she finally rose to leave, she snapped at Gogi: "I see you do not wish me to come here any more."

Gogi was wounded. How could she say such a thing?

"The lights," the duchess said. "They are bright tonight. I will not come here any more." And she swept out.

"The duchess," Gogi explains, "likes the very dim lighting. Usually, she has it here, but I am noticing the other people they get sleepy and call for their checks when the lights are so low. So this night, I have the lights turned up little bit. The duchess notices this, and she gets angry. But what could I do?"

Happily, the duchess recanted and did visit Larue again, a fact that enabled her, unwittingly, to participate in another crisis.

Strangers at Duchess' Table

She had reserved her favorite table for eleven o'clock one evening. The club was crowded early, and a young man of Manhattan persuaded Gogi to let him and his date use the table—temporarily, at least.

"All right," Gogi said, "but you must give up the table by ten forty-five."

The duchess, however, beat the gate and arrived at ten thirty. Gogi frantically wig-wagged assistant headwaiter Gary Goldman, his rod of support in such crises, to get the squatters away from the duchess' table, but fast. They happened to be on the dance floor at the moment, so Goldman swept up their belongings and transferred them to a table in the rear of the club. Then he told the couple of the switch and returned to his post at the velvet rope, which cruel barrier to the unwanted he operates with head-waiter John Kroll. He noted with relief that the duchess and her party were already seated.

A major catastrophe had been averted,

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but another was in the making. The couple who had been dispossessed by the duchess stopped at the door on their way out of the club, and the girl said to Gogi: "I don't mind giving up that table to the duchess, but I do mind giving up my gloves. Where are they?"

Gogi swept the duchess' table with a desperate glance. No gloves were in sight. He obviously couldn't frisk the duchess or her party. The girl wanted her gloves. Gogi closed his eyes and wished he were back in Tiflis.

But luck was with him. Just then, the duchess and her party arose to dance. "There they are!" the girl shouted. The duchess had been sitting on her gloves.

"Appeasing" Rudolph Halley

The policy of "Don't offend the customers" is as important in a fancy joint as in a beanery. Take the orchestra at Larue. Straeter, who is better than a green hand at keeping the clients happy, had a special number coming up one night a few months ago. It was Fugue for Tin Horns, the racetrack gamblers' song from the musical, Guys and Dolls. In the Straeter version, the musician-vocalists wave racing papers and scratch sheets for this number.

Just before they flashed the betting paraphernalia, Straeter, at the piano, spotted a pair of large, horn-rimmed eyeglasses at ringside. They could belong to no one else but Rudolph Halley, former chief counsel for the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, television star during its hearings (in which he badgered a flock of gamblers and mobsters), and now president of the New York City Council.

The piano-playing maestro thought fast. "Nix on the papers, boys," he whispered. The opus was presented without the dope sheets—which Straeter figured might offend Halley.

Straeter and Pancho, the solemn-looking rumba king, alternate to furnish continuous dance music in the main room from 9:30 P.M. to closing. A high-class trap must have continuous music for an odd reason.

"Rich-type people," an expert explains, "must have noisy music continuously because if there's a lull, they start getting fidgety or nervous.

"They got to worrying about their money, or their yachts, or something. They're likely to get up and leave for some other room, where the racket never stops. It keeps them from thinking.

"In 'commercial' rooms—medium-priced clubs which cater to a budgeting clientele—there's no such problem. Fellow takes his girl to a night club, they're going to stay there all night, regardless of breaks in the music. They don't have the money to flit from joint to joint.

"The commercial room also features a different type of music from the society spots, slower and more schmaltzy. In a smart club, all you hear is what the trade calls the 'Society Beat.' It's fast, loud and frantic, and makes all songs sound the same."

At Larue, Straeter has taken some of the frenzy out of the Society Beat and mellowed it with superb arrangements and vocals. This enables the patrons to forget their problems without getting indigestion as they munch Gogi's tasty food.

The chef at Larue is Fernand Desbans, a peppery little Frenchman whose passion is six-day bicycle races and whose favorite recipe is fillet of beef stuffed with goose livers. Although, just before he went to work at Larue, Desbans worked at a Times Square hotel where palates aren't particularly delicate, he was once chef for the late Prince Louis II of Monaco.

While cheffing for the prince, Desbans got into the habit of writing out his recipes. When he came to the United States, he had them translated into English. They reflect the attention to detail demanded by Gogi. For instance, the prince's feed-bag special was saddle of deer; under the Larue recipe for this dish there is this urgent note:

"His Highness, Prince Louis II, relished grilled, fried pistachio nuts with his saddle of deer."

At Larue, Desbans makes special notes about the moneyed munchers who have definite ideas on how their food is to be served. The Duchess of Windsor goes for one lamb chop, and it must be trimmed. Everett Crosby, Bing's brother, fancies the saddle of deer and a soufflé harlequin. Billy Seeman, the big canned-food man, fancies veal cooked in paper. Prince Gourielli, who has a perfume named after him, is an expert on shashlik and Bordeaux wines. Man about town Count Vasilli (Vava) Adlerberg goes for the Kiev cutlets (breaded veal and chicken).

Besides the excellence of its cuisine, Larue has numerous other claims to distinction. One is that it's the only restaurant with a real prince for a night steward. He's Prince David ("Dolik," they call him affectionately) Vatchnadze, a gentle little representative of czarist royalty whom Gogi knew as a boy in Georgia. It's only at greeting and parting that Dolik's regal bearing pops out from among the cabbages and veal kidneys. He seems to grow in stature as he stands stiffly erect, elbows turned out, clicks his heels, and bows.

"Any of you fellows like to make an offer on a brand-new baseball bat, a catcher's mitt, an electric train and a list of twenty male names?"

COLLIER'S — HERB WILLIAMS

The prince and Gogi are both refugees from Bolshevism. Gogi's night-club experience goes back to 1925, when he and three other *émigrés* opened the Casanova in Paris. He had come to Paris a few years earlier from Tiflis, and had engaged in various pursuits before finding his true medium: he had put in a few years at the Sorbonne; played professional soccer; danced professionally in Caucasian costume, complete with astrakhan hat and dagger; and had sold "the champagne."

Pals in Paris Playboy Set

The Casanova was a success, and was followed by two other Paris night-club ventures, the Monseigneur and Don Juan. It was at this stage that Gogi laid the foundation of the tremendous pyramid of friendship he has built among the titled and moneyed. Among his pals were international playboys like the late Freddy McEvoy, recently drowned aboard his yacht; Baron Pantz, and Baron Nicki Ginzberg.

In the early 1930s, Gogi set out for America, with Hollywood as his destination. He learned English by sitting through countless movies. It was the era of the Jimmy Cagney-type film, and some of the first expressions Gogi learned were, "Awright, you guys . . ." and, for repartee, "Oh, yeah?"

Among Gogi's first friends in Hollywood was Everett Crosby, who had the idea of making a movie actor out of Gogi. The results apparently support Gogi's statement that he was the worst movie actor in history. Like all Gaul, Gogi's career was divided into three parts—Paramount, Universal and Monogram.

"My first picture," he recalls, "was with Bing Crosby, Honeymoon in Paris. I am the French count. They give me 10 pages dialogue. I have so much trouble, they keep cutting, and finally, I got only two lines left, 'Hello, everybody,' and 'Good-by, everybody.'

"Next, I am in Alias the Dickens, with Bob Burns and Mischa Auer. I am the French barber, and I am suppose to run in the saloon and scream, 'Oil is discover!' in French. I like this because I can speak the French. So what happens? I cannot scream, not even in the French. The voice is gone.

"Last stop, Monogram. I am the gangster. I got lines like, 'Donja nobody move!' I am suppose to kill three people, real tough guy. But I got to keep saying lots of lines before I kill them, and I have the trouble. So the director says: 'I got idea. We are losing time with this bum. Get him out of the way fast.' So instead of me killing three people, they kill me right away, soon as the picture starts. So then I know this acting business is not for me."

Broderick Crawford, Franchot Tone and Auer then backed Gogi in a night club called the Scheherazade and again he had a winner, meanwhile increasing his circle of friends in the movie capital. From Hollywood, the restless Georgian lit out for Mexico City. Here he opened a tremendously successful night club, Ciro's, with A. C. (Blumey) Blumenthal, the pint-sized promoter-financier who had been a pal of New York's Mayor Jimmy Walker. Ciro's is still going strong.

Gogi had a narrow escape from erasure while managing Ciro's. One night a stranger sneaked up behind him, drew out a roscoe, and was about to ventilate him between the shoulder blades when he was disarmed by a pair of bouncers.

Through one of the bouncers, Gogi, whose Spanish was sketchy at the time, asked the would-be assassin what was the idea.

"He say," the bouncer reported, "he makes the mistake. He thinks you are another man. The other man is baldy, too, like you."

"Well," the meticulous Gogi said, "you tell this bum he has the very bad manners. The least he can do if he is shooting man is to turn him around and look him in the face. This is very impolite. Throw him out."

Gogi also fought a bull at Cuernavaca on a bet. In prize-fight lingo, he win, but not easy.

"I take the lessons from Silvio Perez, he is the top bullfighter, for two weeks," Gogi recalls. "Then I fight the bull. I am so scare, my hands are shaking, and first time I make the pass, the sword flies out of the hand. It is very embarrassing, because I go to look for the sword and the bull goes with me. Finally, I get him. To tell the truth, I am not much of the bullfighter—and he is not much of the bull."

Gogi finally left Mexico City and returned to Hollywood, where he managed the Mocambo and then the Bel-Air Hotel. Straeter was leading the orchestra at the hotel at the time and was impressed by Gogi's magic way with a room. Gogi (who became an American citizen in 1945) met "the Janet" there. They were married two years ago. (Mrs. Gogi is a native of Dover, Kentucky and is notable for her dislike for horses. It is quite possible that no other Kentuckian can make that claim.)

Gogi's first New York venture was managing the Barberry Room, and he scored again. It became popular with a widely varied clientele, from Phil Rizzuto of the Yankees to some of Gogi's titled friends. It was while there that he cased Larue, studied it with increasing rapture, and finally murmured: "This is for me."

The Job Is Hard on the Feet

Operating a night club isn't the softest touch, as Gogi tells you sadly. He spends about three hours every afternoon in Larue, checking accounts and provisions and answering correspondence with his secretary, Betty Fitzmaurice. His night tour spans more than eight hours, and he's on his feet virtually all the time.

His diversions include bridge, at which he yearns to be a champion, tennis outdoors with Kollmar and Barry, the theater with his wife on Monday, his night off—and baseball: in the past three years, Gogi has become a nut for the national pastime.

Kollmar turned up an unexpected facet in Gogi's suave make-up while he was putting the finishing touches on the redecorating of Larue last summer. Kollmar thought the final bit of elegance would be added to the Plush Room if he could find metal swans for the light brackets on the velvet walls. He haunted the curio shops until, late one footsore afternoon, he found what he was looking for. Then he sprang his surprise on Gogi. Gogi paled.

"Please, Dick," he begged. "No bords. Bords are bad luck."

In vain, Kollmar argued in defense of his swans, pleading their harmony with the rest of the *décor*, which is Napoleonic. But Gogi was insistent.

In desperation, Kollmar pointed to the other "bords" that figure in the Plush Room—the small golden eagles on the door, and the huge one on the shield back of the service bar. "You didn't squawk about those birds," Kollmar said.

"Well," Gogi rationalized, "the eagles don't count, because they are the symbols, not the plain bords."

Kollmar was forced to scratch his beloved swan brackets and settle for crystal.

"I am not superstitious," Gogi says stubbornly, "but everybody knows bords are bad luck."

Late in the afternoon before the reopening of Larue last September, Gogi and Kollmar gave the exquisite Plush Room a final look. Everything appeared in perfect order. Yet there was one flaw. It struck them both at once, and Gogi moaned softly.

"That cash register on the bar," he said. "Everything else is be beautiful red and gold, and look at *it!*"

Kollmar winced at the sight, too. So he and a friend rustled up some paint—and gilded the till.

With this step, Gogi's Larue, in the estimation of its admirers, carved itself a special niche among the posh spots of Manhattan. Obviously, the answer to "How chic can you get?" is the golden dinger on the Plush Room bar at Larue. THE END

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The Good Trip

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

bored with himself for having got involved in dinner when he should have been home checking readers' reports. He told himself it was the Martinis, that this was just another girl and he had plenty of girls, but when Cora came looking for him, he saw that she was exhausted too, and when she suggested a rain check on dinner, he found himself insisting.

"Now, look," he said. "You've got to eat something somewhere."

She said, "I'd rather just go home and lie in the tub."

"You'd fall in and drown."

"All right. But I'll bore you. I'm all out of gay chatter."

He looked around the big bare room —the dirty glasses and overflowing ash trays, the cigarettes ground into the carpet and the spots where drinks had spilled—and said, "You'll bore me"—said it so bitterly that she laughed, and again he found himself laughing with her.

THEY got her things and caught a cab, and he took her to a steak house up one dingy flight in the East Forties, where the dinner rush was over and they could have some quiet. They had a slow drink, then another, and onion soup, and learned each other's names. She tried to order a salad, but he said she needed nourishment and made her eat a T-bone steak. Afterward they had coffee and cheese, and a brandy, and more coffee, a great deal of coffee, getting to know each other.

There was no fencing to it, no need for evasions. They had been around, both of them; they were a part of the city, working people, and they had a common language. They were both alone, and now they were alone together, and in a quick, glancing way they could talk of their loneliness.

She had been married, and it had not worked; he had received a *Dear Peter* letter in New Guinea, and had lost his taste for marriage. They made it sound casual, unimportant, mere vital statistics, cards laid out on the table; they had both been hurt, but they had hardened to it, picked up the pieces and gone on.

He said, "The girl. I don't blame her. She had a right to change her mind. And anyway, she sent back the ring."

She said, "How honorable."

He stared at her for a second and said, "There's nothing you can do about emotions. When it comes to love, it's every man for himself." He moved his shoulders in a sort of shrug. "She played it as she saw it. I still like her. Or maybe it's just that I like women."

She smiled. "I'm glad. It's good to know there are still men who do." She looked away. "After my husband."

They let it drop and sat making small talk about new books, old books, the picture business, shows that were opening, and people they both knew. They were relaxed and easy and sure of each other, and after a while they caught another cab and he took her home.

She had a kitchenette apartment in an old brownstone, and he walked up the two flights with her, as a matter of course, and followed her in. While she made him a drink, he looked around and saw the pillowed day bed that served as a sofa, the two Victorian side chairs reupholstered in scarlet satin, the two good old pieces, a slant-top desk between the windows and a bow-front chest underneath a mirror, probably relics of her marriage. It was nice enough, about what he'd expected, and when she put the glasses and coasters on the coffee table and they sat down together, he had a feeling that he'd been here before.

They sipped at the drinks and lighted cigarettes, and after a bit he put his arm around her and pulled her in under his shoulder. She let her head fall back against him, the pale-brown hair bright on his blue suit, and after the next puff he laid his cigarette on the ash tray and put a finger under her chin to tilt her face up so he could kiss her. She kissed back, her mouth warm and generous, and he heard her sigh. He touched her cheek, letting his fingertips slip slowly down; then he bent and kissed the hollow of her throat.

He felt her shiver. Then she lay very still against him. "No," she said. "Please, Peter—no."

He understood. He straightened up and kissed her lips lightly and sat back. He lifted his arm from around her shoulders and leaned forward to pick up his drink.

She said, "I'm sorry. I'm not playing games. Not being the sweet girl graduate. It's just that I'm so dreadfully tired."

He did not look at her. He sipped his drink and said: "It's all right. It's quite all right."

"But I *am* tired," she said, with a sudden fierceness. "I *told* you I was tired."

He set his glass down and stood up. "I know." He found his hat and picked up his brief case. "It's late. I'll run along. You'd better get some sleep."

She sat watching him, her eyes shining. When he put a hand on the doorknob, she came over quickly and stood close to him. "All right, Peter," she said. "All right."

"Thanks, darling," he said. "Another time, maybe."

She said, "Don't call me darling. Don't *ever* call me darling. Everyone calls everybody darling. I hate it."

He said, "Good night, darling," and stepped outside.

She sighed and said, "Oh, Peter. Oh, Peter, *damn* you!" Then she shut the door gently and he went down the stairs.

It was misting out, and he had to walk three blocks before he found a cab. He sat back in the seat, staring at the haloed street lights and trying to be amused, trying to see it all as funny, himself comical as the fumbling Casanova and the girl as a slightly shopworn ingénue, but the days rose up in him, the days behind and the days to come, and all he felt was emptiness, a sense of futility in himself and in his life.

WHEN he got home he poured himself a stiff whisky and drank it straight, to put himself to sleep and to put the girl out of his mind.

It was no good. She was there when he woke up, her eyes mostly, green and glistening, and the memory of her loneliness, her tiredness. He tried to shake it off, but after a week he called her, and this time there was no withdrawal in her. She came to him naturally, almost bluntly, as if she had been waiting and they had only a little time.

They came to it quickly, but it was not easy; in that month, before they were married, nothing was easy for them. He sent her flowers the next morning, red roses to her office, but when he telephoned, she was out. She was out all day, whenever he called. At first it amused him; but then somehow he was angry, and when she left work, he was waiting on the curb outside her building.

She said, "Oh. It's you."

Her eyes were blank, her mouth unsmiling, and she started to walk away, as if he were a stranger. He tried to let her go, telling himself he owed her nothing and the hell with it, with all women, but there was something about her. He caught up, and took her arm.

"All right," he said. "What's the idea? What are you trying to do?"

She said, "I'm going home. Alone. If you'll be good enough to let me."

He saw a dark bar ahead and edged her toward it through the moving crowd. She did not hold back. She let him lead her, but there was a limpness in her, as if it did not matter, he did not matter, nothing mattered. He sat her in a booth, and sat oppo-

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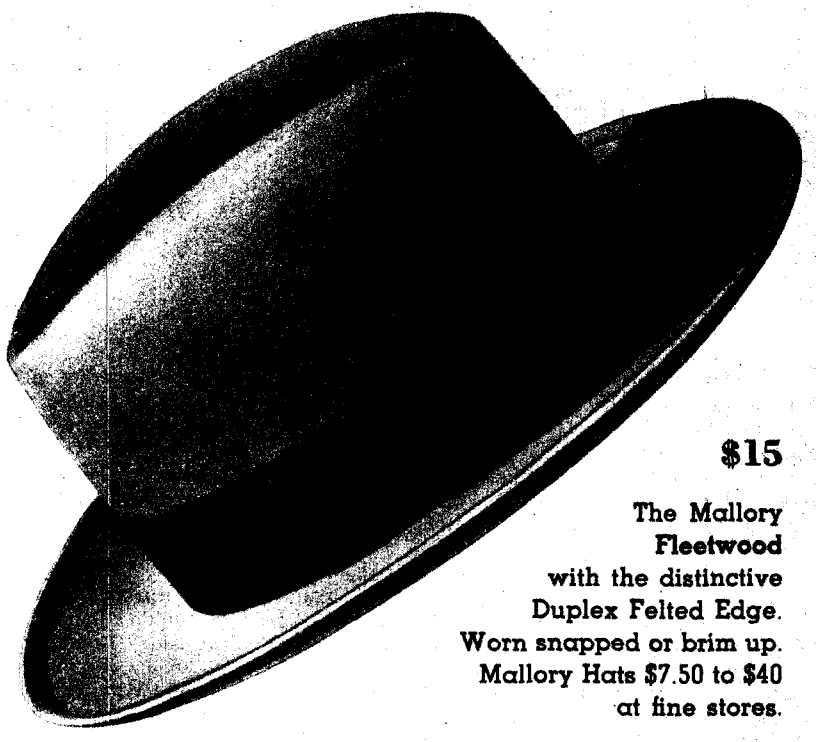

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site her, and put a quarter in the juke box to buy privacy.

He waited for the music and said, "Now. What have I done? Tell me."

"Nothing," she said. "Nothing at all." She drew a circle on the tabletop. She looked up at him. *"Men,"* she said, and her eyes were brilliant with something like hatred. "I wish *I* were a man."

He stared at her, surprised and shaken. "No," he said. "Not a man. Not you."

She said, "Stop it. You can't talk to me like that. I won't be patronized. I won't stand it."

He said, "All right. All right."

"You don't own me," she said, her voice low and driven. "I'm my own woman. I don't need you. Let me alone."

He had a sense of confusion, of being attacked, attacked without reason, and the anger came back in him. He sat stiff and still, trying to put it down. Finally he reached for her hand, but she drew it back into her lap.

"Don't. Don't touch me."

It was too much. He saw the bartender coming, a damp rag twirling in his hand, and stood up quickly. "All right," he said. "All right, damn it. Let's get out of here."

AT THE door, he turned away from her abruptly and walked into the crowd without looking back, but in five steps she was beside him. She put her arm through his and held tight when he tried to shake her off. He glared down at her, and she was crying.

It made no difference. He said, "Hell, *be* your own woman. Who wants to own you? Let me go."

She held on, and they came to the street corner. The light was red, and they waited.

She said, "I'm sorry, Peter. Truly I'm sorry."

The light changed, and they did not notice. They stood in the middle of the sidewalk, like a rock in a river, people flowing around them, stood and stared at each other as if they had the city to themselves.

She said, "Peter, it's no good. You and me. You know it's no good." Then finally she took a breath and said, "Good-by, Peter. I'm sorry."

He did not move.

She said, "It's all right, Peter. I'm all right. You can go now."

"No," he said. "Not now."

That was once. That was the beginning.

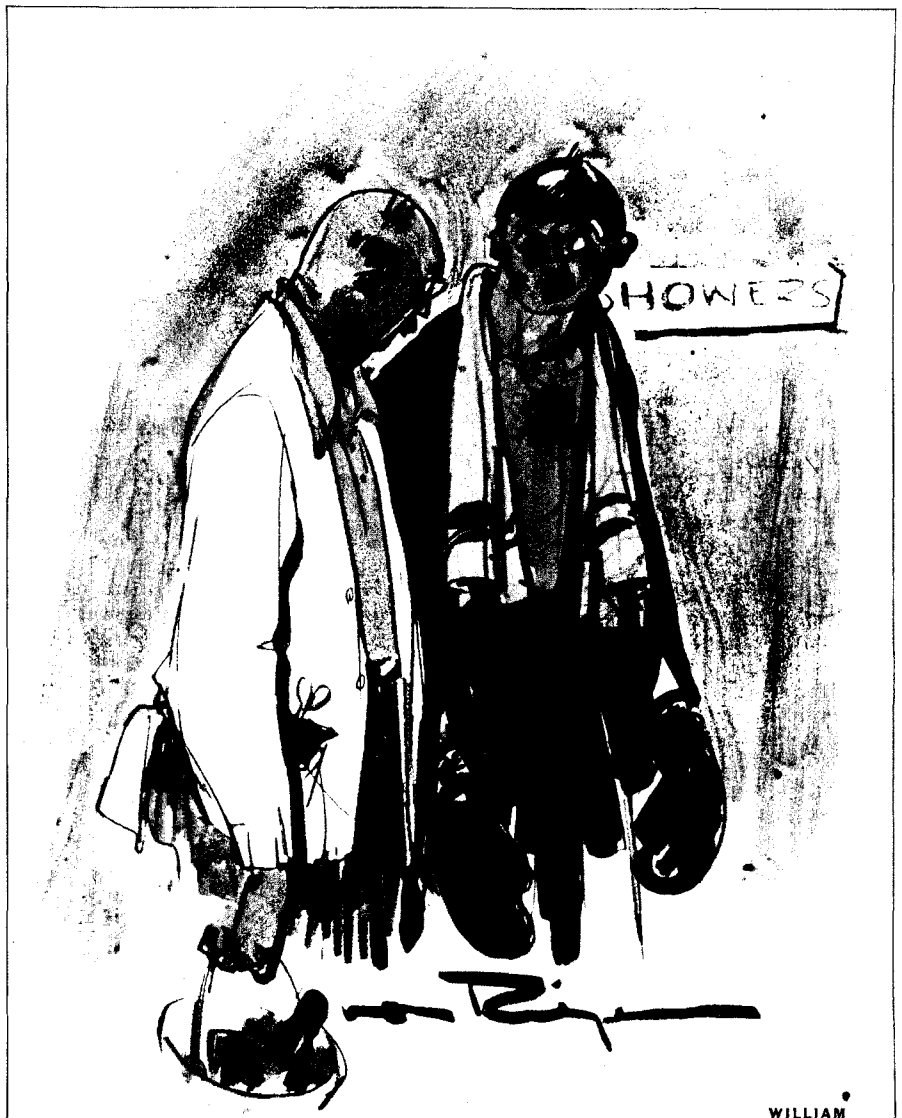
He came to know that she was afraid. He could sense a terror in her like the fear of falling, and he felt a mounting strain himself, a thing that might have been fear if he had once let go. They had a civil ceremony in a judge's chambers, the two of them stiff and subdued, the few words an effort to speak, their hands wet together, and they spent their honeymoon moving her to his apartment. She brought the desk with her, and the bow-front chest, but beyond that she made no changes. It was his life she was moving into, her dresses in his closet, a shelf for her in the bathroom cabinet, her scent a vagueness on the air; it was his life and, except for times of passion, she tried not to disturb it.

They seldom spoke of love, and when they did, they were careful to underline the word, to give it a special meaning, absurd and fanciful, like something quoted from a fairy story, or perhaps something ominous, explosive, a thing to be touched lightly, fearfully.

There was never any talk of her giving up her job. She went to work each morning before he did, and came home earlier, her arms full of brown bags from the grocery. She kept the job as she kept her insurance, without thought; but, if she had thought, she might have called it a hedge against destiny, against the impermanence of everything, all relationships, however happy, and this he would have understood.

The past lay between them like a room locked and never mentioned, inhabited by ghosts that no simple incantation by a judge could exorcise. They had been alone, the two of them, each answerable only to himself, but now they had an uneasy feeling about the people who had been in their lives, in their own lives and in each other's. It was not jealousy, but something subtler, something deeper, a sense of mistrust, not so much of each other as of themselves, of life as they had had to live it. In their time the world had been overwrought, shaken by fears, chilled with suspicion, and there was nothing to tie to, nothing stable, no man, no woman, no morality, nothing. Love did not last, nor marriage; no happiness lasted. Everything that began had its ending, late or soon, and they tried to save up courage for the day when the end came for them.

Once she said, "If anything should ever happen—if I begin to bore you, if there's another woman—just tell me. Tell me quickly; that's all I ask."



COLLIER'S "He was all lefts and rights!" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

He said, "What if it's another man?"

She said, "I'd never try to hold you. I'd just go away. And no alimony. I'd never take alimony from any man."

"Let's not talk about it," he said. "There isn't any other woman. And if there were, we'd work it out."

"But you *would* tell me."

"Of course."

"I couldn't stand hearing it from someone else. I simply couldn't stand it."

"Easy, baby," he said. "Take it easy."

THEY never mentioned it again, but the sense of danger was never far from them. They were gentle with each other, careful of old wounds not too well healed. There was a kindness between them, a consideration that was almost formal. At parties they were never far apart; they made a small ceremony of birthdays; and each Christmas they trimmed a tree. If they were meeting somewhere, they tried never to be late, and when business took one of them out alone, he always told where he was going, or where he had been, naming off the people he had seen.

To Peter it had come to seem that this was the essence of the two of them together, this telling, the need in each of them to have nothing unknown to the other, nothing hidden.

They told each other everything, and it was a strength between them, a reassurance, since, in the passage of three years, there had been nothing to tell. . . .

And now there was. Now there was this ugly business back in California.

This was a thing he had to tell, but somehow he had to put a face on it that Cora could stand. Somehow he had to make her see it for what it was, a weakness, a treachery perhaps, but not a disaster, surely not an ending. He watched her, her eyes warm and eager, her mouth curving, moving quickly, making sounds that met the ear bright as a bird song, and love for her rose in him like liquor in the blood. He loved her, now more than ever, the love laced with guilt, and that was a part of what he had to tell her. He had to make her see that this other was meaningless, apart from them; he had to make her understand how it had happened, but when he tried to think how it had happened—the time, the place, the act, the counterfeit of love—his mind refused him. It was unreal, unreasonable; he could not understand it himself.

The girl was someone he had known long ago in New York, long before Cora, but that was over. They had sat in the chilled California night and talked of the city, talked of the past, feeling far off from it, far off from themselves, lost in a strange country, lost in time, in loneliness. They were lonely for things vague and nameless, bits of themselves lost and forgotten, seeing the past in each other—things they had never done, places they had never been, people they had never known, the parts of their lives they had not lived. They had sat close and touched, reaching out to the past, trying to recapture a sense of youth, of beginnings, but they had recaptured nothing, and in the end all they had was sadness. They had said good-by quickly, knowing they had hurt each other, destroyed something, a memory, an illusion.

He heard Cora's voice, heard it change. She said, "Peter—Peter, please," and he found himself staring at his plate. He looked up, and she said, "Peter, are you all right?"

He made himself smile. "Of course."

"But you're so quiet." Her eyes were intent on his and she was frowning. "You aren't eating." She reached out and laid a hand over his, feeling for fever. "You *are* all right? You're sure?"

He turned his palm up and took her fingers in his hand. "I'm fine," he said. "Really I am. It's just that I've been three days on trains with nothing to do but eat. I'm not hungry, that's all. And maybe I'm a little tired."

"Oh, Peter." She examined his face, the lines about his eyes, and spoke with a quick, held-in softness. "Oh, Peter—you *are* tired. Was it a bad trip? Did anything go wrong?"

THE words fell gently, warmed by sympathy, by love. There was no prying in them, no insistence, and yet he felt a sudden tightness on his skin. It was not shock—not alarm, even—only surprise that the moment had come so soon.

He thought: There it is, the direct question. She has an intuition of this thing between us, something held back. It had to be this way; we have been so close. She had to ask the question sometime, and now I have to answer.

He took his hand back slowly. "Was it a bad trip?" He made his voice come measured and thoughtful, as if bargaining with himself for time. "Well—" He paused, gathering his honesty, his strength, and looked up to let her see his eyes.

She was lovely. so very lovely with this softness on her. She had a sense of something unknown, a danger, and still she could sit there, small and quiet, offering herself to be hurt if he had to hurt her, trusting him, believing he would not strike her a blow she could not bear. He looked into her eyes, and tried to breathe deep and say it quickly and knew he could not. He had no strength, no honesty; he was helpless. He could not do it, could not speak the words.

"A bad trip?" He tried to make his voice light, but again it came with an edge of tension. "What could go wrong?"

"I don't know." She seemed suddenly unsure, withdrawn behind her eyes. "It isn't like you to be so tired. I wondered."

He thought: Let her wonder; let her mistrust me a little, mistrust herself; let her wonder if the sense we have of each other has begun to fail. This is a cruel thing, to turn her back inside herself, but I cannot help it, I cannot hurt her.

He said, "You know all these trips are just alike. The same endless meetings. The same people wanting the same stories for the same stars."

She leaned toward him. "No one interesting, Peter? No one new?"

He said, "I saw Mr. Zanuck. But only from a distance."

"Poor Peter." It was an old joke between them, and her face lifted, her eyes lighted, and she was gay. She laughed, intimate and teasing. "Only Mr. Zanuck. Poor darling."

He felt suddenly weightless and relieved. It was all over now; it was all right; it would be all right between them. And then the shock came out of nowhere, cold and numbing. He stared into her face with a sense of strangeness, as if he had never seen her, never heard her voice before, and sorrow rose in him.

He thought: She believes me. I lied to her and she believes me. She has no intuition of this thing between us. We are not that close; we can never be that close. I have betrayed her, and betrayed myself, and it can never be the same. But she does not know. She loves me. She trusts me. And I love her, but there is pain in it, the feel of death. I lied to save her, and she might lie, and now I can never trust her again. THE END

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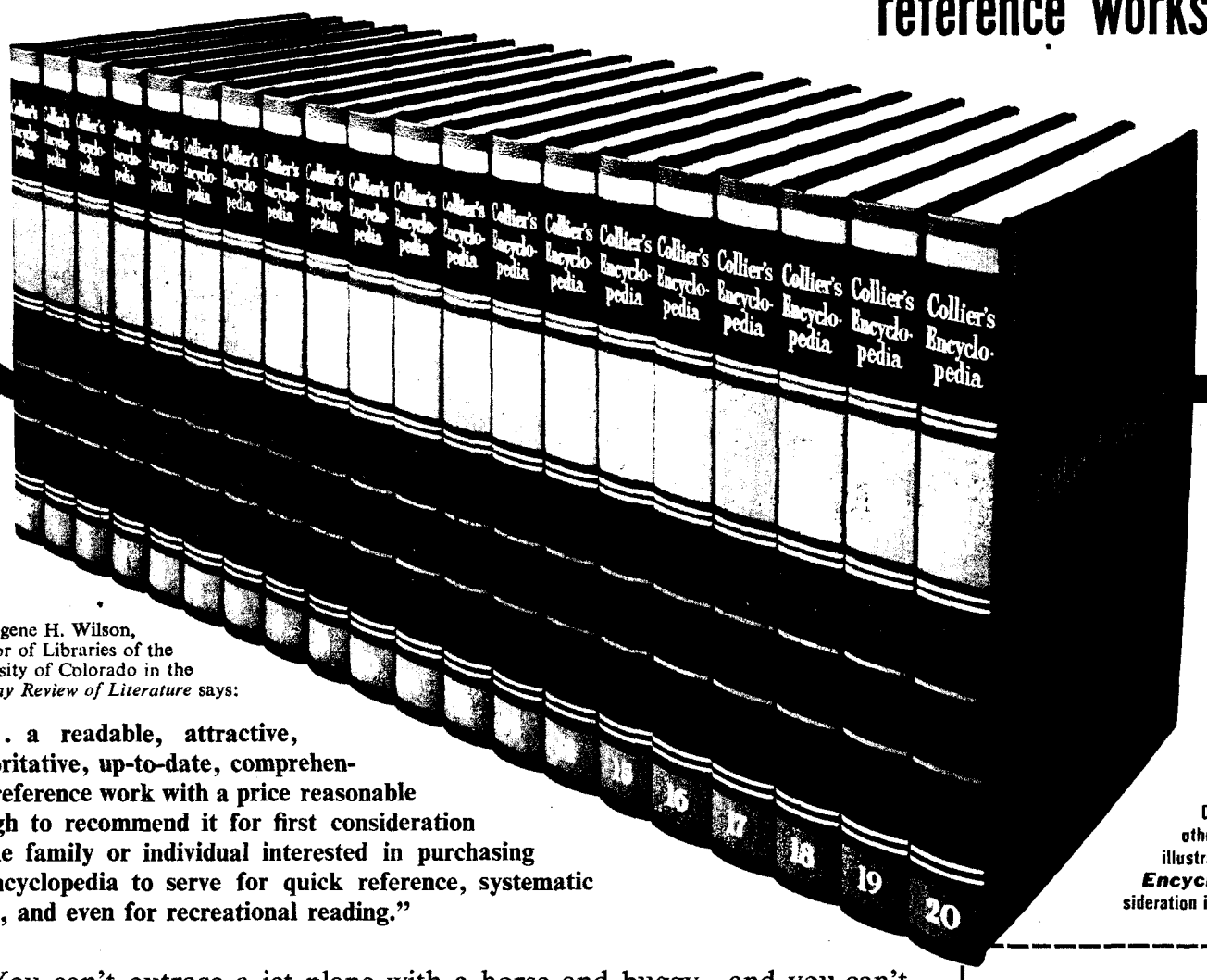

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Let's Go Sailfishing!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

necessary 70 or 80 feet behind the boat, his line is clipped to a snap clothespin attached to the outrigger line, then hauled by pulley out and away from the side of the boat. With the lines hanging from the outriggers, the baits can be skipped along the surface well on either side of the wake.

Once outside the inlet, prepared baits—usually whole mullet or ballyhoo—six to eight inches in length, or a "strip" bait cut from the belly of a mackerel, are trolled from the outriggers and the angler can relax in a fishing chair and wait for action. The skipper, from his high vantage point on the cabin top, and the mate in the cockpit keep their eyes on the water behind the baits, watching for the sickle-shaped tail of a hungry sailfish.

On a fishing cruiser the mate falls heir to the chores, including preparation of the baits. To the uninitiated, this may seem a simple matter, but the preparation of good "billfish" bait is a real craft.

Some contend a bait "swims" better when the spine is completely removed, an operation which calls for the use of an instrument resembling a long, thin apple corer. Others maintain that, by cutting through the spine of the bait fish every half inch, proper flexibility is attained. Normally, the mate will have a dozen baits, each with the body of the hook hidden and with the thin, 15-foot wire leader coiled neatly at its head, on ice and ready for instant use.

At the moment a bait is spotted by a sailfish, you're certain to see a curved tail cutting the water behind it. Occasionally the fish will rush the bait immediately; often it will follow behind for some distance before sweeping forward and slashing at it viciously with its rapierlike bill. The force of this cut usually is sufficient to pull the line from the outrigger snap; but if not, the angler must jerk the line from the snap and let the bait fall back.

Angler's Timing Must Be Right

The sailfish always kills its food before grabbing it up and the angler must allow for the time required for the fish to recover the bait. If the line straightens out at once and moves off at an angle, it is a certain indication that the bait has been taken. The angler then immediately throws on the drag (patent brake) of the reel and sweeps the rod tip sharply to set the hook.

It is at this point that the fireworks go up. As soon as he feels the restraint of the line, the sailfish promptly begins his aerial acrobatics in his search to escape. Some sails will weave in and out of the water in a long run. Others will sound for several feet, run, then rush straight for the surface, curving eight or 10 feet in the air, shaking their heads violently. Still others will "greyhound"—emerge from the surface at an angle and "walk" 20 or 30 feet on their tails before falling back with a great splash and flurry of foam.

While this is going on, the angler is making every effort to keep a tight, straight line between himself and the fish. The majority use a rod belt, with a socket for the rod butt, and fight the fish standing. This provides more freedom of movement than playing the fish from a chair.

As in all big-game fishing, teamwork between angler and boat captain is necessary for consistent success. The good skipper judges the course of a hooked fish instantly and keeps the boat on a line that parallels it. This calls for expert handling of rudder and throttles. But a sail that takes a curving course often puts a bow in a tight line, creating an unusually heavy strain on it, and unless the angler is quick to release the tension on the brake, the line may snap.

A sailfish may make from five to 40 jumps during the course of a run, and may be boated from 500 to 2,500 yards from the spot where it was initially hooked. If he is playing his fish on really light tackle (which, incidentally, greatly enhances the sport), the angler will not attempt to "horse" it toward the boat. He must so handle his tackle that the pressure on the fish is unvarying and constant, thus causing the sail to spend its energies in jumping. When the fish finally tires, the angler can "lead" it slowly and carefully toward the boat, ready to give line instantly in the event of a final flurry.

Once the 15-foot wire leader (maximum length under sporting rules) is brought within the grasp of the mate's gloved hands, the angler can figure the chances are good for victory. But there have been many occasions when relaxation at this juncture resulted in a lost fish. I recall one such incident which almost resulted in a "lost" angler.

The angler in question was standing close to the mate as the latter drew the fish alongside in order to grasp the long bill and withdraw the hook. The leader wire was drawn aboard in stiff coils, one of which looped around the angler's neck. At this point the fish gave a final, powerful surge and the mate, not knowing the angler was caught in the leader, let go of the wire. With a desperate flick of one hand the angler swept the loop from around his neck, but lost most of his index finger in the process. A split second's delay and he would have been decapitated by the fine, strong wire.

To the angler's credit, it must be reported that he continued playing the fish and finally brought it alongside. Although it was later released, at least he had the satisfaction of knowing he had won the scrap—at the cost of a finger.

Although quite plentiful in some areas at certain seasons, sailfish, like other members of the spearfish family, are relatively scarce as compared to many food fish. Neither the sailfish nor the marlins are valued as food in the United States, although smoked sailfish has found some favor.

As a sporting resource, however, sailfish are extremely valuable, a fact which any coastal angling resort will certify. In view of the limited supply of the fish and the great fishing pressure exerted upon them, Florida now has a law restricting an angler to two sails. This does not mean he cannot hook, play and release a thousand, if he wishes, but he can kill only two. Still this law, in practice, would do little to conserve the available supply of the fish; for if every angler killed two each time he went out, the toll would be tremendous.

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Angling clubs, especially those in Florida, have been crusading for years in an effort to get anglers to release all fish not desired for mounting or record, and have stressed the sportsmanship involved. Some provide an elaborate scroll for every fish released. And the Sailfish Conservation Club of Florida has gone still further: it provides an individual trophy to each angler who releases a sailfish. This trophy is a fine cigarette lighter on which is engraved the club name and a leaping sailfish. As the majority of those who retain fish do so only to have a photograph made of themselves and their big catch, they usually prefer the trophy.

Before these conservation efforts got under way, the fish rack at almost every dock was made horrible by the odorous carcasses of sailfish, which eventually were tossed off the dock and allowed to float off on the tide.

Two Kinds of Pennants Shown

As in all big-game fishing, a distinctive pennant is flown from the outrigger of a fishing boat when a big fish has been boated. To provide an additional incentive for the release of fish, a release pennant has been devised. Today, in most sailfish waters, you will often see a boat with 10 or more of these release pennants flying, but not a single "fish boated" flag.

Angling records, as compiled by the International Game Fish Association are based on the weight of the fish. But at most sailfish resorts the individual trophies are judged by length rather than weight. Some clubs offer bronze, silver, gold or even diamond pins for fish of more than average length. Sailfish do not have to be killed in order to obtain pin qualification. They can be brought aboard, measured quickly and returned to the water without harming them. The testimony of the captain and mate as to the length of the fish is sufficient. However, in all official tournaments or for I.G.F.A. records, the fish must be weighed on certified scales by an accredited weighmaster on the dock and an affidavit must be signed, notarized and witnessed.

In its frantic efforts to escape the hook, sailfish often indulge in assorted underwater as well as surface contortions, and occasionally one will manage to get a loop of leader wire hitched around its tail. When this happens, the angler usually is in for a real fight. I hooked a small sailfish a few years ago off the St. Lucie Inlet in Florida and after a few jumps the fish sounded. As I was fishing with very light tackle, I could put on only a limited amount of pressure and was handling the fish with a light hand. Suddenly it began taking out line in vibrating surges and I was certain I had hooked a shark.

After 20 minutes of giving and taking line, mostly giving, I managed to bring the leader within the mate's grasp. Only then did I discover that the leader had made a half hitch around the fish's tail.

One sailfish enthusiast, Edward Jewett, of New York, has a unique angling record. He managed to bring in two sailfish at the same time, neither of which was hooked. He had a strike, fought the fish a few minutes, then had what seemed to be another strike which threatened to part the line. After the passage of considerable time and extremely skillful handling of his tackle, he brought the leader within grabbing distance only to find he had not one but two sailfish. One had the leader looped around its body just forward of the tail, the other had the tin wire wrapped around its head. The hook dangled free.

Landing a sailfish on heavy tackle, regardless of the weight or length of the fish, is a barren sport and one without challenge. To stimulate the use of sporting tackle and to insure the maintenance of accurate records, a group of sportsmen organized the

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International Game Fish Association, now the recognized arbiter of salt-water angling records throughout the world.

Prior to the use of nylon fishing lines, most salt-water angling was done with linen lines which, regardless of maker, conformed to a standard wet strength test of three pounds per "thread." The lighter lines were available in 3, 6, 9, 12 and 15 thread, testing in multiples of three. The novice sailfisherman usually started with 12-thread line, and when he had acquired some skill in taking fish on this line, he tapered down to 9 thread or even 6 thread. A few extremists, willing to lose a number of fish in order to get a few on ultralight tackle, went as low as 3 thread.

Initially, the I.G.F.A. based all its records on the "thread" scale, but with the widespread use of nylon, it changed this ruling to "pound test." This has led to no little discord on the part of light-tackle sailfish enthusiasts, who insist that the association is putting the "line behind the test"—another way of saying that the cart has been put before the horse.

In granting records under the various tackle specification classes, the association puts the lines submitted on a testing machine and lists the catch under the maximum test of the line. Anglers now argue that, like the chain which is only as strong as its weakest link, fishing line is only as strong as its weakest strand. For this reason they feel that a minimum rather than maximum standard should be accepted. The argument is still going strong.

The lightest line listed in the association's records is 12-pound test, and the angler who can land a big sailfish on line that light can be justifiably proud of his skill. The present sailfish record under this line strength is a 124-pound fish, measuring 9 feet 10½ inches, which was taken by James Logan of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, off Acapulco, Mexico, November 25, 1951. The Atlantic sailfish record for this line is held by Mrs. George A. Bass, of Palm Beach, and Oxford, Michigan, for a 77-pound fish, measuring 8 feet 2 inches, caught off Bimini (British West Indies) in 1950. The all-tackle record for the Atlantic species is held by Herman Teetor of Hagerstown, Indiana, for a catch weighing 123 pounds.

This fish was only 10 inches shorter than the record Pacific sail taken July 31, 1951, off La Paz, Mexico, by Albert Steinbaum of San Diego, California, which scaled 275 pounds and measured 9 feet 6½ inches.

Fish Don't Always Co-operate

Fishing tournaments have greatly increased in number and popularity in recent years and there are several in which the sailfish is the quarry. These events, however, seem to be dogged by the same fate which almost always affects the angling derby. Fishing will be unusually fine right up to the day the tournament opens, then the fish perversely move to another area or go on a diet.

Last year the International Light Tackle Sailfish Tournament was held at Palm Beach, Florida. During the week prior to the event, anglers fishing those waters had unprecedented luck. It was not unusual to see boats coming in to dock with from 10 to 25 release flags flying from the outriggers. Then opening day dawned, and although the number of anglers and boats was almost doubled, only a half-dozen fish were hooked. Sportsmen traveled from as far as Canada and Mexico for this tournament, and when the results of the first day's fishing became known, members of the Palm Beach Chamber of Commerce were mightily embarrassed.

Probably the greatest concentration of Atlantic sailfish is to be found in the area between the St. Lucie Inlet at Stuart, to the Boynton Inlet south of Palm Beach on the Florida east coast. The Gulf Stream sweeps very close to the beach along this stretch and the sailfish apparently find an abundance of food fish here. There are occasions when the angler, trolling along this magic beat, will have a sailfish behind his baits with exhausting regularity; but there are also days when miles of water flow under his fishing chair without the sight of a single fish.

I have fished these waters under both conditions, but can recall one year when the sails were so plentiful that we decided to take in the baits in order to relax. While we rested, the boat drifted over scores of fish visible in the clear water. This was the only occasion on which I have seen a sailfish with the tall dorsal fin, from which it takes its name, erected.

The sailfish seemed to be traveling in schools or packs. Whenever they encountered a large school of bait, they would circle it like wolves closing in on a herd of caribou, gradually forcing the food fish into a living, seething ball. While they were circling the bait, the sailfish had their sails erected. Every few seconds one would rush into the mass of bait fish, slash viciously with its bill, pause to grab up some of the stunned victims, then continue the circling movement. The feeding fish seemed undisturbed by our boat drifting overhead.

Seeking a School of Sails

Under such conditions, the fish are apt to move in large schools and individual strikes are uncommon. Often there will be as many as three or four fish rushing each bait. Two years ago, in this same area, we were aboard one of several boats cruising the waters in search of a school of sails. When a school was sighted, the roar of the accelerated motor served as a warning to the other boats and there was a wild race to the spot where the fish were feeding on the surface.

It was an experience I shall not forget. As soon as they arrived over the school, the boats raced back and forth trolling their baits close astern. Not all of the skippers appeared able to judge their clearance, for the outriggers were clashing and rattling together like sabers in a Gargantuan duel.

While twisting around in this vortex of boats, I saw one hooked sailfish break water and leap right into the cockpit of another boat, causing considerable confusion among the anglers, one of whom jumped over the side and clung to the stern transom until the thrashing fish was subdued. I saw a number of fish crash into the sides of passing boats, and one cruiser returned to port with an eight-inch piece of sailfish bill sticking out of the planking.

The sailfish, officially tagged with the Latin name Istiophorus, has a broad distribution in the Atlantic and Pacific, but seldom strays from warm waters. The fish are also found off West Africa, Sicily, Venezuela, Brazil, Panama, Mexico, Cuba and the British West Indies, and are seen in South Africa, Australia, the Philippines, Japan, Hawaii, the Fijis, Ecuador and the Galapagos. Their breeding habits and spawning areas are still pretty much of a mystery, but sails with ripe spawn have been taken off Florida and Texas and just-born specimens have been found in these areas.

In its early stage the sailfish looks nothing at all like its adult self. It is a short, fat object with jaws of equal length, and is covered with tiny, transparent scales that are spiky in appearance. It does have a small dorsal fin, but until the fish is more than a foot long, it does not develop the characteristic bill and sail-like dorsal fin. When swimming under normal conditions, the huge sail is folded down in a streamlined groove in its back. Underwater the sailfish appears pale brown and white in color; but strangely, when it clears the surface, the back is dark blue and the sides and belly gleaming silver.

One thing never changes, however. Regardless of where it is found, the sailfish lives up to its nickname of "blue-water greyhound." If he hooks a sail, the angler can always be certain of finding thrills and excitement when the barb goes in and the reel begins to sing. THE END

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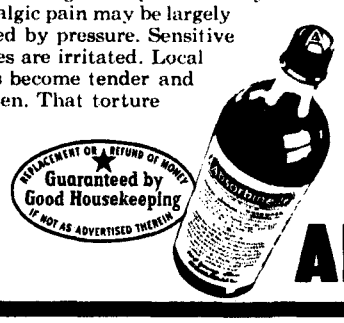

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This I Saw in Korea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

see the look of pride on the faces of his men. He was only a youngster and probably never had been in such a tight fix before, but he had what it takes to make a leader; and those men looking up to him—I could see it in their faces—would go through anything for him.

Korea is a land that many of our boys didn't know existed, until the fighting broke out. But they have fought there with fine courage, and I didn't hear any doubts expressed by them as to why they were fighting. They knew they were there to do a job and they were doing it. They've got the guts and stamina to see anything through.

Griping Is a Normal Habit

That doesn't mean they're not griping. Sure there are complaints. If I ever came across a group of American boys who didn't gripe about something or other, I'd think that something was seriously wrong.

You visit one division and a man, maybe from New Hampshire, will tell you that the vegetables are not fit to eat. Then you find out they were cooked with fat meat because most of the men in the outfit are Southerners and the cooks are, too. They cook their greens that way down South. Then you come to a group from the Southwest who will not eat lamb. They will take an oath that they're being served goat meat and it isn't fit to eat. One boy will tell you, "It isn't the North Koreans I want to shoot; I want to shoot the cook. He doesn't know what seasoning is." And right next to him will be another one: "What do you mean? He ruins the stuff with seasoning."

No army of any country in any war ever before has been fed like ours in Korea. I was up front several places, with the guns going so loud I had to bend near to hear what people said to me. The enemy might be only 1,500 yards from us, but our cooks were frying chickens. There were fresh vegetables, too, and apples and oranges. Even celery and lettuce. For dessert there were canned peaches. The food varies just as much as it does at home, where one woman cooks better than another. At first, a lot of boys just out of Army cooking schools may have cooked as if they were mechanics, as the boys said; and maybe they *had* been mechanics.

Of course, the men up front have to live on C rations sometimes. I was with the boys of the 23d Infantry, who took Heartbreak Ridge after 30 days of hard fighting. Many of them ate C rations most of that time. When they came down, everyone was given a complete change of fresh clothing. Portable shower baths were waiting for them. They cleaned up and dressed up, and when I saw them next day, they were having steak and fried chicken for lunch and dinner. The first night back they had a movie, and they all had their mail. This Army of ours knows how to fight and how to take care of its men. And not the Army only, but the Air Force, Navy and the Marines.

Of course, even noncombat life in Korea is far from the peaceful life at home. For one thing, there are no girls for the boys to whistle at—and how those boys would like to see some nice American girls! Everywhere, they'd ask me when we were going to send some USO girl shows over. "You know the kind, sweater girls," they'd say, and they'd begin kidding me.

"It must be a terrible disappointment to you," I'd say, "that only an old lady came out to see you."

"That's better than nothing," came the quick answer.

With helmets on their heads, guns in their hands and artillery banging away so that you could hardly hear anything else, they chatted as if they were back home in America and talking to friends on a street corner or in a drugstore.

One day we went to an evacuation strip and a boy was brought in by helicopter just 20 minutes after he was wounded. It was a bleak, rocky little field on which the helicopter stopped. The boy was pretty badly hurt and they were ready to give him blood. As they were bringing him in, I thought how proud somebody back home would be if he could have seen that boy, who was almost finished, and knew the blood he had given was going to save this young soldier's life. I went over to his stretcher and found he was conscious. He looked up and grinned. "I know who you are," he mumbled.

I thought he might be delirious and I bent over him.

"I know who you are," he repeated. "You're Anna Rosenberg. I read in Stars and Stripes that you were here. He owes me a quarter."

"Who owes you a quarter?" I asked.

"I told my buddy I'd see you. I told him, wherever I am, the women follow." And with that he was unconscious. He couldn't have been more than nineteen or twenty years old. But, he had been determined to get that wisecrack off. He wasn't going to show that he was in pain and, besides, perhaps he saw in my face some of the heartache I couldn't hide, and he wanted to put me at ease. When I talked to him later, he told me he was from Los Angeles.

"Is there someone you want me to call when I get home?" I asked.

"I'll be home before you," he said; "I'll be home in three days."

And he *was* back in the States in three days. On my return by way of Honolulu, I checked at Tripler hospital there to find out about him. He had cleared Tripler and was already in California.

I wish you could see the boys who lift the stretcher cases. They are so gentle, so careful not to jar the wounded. You can see their faces strain in the attempt to avoid jolts that might bring pain to the men they are carrying. And those nurses in Korea come nearer being angels than anybody else I've ever seen. Hours are nothing, exhaustion is nothing, work is nothing.

There aren't enough nurses, but wounded men never suffer from lack of care. Nurses and doctors and medical corpsmen work day and night. When I saw these fine people treating and handling the wounded, I felt that they were giving all that could be given in kindness, in tenderness, in care and love; and I wished all the anxious fathers and mothers could know this. If your boy has been hurt in Korea, these people have done the best they can to take your place at his side.

Everywhere I went in Korea the boys asked me a great many questions. "Are we going to get a raise?" "Are we going to have a G.I. Bill of Rights?" "Are the girls going to give us a break when we get home?" Some of the questions were serious, some in fun. When I told one boy the new G.I. Bill probably would not include dancing classes, as the last one did, he pretended to be disappointed. "That's too bad," he said. "Just look at the leg muscles I got climbing those hills. Now you tell me I've done all that climbing for nothing."

One day we went up to the 17th Infantry Regiment of the 7th Division—they called themselves "the Buffaloes." They had made up a certificate, duly certified by the Adjutant General, making me an honorary "Buffalo" because I came up to see them. In this regiment they all grow mustaches, and they want you to know that "this is the toughest outfit in Korea." That was said with conviction by the colonel himself, who, in behalf of the regiment, handed me my certificate, and by the men, who were busy digging foxholes because they had just moved into their position and night was coming. They had to have good, deep foxholes. And believe me, they had some grand mustaches, too.

I saw one very young boy and went over to talk to him. He was standing in his hole, digging deeper.

"How long have you been in the outfit, son?" I asked him. He put his hand to his lip as if embarrassed.

"I've been here quite a while," he said; then added, "but I can't grow a mustache in this climate." I doubt very much whether he could have in any climate. I saw twinkles in the eyes of other men as the youngster without a mustache turned back to continue his energetic digging.

I thought the 17th was an outfit whose men hailed from one part of the country, but I found they came from all over—from Georgia, from Michigan (the boy who couldn't grow a mustache in Korea's climate was from Michigan), from Arkansas, from New York, from everywhere. I said to a young lieutenant, "How do you get them this tough?"

"You know what we do when they're assigned to us?" he replied. "We drain their blood and substitute buffalo blood. That's what makes them this way." He grinned mischievously.

We visited the 955th Field Artillery Battalion and I went from one gun emplacement to another. We were late and General Van Fleet said, "Let's move on. We've got to go." I was preparing to leave when a lieutenant came up.

"Haven't you time, Mrs. Rosenberg, to visit one more gun?"

"I'd like to, but please tell the boys it's impossible in such short time to go to every one of them," I told him. Then I saw his disappointment. There were two men with him—two privates. I saw disappointment in their faces, too, and I told General Van Fleet I'd not take long. "Come on, boys, double time. We'll make it!"

I started to run with them. General Van Fleet and the others came along too. When we reached the emplacement, the boys were grinning from ear to ear, going right on with their job—shooting their 155s. But on the ground was one shell painted yellow, with a message printed on it: "To the Chinese Communists—Compliments of Anna Rosenberg." They wanted me present when they fired that one, and I'm glad I was there.

Another time a group of soldiers came up just as we were leaving the Heartbreak Ridge area. There were two youngsters in front, looking sheepish as they prepared to act as a delegation. They had their hands behind their backs. I heard one of them speak to the other. "You say it. You talk better than I do."

The boys in back were nudging him: "Talk, will you."

Finally, one cleared his throat and said, "We came down from Heartbreak Ridge yesterday and we are so grateful to you for coming up to see us, and we're so happy to see you, that we wanted to give you something. But we didn't have anything to give. So we went out this morning and shot these for you."

I remember thinking: Don't tell me that they're going to pull a North Korean from behind their backs. What else can you shoot up here? And then they pulled out four pheasants.

Moved by Sincerity of Gift

If I had been able to, I'd have repaid them with the stars, the moon, everything in the world. They had nothing else to give after 30 bitter days on Heartbreak Ridge, so they went out at six in the morning and shot four pheasants for me! General Van Fleet had the pheasants iced and I was determined to bring them home; but by the time we got to Honolulu there was no ice, and sentimental though I am, the pheasants had to go.

As I was leaving another place in the line, riding in a jeep with General Van Fleet, a great big, tough-looking sergeant came up to me with an armful of flowers. All the men grinned as he practically dumped them on me, saying, "These are from us to you." I brought some of those flowers home with me and pressed them. They're important to me.

I can't say which experience, of so many stirring ones, impressed me most. A lot of them I'll never forget, never get over. One occurred at an air base some distance behind the lines. The sun was shining and it seemed so peaceful. Then a fighter mission went out, and I got that feeling of tenseness that lasts from the time you see combat planes take off until they appear overhead again and you've counted those who have returned. When it's time for them to come back, the very air seems to stand still. Everything, everybody is waiting. The ground crews go on about their business, but the way they keep looking up into the sky you can see they're waiting, too. All the while you wait, you almost hold your breath.

Three times at this one airfield I saw

COLLIER'S **"Changed my mind, Miss Cabot. Not moving you to the other office after all!"** BOB SCHROETER

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planes go out on missions—short missions because, forbidden to cross into Manchuria, they couldn't fly far. Once I was in the air myself when a mission returned and I heard my pilot receive instructions that our plane was to stay up a while; a bomber had been hit and would have to land at our fighter field because it was unable to make it back to the bomber base. So we circled and circled to give that riddled bomber the right of way.

It came in and landed all right, and my plane was right behind it. I noted the damage the MIGs had done to it. Only good flying could have brought it back at all. Then the bomber's door opened and the men began to climb out. Several of them were wounded, and they were helping one another out. But they brought their plane in!

I wish everybody in America could really know what our boys are going through and what they are doing. There aren't adjectives enough to describe it, because Korea is a terrible place. It's so beautiful when you fly over it and the colors of the sunset are just wonderful. But when you have to climb those ridges and get out in the snow and cold, it's like no place a boy of yours ever dreamed he would have to endure.

No feeling of pride is too great when you think of the boys in Korea, or those on desolate Adak in the Aleutians, where we stopped briefly during a storm that blew like mad; or those who are stationed at a place as isolated as Murphy's Dome in Alaska. Up there near Murphy's Dome is a place some sardonic person has named Utopia. The boys there sent word that if we couldn't stop, to fly over and wave anyway. We couldn't stop because the weather was too terrible, but we flew as low as we could without taking the top of the mountain off, and we waved. And the men standing outside their Quonset huts waved back to us with both arms.

In isolated places like these we've got bases, and the young Americans in all of them are doing a real, an important, job.

Wherever I went, the men had received their winter clothing in good time. I remember one newspaper reported that I crawled into pup tents to check up. Well, I did, because I wanted to see whether they had sleeping bags and everything else they needed.

In Japan, Alaska, Adak, Honolulu, I went through the kitchens and looked in the stoves and checked the iceboxes and sampled the food. I inspected the showers and the latrines, because that's the way to find out how places are being run. I wanted to be certain that everything that can be done for our men is being done. A clean barracks is good, but not everything. The men got a big kick out of my going to places that had not been prepared for my inspection.

She Asked the Right Questions

One of them wrote to his mother, and she sent the letter along to me: "We watched her go right across the way to a barracks they didn't expect her to go in," he wrote. "She did the same in the kitchen. She never went to the mess hall where they were expecting her . . . Sometime in her life, Mom, she must have been an enlisted man, because she knew just what to ask and what might be troubling us."

I consider that the highest praise and a wonderful compliment.

On the way home, in Hawaii, I went down in a submarine, the Pickerel, whose skipper is Lieutenant Commander Henry B. Sweitzer, of Honolulu. And there, too, I found the men proud of their group and their commander. They showed me all the complicated equipment, each man explaining his part in making it run, as if it were the simplest thing in the world to understand. The only device I saw whose function was clear was a pencil sharpener I spotted myself.

But machinery wasn't all those boys bragged about. One of them nearly knocked me over by saying, "Did you know we had twins!" Then they all seemed to talk at once. After a while I caught on—the skipper's wife had had twins; he had just got the news that day and the whole crew was celebrating with him. Every man had a big cigar.

That kind of team spirit, pride in one another, you can't beat.

I have talked so much about the men in the ranks that I almost forgot to mention the officers and how fine they are. General Matthew Ridgway has everything it takes to make a great soldier, leader and diplomat; the kind of man in public service every American can be proud of. And General Van Fleet is just unbelievable. He's big and confident and kind, and such a leader that his very presence makes the boys swagger a little with pride. They know a real soldier when they see one.

Away over there in Korea we have made as great an army as the world ever knew, an army that may already have determined the fate of the world by its courageous fight to stop Communist aggression. It stands for all the best qualities of America. It proves what Americans can do when there is need to do it.

There is nothing I found missing—in spirit, in health, in morale, in food, in clothing, in loyalty or leadership. I had the feeling as I flew home that if all the water I passed over were ink, and every blade of grass a pen, I still could not write enough to tell of the magnificence of our fighting men.

THE END

You Know He's a Senator

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

on the Washington scene as a senator. Reserved and unobtrusive, he attracted little attention except for his dress. However, he swiftly earned a reputation as one of the best-informed parliamentarians in the chamber; as a result, in the past seven years he has been called on to preside over the Senate more often than any other member, with the single exception of Tennessee's Senator McKellar, who was officially its temporary presiding officer before Alben Barkley took over the chore as Vice-President.

But aside from wielding the gavel, freshman Senator Hoey served quietly for many months, rarely speaking from the floor, although he is an accomplished orator in a somewhat florid, picturesque style.

Then, in 1949, he succeeded Republican Senator Homer Ferguson of Michigan as chairman of the long-titled Investigations Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments. Under Ferguson, the subcommittee had been a rootin', tootin', much-publicized body, probing such matters as the procurement misdealings of Air Force Major General Bennett E. Meyers and his friends, the brothers Murray and Henry Garsson.

Some Feared He'd Be Futile

When Hoey took over, there were many persons who feared the administration might try to use him as a dignified undertaker for the burial of matters embarrassing to the Democrats. Also, they raised the possibility that younger, more bumptious members of the subcommittee might have a field day at the expense of a charming, but ineffectual, old gentleman.

It didn't work out that way. Under the courtly North Carolinian, the Senate group immediately began raising political dust, keeping publicity at a minimum but getting the maximum in results, as it sought out signs of corruption and questionable dealings in the government. Long before Hoey's younger Congressional colleagues, Senators Estes Kefauver and J. William Fulbright, and Representative Cecil R. King, had started looking into crime and corruption, the witness chair in Hoey's subcommittee room had gained a reputation as something of a hot seat, in view of all the prison sentences, indictments, job dismissals and resignations that had resulted from sitting in it.

For example, after influence peddler John Maragon's testimony before the committee, he was indicted, convicted and sentenced to eight months to ten years for perjury. No less than a dozen persons were indicted in Mississippi on charges of perjury or conspiracy to sell post-office jobs there; two top civilian employees (never named publicly) were dismissed from the Army's Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot after the Hoey subcommittee drew attention to their acceptance of overlavish entertainment from those doing business with the depot.

Although he considers himself a stanch Democrat, Hoey threw politics to the winds in these probes. His committee has delved into such politically explosive subjects as the affinity for deep freezes of White House military aide Harry Vaughan and the business activities of the Democratic National Chairman himself, William A. Boyle (as well as those of his opposite number, G.O.P. chairman Guy G. Gabrielson). Boyle quit his post shortly after testifying, proclaiming ill health and complete innocence of wrongdoing.

In thus exposing to criticism some of those close to President Truman, Hoey and his committee have furnished invaluable political ammunition for the Republicans in this year's Presidential campaign. The senator is fully aware of this, and finds it regrettable, but he intends to go right on investigating.

"It is too bad," he said recently. "But it is better for *us* to make these inquiries, to show we are cleaning our own house."

Hoey has never summed up his investigating group's aims more succinctly than he did one day in answer to a question from a man named Sam Mason, alias Mussman.

Sam appeared before the committee some months ago; as he testified, Hoey and other senators drew from him, bit by bit, a fantastic tale of how he had persuaded two Greek Orthodox priests and their associates to pay him nearly a quarter of a million dollars for promised leases on "surplus" federal buildings (the government, Mason had told them solemnly, was going "underground," leaving its buildings empty).

Committee's Purpose Defined

At one point in his testimony, Sam was suddenly struck by a question. He posed it for Senator Hoey.

"What," Mason wanted to know, "is the purpose of this committee?"

The dignified North Carolinian replied courteously. "The idea of it," he said in a gentle voice, "is to let the public know they need not permit themselves to be swindled."

The lesson was brought home to Mason later, when he was convicted of perjury and larceny, and sentenced by a federal court to serve four to 12 years in prison.

In his handling of the hearings, Hoey has proved something of a surprise to those who had known him previously only as a quiet, self-effacing public servant. He keeps the sessions moving at a fast clip, frequently flagging down members when he thinks they are engaging in irrelevant or improper questioning. This is no mean feat, considering that the subcommittee includes some of the most talkative and aggressive men in the Senate—men like Democrat Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota and Republicans Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, Richard M. Nixon of California and Karl E. Mundt of South Dakota. (There are two other Democratic members: Herbert R. O'Conor of Maryland, who succeeded Ke-

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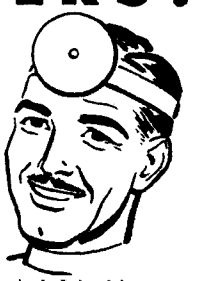
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fauver as chairman of the Senate's crime investigating committee, and John L. McClellan of Arkansas, who heads the full committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments.)

When Major General Vaughan was on the stand, to answer charges that he had given improper assistance to businessmen seeking government contracts, Senator Mundt began to lead the questioning toward what Hoey considered an unrelated field. Mundt asked Vaughan how he had managed to procure scarce automobiles shortly after the war.

"I think," said Hoey, "that this has gone far enough. We are getting into chicken feed stuff now." Mundt subsided.

A few seconds later, Hoey blew the whistle on McCarthy for saying Vaughan had been "securing cars for the black market."

"I do not think," remarked Hoey with polite finality, "that we should go into ramifications like that with no evidence."

McCarthy, who stands in line to be chairman of the subcommittee if the G.O.P. should gain control of the Senate in November, commented for the record after one particularly difficult session:

"I think the chairman has conducted a hearing here better than I ever have seen done before. I think he has gone out of his way to avoid what is so often done by committees and previous statements—injuring people who should not be injured."

Respected by Both Parties

Although McCarthy's later free-swinging charges of Communism in the State Department have led some senators to consider this a somewhat dubious compliment, it serves to demonstrate the high respect his colleagues of both parties have for Hoey. (Another indication is the fact that the bipartisan group has never had a minority report.)

This comes as no surprise to the people of Shelby, where Hoey was born in 1877, one of six children of former Confederate Captain Samuel Albert Hoey and Mary Roark Hoey, both natives of South Carolina (a fact the senator rarely brings up).

Samuel Hoey had three careers besides that of soldier—farmer, house builder and justice of the peace—but the family was never really well off. Young Clyde was a hard-working, serious boy, of whom one lifelong friend, seventy-eight-year-old Dr. E. B. Lattimore, says: "I don't reckon he ever shot a marble in his life."

Clyde was twelve years old when he quit school to go to work for a dollar a week as a printer's devil on the weekly Shelby Aurora; he continued his education by keeping a dictionary handy so he could look up the words he handset into type. Although he couldn't have known it then, it was this first job that set him on the road that led eventually to the U.S. Senate.

The excitement of politics always had appealed to him. "Even as a boy," his sister, Mrs. John Shannonhouse, recalls, "Clyde wanted to be a senator." The political stories that he laid in printing forms for the Aurora gave him a plan of action. It was not unusual for aspiring politicians to use journalism as a steppingstone; young Clyde decided that as soon as he was able, he would buy his own newspaper.

Four years later, his opportunity came. The town's other weekly, The Shelby Review, was going on the rocks. Sixteen-year-old Hoey scurried around and borrowed a total of $25 from three different men to make a down payment. He assumed the paper's other indebtedness, bringing the total to $600.

Clyde changed the weekly's name to the Cleveland Star—"A Paper of the People, for the People and to be Paid for by the People"—and began riding around the county on a little mule, collecting for subscriptions at a dollar a year, selling advertising and gathering news.

The general content of his paper differed little from any county weekly of that day—or of this, for that matter. He reported in his columns the deaths of horses and cows, as well as human beings, and often called attention to the arrival of a new stock of dry goods at the stores of heavy advertisers. He plugged his circulation by tagging on to obituaries such items as this: "The Cleveland Star, one of the best papers in the state, has recorded an average of eight deaths a week all winter. Take it and see if you do not get the news."

His editorial column served as a fine platform for his political views—and rarely has North Carolina politics been such a steaming issue as it was in those days. In 1894, the year after Hoey bought the Star, a coalition of Republicans and Populists had succeeded in wresting control of the legislature from the Democrats; two years later they elected a governor. In 1898, the Democrats recaptured the legislature—and among those swept into office as a state representative was Hoey. He was just twenty years old; he didn't become old enough to vote until just a few weeks before the opening of the legislative session the next January!

Plummeted headlong into the raging partisan fight for control of the state, young candidate Hoey gave immediate indications of the toughness Senate witnesses were to find in him many years later. In fact, future Senate witnesses might have been astonished at the picture he presented then. Packing a pistol on each hip, he campaigned vigorously up and down the district; once, he even got into a fist fight after calling his opponent a harsh name during a political debate. He received a black eye, but he was elected.

In the five months between his election and the session's start, he attended the University of North Carolina and completed a two-year law course, passing the bar examination soon after.

In 1900, when Hoey ran again, feelings were still so high that on one occasion he addressed a rally with a shooting iron lying ominously on the table before him. The same year, at the town of Casar (it was meant to be Caesar but the first postmaster left out the "e"), a political rally actually turned into a shooting-and-cutting scrape. Hoey was on the platform when a Republican started up after him. A Democrat pushed him off, and the fight was on. Hoey came through unscathed, but his hat was slashed by a knife. "Somebody must have tried to decapitate me," he recalls. "They cut off almost the entire crown of my derby."

The Democrats elected a governor once again in 1900, and the Republicans have never seriously threatened since.

Happy Years with "Miss Bess"

That year, Hoey wooed and married Miss Bess Gardner, of Shelby, sister of the late O. Max Gardner (who was to serve as governor of the state from 1929 to 1933, and who died before he could present his credentials as U.S. Ambassador to Britain in 1947). "Miss Bess" and Hoey had three children, and their marriage was a happy one until the day of her death, in 1942.

By the turn of the century, Hoey's political career appeared to be well under way. In 1902, he was elected to the state Senate, where he served until 1904. During the nine years that followed, he engaged in the private practice of law, keeping his political fences in order. Then, in 1913, he was named an assistant United States attorney for western North Carolina by President Woodrow Wilson, prosecuting postal defrauders, counterfeiters, bank robbers and moonshiners (the copper kettle of an old "still," a reminder of those days, serves today as a cane-and-umbrella stand in the hall of his Shelby residence). Highly successful as a prosecutor, Hoey won convictions in 90 per cent of his cases.

In 1919, the rising young politician made his first bid for national office, running for the seat in the U.S. House of Representatives left vacant by the appointment of the incumbent, E. Y. Webb, to a judgeship. Hoey won handily, and served until 1921. Then, to the astonishment of the voters, he declined to run for re-election. His reason: sheer frustration. "The Republicans were running things then," he says now, "and there wasn't much a Democratic newcomer could do."

Hoey set aside his political career for almost 15 years, remaining in Shelby and devoting himself to private practice. He gave this the same earnest attention he had previously devoted to politics, and his children say now that they could always tell whether their father was attorney for the plaintiff or defendant. "If," says his daughter Isabel, "he said a certain man was *charged* with breaking a contract, we knew he was the defending attorney. But if he said the fellow *had broken* the contract, we knew Pa was on the other side of the fence."

Finally, in 1936, Hoey set his sights on the governor's chair, and returned to the political battlefield. And it *was* a battlefield. A four-cornered race developed, and he found himself scrambling for every vote.

A few days before election, Hoey was driving from one small town to another, electioneering, when a hitchhiker hailed him. The stranger peered closely at Hoey and said, "You're Mr. Hoey, aren't you?"

"That's right," Hoey said.

"I haven't seen you in 30 years—been living in another county," the man said. "Didn't recognize you at first, you've failed so."

Retelling the tale, Hoey says, "Reckon it stung my vanity a little, but since voting time was coming and I needed votes, I didn't argue with him. Just let him ride along."

Perhaps because of such forbearance as this, Hoey did win the election. He served for four years and established a notable record in the office. Despite his antique appearance, his methods and policies were strictly up to date. One visitor from the North, impressed by the state's advanced birth-control clinics while Hoey was governor, expressed amazement that he was "such an old-fashioned-looking man." Old-fashioned-looking or not, Hoey bent every effort to achieve progress, and he did it economically. During his administration, the state school budget rose by 30 per cent and the highway system was expanded—yet the state debt was reduced by $26,000,000.

In 1944, his vigor undiminished although he was in his mid-sixties, Hoey announced his candidacy for the U.S. Senate seat which was being relinquished by Robert Rice Reynolds. Four other aspirants also threw their hats into the ring, but they didn't have a chance. North Carolinians, proud of the advances their state had made under Governor Hoey, elected him to the Senate with the largest majority ever given a candidate for senator or governor in state history.

Clothes as Political Assets

The people of North Carolina had grown used to the attire of Clyde Hoey, but Washingtonians were fascinated by it. He steadfastly refused to change. By then, his haircut and costume had become familiar and valuable identification marks; today, if pushed, he will readily admit that they are political props of tremendous worth. Usually for publication he simply says: "I just didn't change with the styles."

One of his Shelby friends reports that Hoey once did try wearing a modern sack suit, but he found it so unbecoming that he switched back to his flowing coattails.

"If Mr. Hoey ever had his hair cut short and bobbed the tail of his coat," says Roscoe McWhirter, his barber for 35 years, "we just wouldn't vote for him any more."

Over the years, Hoey has tried frock coats, Prince Alberts, cutaways, swallow-tails and claw-tails; long ago, he concluded that the split-tail English walking coat combines the best features of all. He leans toward grays and dark blues, but recently tried brown for the first time. On Sundays, he wears striped trousers and a black coat.

Hoey probably would consider it a favor to have it announced publicly that his clothes are not hand-me-downs from another era. They are new. Once a saucy young lady at a Washington cocktail party asked the teetotaling senator, "How long have you been wearing those clothes?"

Thinking she meant the type of clothes, Hoey replied, "Oh, about fifty years or so."

"Well, I must say," she commented, "that suit has worn pretty well."

BUTCH

COLLIER'S

"It wasn't either burglars, lady. I seen th' ca . . ."

LARRY REYNOLDS

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As soon as his suits show the slightest sign of wear, several rural preachers, and George Grant, a county tenant farmer of little schooling but great native wit, are waiting in line. Once when Grant paraded down Lafayette Street decked out in one of the senator's outfits, red necktie and all, town teasers heckled him.

"Good morning, Senator!"

"And how is Mr. Hoey today?"

Grant turned to them and bowed.

"I thank you," he said. "You couldn't pronounce me no greater man on earth than Clyde R. Hoey."

Hoey has never been able to buy his suits ready-made. For many years, an Asheville, North Carolina, tailor made his clothes, but he is no longer in business. For the past two decades, the senator has been committing a political heresy by trading outside the state that nurtured him but no longer can fully clothe him. He goes to A. G. Mayrand's tailor shop in Spartanburg, South Carolina. There was a time when Mayrand came to Shelby to see the senator. But, septuagenarian Hoey explains, "Mr. Mayrand is getting on in years, so I go to him." The senator now has eight suits for which he paid about $125 each.

In the Drugstore Back Home

Senator Hoey keeps busy while in Shelby, but there is always time to slip from his office to Hoey's Drugs, run by his nephew, Frank. There he drinks Coca-Cola and talks to townspeople. A few days after Congress adjourned in October, he was standing by the soda fountain, drink in hand, when a red-necked Carolina farmer crossed over to shake his hand.

"Mighty glad you're cleaning up things in Washington, Mr. Hoey," the farmer said.

"Doing the best I can," the senator told him.

Folks back home take a natural pride in their senator's high-powered subcommittee, but they are more immediately interested in what he can do for tobacco, peanuts and cotton as a member of the Senate Agriculture Committee, and what he does about cigarette taxes as a member of the Senate Finance Committee.

Hoey has supported most administration foreign policy and defense legislation. Chief criticism of his voting record has come from organized labor and advocates of public power. The big labor unions do not like his defense of the Taft-Hartley Act, and more than once have labeled him anti-union. Hoey denies that, and he winds up with a lot of the 40,000 to 50,000 labor votes in the state. When he campaigned for re-election to the Senate in 1950, he ran ahead of the party ticket in Durham and several other industrial areas. He tells rank-and-filers that he is opposed to letting union leaders dictate to them or to the public. "I am against dictators," says Hoey, "whether they be union or big business dictators."

Hoey's stand on the racial problem—one of the toughest facing any public official, especially a Southerner—also has brought him some criticism. But he has fared better in this respect than many other lawmakers.

Hoey believes in the development of individual opportunity for the Negro through voluntary state and local efforts, rather than from legal compulsion from any source. He takes pride in the part he has played in gaining for North Carolina its present reputation for fair dealing with its Negro citizens. The state boasts the biggest Negro-owned bus and insurance companies in the United States. It has more than 7,400 Negro schoolteachers and five Negro colleges. Joseph V. Baker, a visiting Negro reporter of the Philadelphia Inquirer, concluded in 1947 that North Carolina provides "something of a living answer to the riddle of race."

Because of his opposition to President Truman's civil rights program, some Negro groups in the East have classed Hoey as anti-Negro. But many North Carolina Negroes feel more kindly toward him.

One of the episodes in his life that he treasures occurred many years ago when he was invited to address an all-day, dinner-on-the-ground Negro revival meeting. Hoey, who had not collected his four honorary LL.D. degrees, noticed that on the printed program, after his name, appeared the baffling initials "P.M.F." When the preaching was over, a puzzled Hoey approached the presiding preacher.

"Reverend," he inquired, "may I ask what the initials P.M.F. stand for?"

"You know, Lawyer Hoey," the preacher replied, "you don't have no kind of degree, so we just put down P.M.F., for Poor Man's Friend."

In the Senate, although he is now a veteran and a famous one, Hoey still makes few floor speeches, preferring to exert his efforts on behalf of his favorite bills in the committee and cloakrooms. He thus deprives Washington of some of the most entertaining oratory to be heard anywhere.

A good example came a few years ago, when he did make one of his rare floor appearances as a speaker, having been selected to honor the memory of eight senators who had died since the close of World War II. The speech, delivered with typical Hoey flourishes, concluded with these grandiloquent words:

"In saluting their memory, I feel that they were able to join Byron in telling Death, that omnipotent tyrant, to his everlasting face that he possessed no sting, and in challenging the grave, his sleepless handmaiden, to dare proclaim a victory. May God rest their souls!"

Outside the Senate, and particularly in his home state, Hoey is in frequent demand as a speaker. Nearly all of his speeches are given without manuscript or notes. He prides himself on never having had a ghost writer. When he steps empty-handed in front of a radio microphone, often without any advance preparation, announcers and technicians have the willies. But he never fumbles for a fact or a phrase, and at the exact moment he is supposed to stop, those waves of prose roll to shore and subside.

Once, while governor, he returned from a trip to a distant part of the state and a friend asked what he had told the good folk.

"I didn't have anything to say," His Excellency replied. "I just turned it on, let it run until I thought they'd had enough, and then cut it off."

Hoey's ability to "turn it on and cut it off" at will saved the 1950 Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner in Raleigh from 10 minutes of embarrassing silence. He had been allotted three minutes to introduce the principal speaker, whose speech was to be broadcast. Just as he rose to do so, dinner chairman Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh News and Observer and President Truman's unofficial biographer, hurriedly whispered to him:

"Senator, the radio timing has got balled up; can you speak 13 minutes, instead?"

Mr. Daniels Was So Grateful

Hoey smoothly filled in his extra 10 minutes with his views on the Democratic party, many of which differed from those of the more liberal Mr. Daniels. And at the end of 13 minutes, timed to the exact second, Hoey presented the featured speaker.

Daniels, vastly relieved by the rescue, leaned over and said, "I was so glad you were able to keep on talking, I almost agreed with everything you said."

Despite Hoey's eminence in Congress, his life in Washington has little of the glamor usually associated with the capital. He lives alone in one room at the Raleigh Hotel, downtown, from which he proceeds to his office each morning by streetcar. He has his big meal of the day at noon in the Senate Restaurant, and his supper, often alone, at either the S & W cafeteria (the "S" is Frank Sherrill of Shelby) or at a place called The Kitcheteria, managed by a North Carolinan.

He receives a good many invitations to dine out, but often declines, so he can spend a part of each evening in his room reading from a dozen or more North Carolina newspapers. He has no hobbies.

In Shelby, the senator lives alone in a comfortable stucco, four-bedroom house, built in 1920. His out-of-town children and grandchildren descend upon him from time to time; when they do they fill the house. Only one of his three children, son Charles, an insurance agent, lives in Shelby. He and his wife have three children. Son Clyde, Jr., and his wife and son live in Canton, North Carolina, about 75 miles to the west. Daughter Isabel and her husband, Dan Paul, and their two little boys live at Pantego in eastern North Carolina.

All the children and grandchildren call Hoey "Cappy." This is a hang-over from the days when Pullman porters, impressed by his appearance, called him "Cap'n." Never the romp-on-the-floor granddaddy type, Hoey converses with the youngsters as if they were grown up, disregarding the better-than-six-decade differential in their ages.

Gallant Retort to a Judge

Some years ago, Hoey told a local judge celebrating his seventy-second birthday that he hoped he could live to be the same age and be as well preserved. The judge asked him if he swore, chewed, smoked tobacco or drank liquor.

"No," Hoey replied.

Thereupon the judge retorted, indignantly: "Then why in the world do you want to live to be seventy-two years old?"

"For the love of the womanhood of this country," was Hoey's gallant reply.

Hoey seems to enjoy the kidding he takes about his eye for the ladies. Once he hurt himself raising a window; a typographical error in a North Carolina newspaper had him in the hospital as the result of an injury sustained in "lifting a widow." The senator still chuckles at that, years later.

While he was governor, one North Carolina husband jokingly threatened to take his wife home from a reception the Hoeys gave in the Governor's Mansion because "Mr. Hoey hugs so good, my wife has been down the receiving line three times."

Women like Hoey. For one thing, he's an entertaining, sprightly conversationalist. For another, he makes it a practice to notice and compliment a new dress, hat or coat. And then, of course, there's his nineteenth-century courtliness, which makes a big hit with the ladies.

Considered a catch in Carolina, the senator maintains he has no intention of following in Vice-President Alben Barkley's footsteps by remarrying. "But this doesn't mean I am not going to do plenty of courting," he says.

That's only one of his plans for the future. His subcommittee—which is actually the sole permanent investigating body of the Senate in matters of federal agency spending—is still busily at work sniffing out signs of impropriety in the government. Already on its agenda for the new year are several politically ticklish cases, at least two of them involving prominent Democrats.

Representative Frank Boykin of Alabama, renowned for his slogan, "Everything is made for love," probably will be invited to explain his part in speeding to fruition RFC loans totaling more than $1,200,000 to two companies with which the congressman or his family had a direct business interest.

And former Representative Joseph E. Casey of Massachusetts has aroused the committee's curiosity by his maneuvering in a surplus oil-tanker lease and sale operation that brought him and his associates a return of $2,800,000 on an investment of only $100,000.

Probing other politicians is always a delicate business for a member of Congress; among other things, it behooves him to have a crystal-clear record himself. Hoey's constituents, especially in Shelby, vouch for that.

Overtime parking is his one great weakness. But as a Shelby policeman explains

"Do you think Mr. Hoey would use influence to get off from one of those tickets? He just slips his dollar and his ticket into an envelope and mails it across the street to us at the courthouse."

THE END

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SAM BERMAN

Take Off Your Blinders, Boys

IN MOST OF THE discussions we have heard, pro and con, about General Eisenhower's candidacy and possible nomination for the Presidency, somebody usually comes up with an observation that goes something like this: "But we don't know where Eisenhower stands. He's never made his position clear on domestic issues. And he's so beholden to the New and Fair Deals that he would have to conduct a 'me too' campaign."

Well, it is true that the general, at the time this is being written, has not announced his political affiliation or commented on specific domestic matters. But it is *not* true that he has concealed his basic political and social philosophy. He has spoken out on many occasions. And those who condemn him now for his silence are really condemning their own faulty memories or their failure to read their newspapers.

It should not be forgotten that, for more than two years and a half, General Eisenhower served in civilian clothes as president of Columbia University. During that time he made numerous speeches, formal and informal. Recently we went through some 25 of those speeches and took copious notes. We can't give a really representative selection of them on this one page, and we may possibly be doing the general an unintended disservice by quoting out of context the few excerpts that follow. Even so, we think that we should recall to American voters, in the interest of public information, some of the things that General Eisenhower said during the period when his freedom to speak his mind was not limited by active military service:

"As citizens of the United States, you and I —and all Americans in every corner of our land—must be forever mindful that the heritage of America and the strength of America are expressed in three fundamental principles: first, that individual freedom is our most precious possession; second, that all our freedoms are a single bundle, all must be secure if any is to be preserved; third, that freedom to compete and readiness to co-operate make our system the most productive on earth. Only within the framework of these principles can we hope to continue the growth that has marked our history." (From an address, World Peace—a Balance Sheet, New York, March 23, 1950.)

"Because of our productivity and our insistence upon fairness in human relations, we have largely—though not wholly—freed ourselves from the tragic contrast of abject pauperism lying in the shadow of gluttonous luxury. That appalling picture could not be . . . long tolerated by a people who believe in the dignity of man and the legitimate aspirations of all men.

"And, let us not forget, our freedom from degrading pauperism is due to America's deep-seated sense of fair play translated into adequate law; to American industrial initiative and courage; to the genius of the American scientist and engineer; and to the sweat, the organizing ability and the product of American labor in a competitive economy. It is *not* the result of political legerdemain or crackpot fantasies of reward without effort, harvests without planting . . .

"The middle of the road is derided by all of the right and the left. They deliberately misrepresent the central position as a neutral, wishy-washy one. Yet here is the truly creative area within which we may obtain agreement for constructive social action compatible with basic American principles, and with the just aspirations of every sincere American. It is the area in which are rooted the hopes and allegiance of the vast majority of our people." (Address before the American Bar Association, St. Louis, September 5, 1949.)

"There is a kind of dictatorship that can come about through a creeping paralysis of thought—readiness to accept paternalistic measures from the government . . . and, therefore, a surrender of our own thought over our own lives and our own right to exercise our vote in dictating the policies of this country. If we allow this constant drift toward centralized bureaucratic government to continue, finally it will be expressed not only in the practice of laying down rules and laws for governing each of us in his daily actions to ensure that we do not take unfair advantage of our comrades and other citizens, but finally it will be in the actual field of operation. There'll be a swarm of bureaucrats over the land. Ownership of property will gradually drift into that central government and finally you have dictatorship as the only means of operating such a huge and great organization." (Remarks before the first Columbia College Forum on Democracy, February 12, 1949.)

"To my mind a capitalist, far from being someone to condemn, in this country is one who by his own efforts in the past has made it possible for this country to be what it is today." (Speech before Newspaperboys' Meeting, Philadelphia, October 6, 1948.)

"More than ever before, in this country, this is the age of the individual. Endowed with the accumulated knowledge of centuries, armed with all the instruments of modern science, he is still assured personal freedom and wide avenues of expression so that he may win for himself, his family and his country greater material comfort, ease and happiness . . .

"When even the rudiments of knowledge were possessed by only a privileged few, when man's appalling ignorance handicapped his participation in government, there was ground to believe that an all-powerful state had to rule each subject's life from the cradle to the grave. That ground has diminished with each year of our republic's existence. None remains today. The free individual has been justified as his own master; the state as his servant." (Commencement address, Columbia University, June 1, 1949.)

This brief sampling of General Eisenhower's opinions on civilian matters clearly shows that he has been neither thoughtless nor purposely obscure. He correctly imposes a self-censorship on his statements while he is in uniform. But it would be inaccurate to conclude from this that he has been entirely preoccupied with military matters all his life. He has obviously given serious thought to a wide range of subjects, and he has spoken out forthrightly when the occasion warranted. If he should be a candidate for President, those who now complain of his vagueness would certainly discover that the general has convictions, and the courage to express them.

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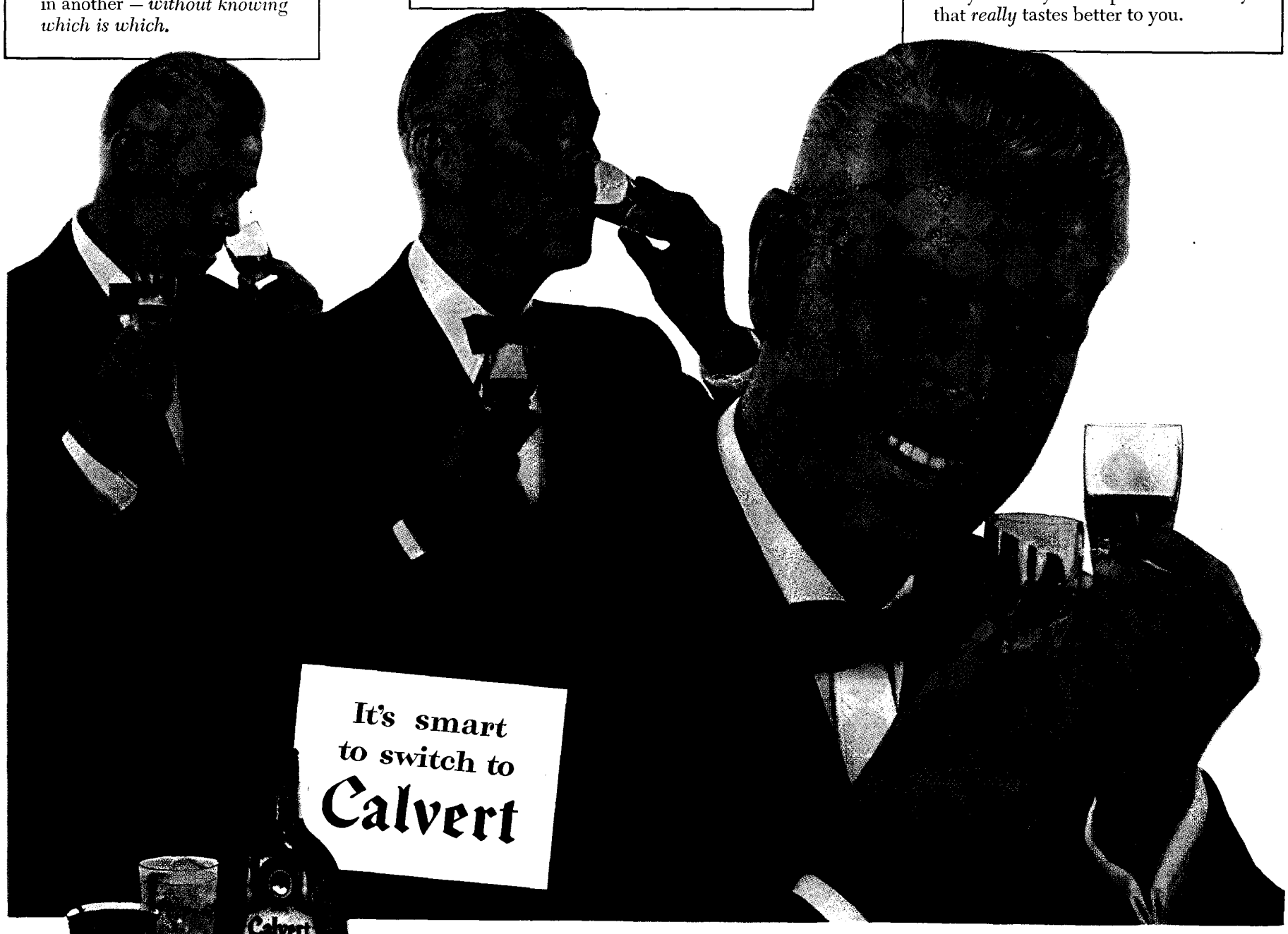

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